

# The Great Operas



## Volume 4.

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# The Great Operas

The Romantic Legends upon which  
the Masters of Song have Founded  
Their Famous Lyrical Compositions

INTRODUCED BY  
**GIUSEPPE VERDI**

LAST OF THE GREAT COMPOSERS

Edited by  
**JAMES W. BUEL, Ph.D**



**The Société Universelle Lyrique**

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## Nero

(AFTER THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY J. STEEPLE DAVIS)

NERO—"I see! accusing ghosts come to haunt me!  
Christians these whom I caused to be strangled;  
Some swathed in pitch to make living torches,  
Others cast into the pit to feed wild beasts!"

ACT IV - SCENE IV



# NERO.

MUSIC BY RUBINSTEIN.—WORDS BY BARBIER.



NERO bears the distinction of being one of the most imposing operas, judged for its spectacular effects and thrilling historical episodes, that was ever staged. Its initial production occurred at the Stadt Theatre, Hamburg, in 1879, under the personal direction of Rubinstein, and proved so popular that it was given thirty consecutive representations, notwithstanding the libretto was designed for French audiences. The opera was sung in New York, March, 1887, under the superintendence of Theodore Thomas, and was flatteringly received, but on account of its great length and the expense attending the production, it has not been seen in this country since, much to the regret of opera patrons.

The librettist has made the best use of history, and seldom departs from authenticated facts, in telling the story, nor did he lack for material to sustain the interest of his narrative, since Nero's wretched life was a succession of tragedies and lustful incidents. Of all the heartless rulers of the Roman empire, Nero was the most infamous and impious, a man who aspired to proficiencies and yet found congeniality in practicing persecutions and in torturing innocence. He was born A. D. 37, and became emperor, in succession to Claudius, in the year A. D. 54, and ruled until his suicide, A. D. 68.

Nero had a passion for magnificent shows, and as a devotee to revelry, festivals, and processions, he became a patron of the theatre, and even essayed to be an actor and a singer. So vain was he of his abilities to amuse, that he built a theatre in his garden, in which he sang, danced, and acted before audiences composed of the nobility, and kept five thousand Augustans—young men—to applaud his appearances. His favorite instrument was the lyre, upon which he performed fairly well, but his baritone voice resisted all training, nor was his acting in the least wise effective, because of his awkwardness.

Act I.—The opening scene of the opera shows an atrium (court) in the house of Epicharis, a priestess of Venus, who keeps a resort for dissolute nobles. A large number of guests are gathered, among whom is Vindex, prince of Aquitania. A double chorus, of men and women, render a wassail praise of this temple of pleasure, but Vindex takes no interest in the carousal, standing apart from the crowd, reflecting upon the degradation of Rome. Epicharis presently enters, followed by slaves, and she is given a boisterous welcome and hailed as queen of beauty and fairest of priestesses. Three of the guests, Piso, Terpander, and Rufus, observing his alienation, banter Vindex upon his ambitions, thinking that he may be contemplating some dream of glory, but he disabuses their suspicions by declaring his quest for honest men. Saccus, a poet, resents this implied reflection upon the integrity of the nobles present, and assuming that his preference is for Nero, he boldly tells Vindex of the Emperor's vices, who as lord of the lyre and Thespian hero, madly pleads for the applause of plebeians. Vindex shows his antipathy to the infamous Emperor by uttering, as if to himself, "Rome! oh, thou most hapless,



fallen so low under the wretch's hand!" Piso voices his sentiments of abhorrence for Nero, and hopes for the regeneration of the imperial city, and other conspirators repeat his language, at which bold avowals Epicharis takes exceptions, and begs they will not make her house a nest for treason, but rather a place of pleasure, where love rules supreme. After rendering a chorus, all the guests, except Vindex, retire with Epicharis, and as the torches are taken away, by slaves, the apartment is left dimly lighted by lampadaria.

Vindex, left alone by departure of the revelers, continues his reflections on the degradation of Rome, which are interrupted by the sudden appearance of Chrysa, daughter of Epicharis, who, ignorant of her mother's character, rushes into the room and implores his protection against a crowd of masked carousers. In breathless excitement she tells Vindex that the wretches have murdered her faithful slave by throwing him into the Tiber, but that she escaped by favor of the gods and now beseeches, on bended knees, that he will defend her. Vindex raises her up and pledges his protection, but asks what duty called her to the streets of Rome, which every night are so infested by lawless bands? To this she replies that it was to seek her mother, from whom she has long been separated by a cruel fate, and a spirited duet follows, in which Chrysa bewails her sad lot and Vindex gives praise that a gentle magic has driven her to his arms. Grateful for his protection, Chrysa plaintively relates, that in her early childhood she was given in charge of a devoted slave, that same one who this hour was torn from her forever, and with this faithful friend she was brought up near Evander's Temple, free from the world's sorrows, in a spot enchanted for its quiet and delight, where she was permitted the momentary pleasure of a visit from her dear mother every night, but who came always oppressed with a secret sorrow. Vindex inquires if she was ever acquainted with the cause of her mother's grief, or knew the name by which she has been known. The poor girl answers, sadly, that this mystery she has never explored, content to know that she possesses her love. Moved by her helpless condition, and compassionate for the misfortune of her relation to a dissolute mother, Vindex conceives a passion for her, which he confesses:

"Oh, beauteous one,—and thou forsaken;  
What holy influence hath led thee to me?  
Oh, rapture sweet doth thy presence waken.  
A priceless jewel do I find in thee."

Having declared his love and promised his assistance, Vindex offers to escort her from this house, in which he assures her are lurking dangers far greater than those that lie in the turgid Tiber; but as they are about to go out shouts are heard in the street, at which Chrysa trembles with alarm and clings more closely to Vindex, who promises to defend her with his life. As he conceals her, masked men rush into the peristyle, and driving off the slaves of Epicharis, they raise their voices in a lustful chorus of the fair turtle-dove that must soon become prey to the vulture. Nero now enters, with Tigellinus and Balbillus, all in masks. Nero coarsely inquires of his companions if they are sure this is the place in which the girl took refuge, but at this moment Epicharis reappears with the guests, many courtesans and slaves bearing torches, and fiercely demands to know by what authority her apartments are thus rudely invaded. Nero answers her inquiry by begging her to be calm, and to surrender to him the pretty dove that, escaping his pursuit, has taken shelter in this house. Epicharis declares that no one is here hidden, and threatens to bring the invaders to justice before Nero, who she doubts not will administer a swift and terrible punishment for their insolence.

Nero and chorus, still in their masks, laugh ironically at the threats of Epicharis, and Saccus improves the opportunity to descant upon the character of the Emperor, who he boldly declares has a brood of Augustans ever near him, by day and night, ready to abet



his evil designs, and who are, therefore, little afraid of his judgments. In an aside Nero promises to clip the viper's tongue when the occasion is more fit than now, and then commanding his followers to lay their hands to their swords, he starts to make a search of the house. At the first movement of the Emperor, Vindex courageously confronts him, and threatens to slay the one who attempts to cross the threshold; he tells him further that the hapless child thus pursued has sought his protection, and this he has pledged himself to give at any cost, even were the villain who seeks her Nero himself! Thus boldly defied, Nero removes his mask, and revealing himself to the guests, they are amazed and terrified. His anger is intense and requires a sacrifice, but before he consigns Vindex to an awful punishment, Saccus suggests that the Emperor marry the girl with mock ceremony, and that all the persons present be invited to join in the wedding celebration, for thereby he may gain a nobler revenge. Nero is much pleased with this proposal, and appointing Saccus to be his groomsman, he bids him find and bring forth the bridal beauty.

Vindex bars the way of Saccus as he did that of the brutal Emperor. Indisposed to punish a prince, Nero offers him fair terms, and promises to leave the girl unmolested if she be proved a vestal, and maid unknown to the hostess. Vindex, having no thought that Chrysa is daughter to the Cyprian Epicharis, gives consent to this proposal, and the poor dove is led forth. The sight of her child in this dreadful situation fills Epicharis with horror, and Vindex is so surprised that, believing he has given protection to a bawd, humbles himself before Nero with excuses for his conduct. Chrysa looks pleadingly towards her mother, whose position she does not understand,

while Epicharis, in an agony of mind, begs for pity and for a friendly arm to shield her. Nero curiously inquires the girl's parentage, but Epicharis, unwilling to expose herself before her child, craves that he will wound her no deeper, but be content with his prey, and then of Chrysa she exhorts obedience to her lord, whom the Emperor must henceforth be, and promises that no harm shall be done her.

Preparations for the mock marriage are now made, by courtesans decking the pale bride, laughing in derision the while. As the bridal adornments are being fitted on Chrysa, Epicharis calls a female slave and whispers some instructions in her ear, after which the messenger hurriedly leaves. The celebration now takes place, with music and singing, of a lively character, in which the courtesans take a leading part and finally break into a bacchanalian chorus. Nero completes the compact by ordering his secretaries, Piso and Rufus, to pay a bridal dower of one million sesterces, after which Balbillus parodies the sacred rites with a mocking prayer, and then shakes dice to forecast the life of the twain, which he pronounces shall be joyous. Slaves now bring in wine in bowls, which they pass to the guests, and Nero advances to embrace his bride, but Chrysa recoils at his advances with manifestation of terror. Balbillus pours the wine from his bowl into a tripod and gives a toast in honor of Bacchus and Juno, at the same time the messenger dispatched by Epicharis' whispered order returns with a bowl of wine which she hands to Chrysa, whom she commands to drink, and draining the vessel the poor girl stands beside Nero for the final ceremony. The *lares* and *penates* (household gods), are bedecked with flowers, while the chorus of girls sing mockingly of the bride, and the men provoke her with insinuations. Terpander takes up a lyre as the bridal procession is formed, but Vindex, joining now in the mockery, contends that the honor of singing is his own, and he renders a lay, blessing the couple, in which the chorus join

When the bridal procession arrives at the peristyle, Chrysa suddenly presses her hand to her heart and falls while calling her mother to save her! The narcotic administered through the wine given by Epicharis has taken effect, and the girl apparently dies before the horrified guests and to the assumed terror of her mother. Vindex continues his



"Lo, a world shall pay me homage!"

epithalamium, but from blessing his song becomes a curse of the tyrant, whose love brings death. Nero, stung to madness by Vindex's words, and the loss to him of a tender dove, off whose virtue he had hoped to feast, thinking also that Chrysa has been poisoned by Vindex to save her from pollution, orders the Augustans to seize and carry him to the headsman, which powerful scene concludes the first act.

Act II opens with a scene in the imperial palace, showing an apartment used by Poppaea, Nero's mistress. She is surrounded by waiting women who have informed her of the events of the preceding night, and she has learned through Balbillus, the astrologer, that Nero has deposed Octavia, his wife. She has seen a sign in the sky also, which Balbillus, the obsequious prophet, interprets as a promise that very soon she will sit on the throne, with undisputed power and unexampled splendor. Her charms are sung by a chorus of women, to which Poppaea replies with a beautiful, triumphal aria, expressing her joy at the pleasing prospect of observing the world paying her the homage of a goddess. As she concludes her song Nero enters, whom she reproaches for his sickliness, and he tries his arts of flattery to console her. She pretends to have a horror for his crimes, for wedding with a plebeian, and for putting to death his wife, which he excuses by declaring that the deed was justified by greater crimes that were Octavia's, and begs her now to share with him his glory and his throne. At this moment the curtains are parted, and in the gallery now shown are to be seen Sevirus, priests, patricians, senators, slaves, etc., and a chorus of women sing the praise of Nero as a sapient and just Cæsar. Turning to some of his followers Nero bids Sevirus to lead the way to Evander's Temple, promising to follow presently; but scanning those about him, he notes the absence of Piso, Rufus and Thraseas, the latter having been sentenced for making jest of the Emperor's singing. He orders that Thraseas be brought in to be made an example of, but at the same instant Tigellinus announces a messenger sent by Agrippina, Nero's mother, who is in banishment. Terpander now enters, also Thraseas, an aged Christian, and Vindex. The former announces that he is bearer of a message from the royal mother, who sends with her prayers and greetings to Poppaea a casket which she begs she will receive as a symbol of her love. Poppaea opens the jewel box and her eyes and voice alike express the felicity of her feelings at beholding such rich treasures. Terpander asks that the giver of these precious relics, whose gracious feelings are thus attested, may be welcomed at the palace which she has a desire to visit. To this request, so pleasingly urged Nero answers that he cannot refuse a favor to Terpander, whose genius he so greatly admires. Consenting to receive Agrippina, Nero announces that he will celebrate this occasion with a song, accompanied by Terpander's lyre, of the grief and love of Iphigenia, who, by a dreadful fate, was torn from her mother. All present applaud and shout, at which the Emperor bids them forget his station and to pay homage rather to his art. A slave having been sent, returns with a lyre, which is handed to Terpander. Poppaea seats herself in state, and while the women bedeck her with jewels, Nero assumes the attitude of a minstrel and to Terpander's music he begins to sing:

"O fate, so remorseless, in thy path lieth death,  
Night's shadows darkening cloud the day of my life."

when he is interrupted by the appearance of Thraseas, who is seen in the gallery led by his guards. He speaks to the prisoner, asking if he would be pleased to hear his song, but Thraseas makes no reply, save to shrug his shoulders as if in disdain, indifferent to the sentence which has been imposed. Nero orders that the prisoner be taken away, and then resumes his improvisation, but he is interrupted a second time by another aged Christian in the charge of guards. Nero asks what crime he has committed and is told that the culprit is a member of that outcast sect known as Christians, who are worms, thieves, assassins and poisoners. After reflecting a moment, Nero orders the guards to conduct the prisoner hence, as the Christians may later be made useful.

"What a beautiful face, divine like in every feature!" Poppaea observes to the women who are fastening upon her arm a golden band, with the picture of a fair girl attached thereto, which is one of the presents sent to



her by Agrippina. Terpander has been attentively watching Poppaea the while, and noting her admiration for the portrait, he congratulates Agrippina upon her design, for Nero must soon perceive the picture. At the time of her banishment Agrippina had learned of Nero's infatuation for Chrysa, and becoming informed also of the girl's recovery, she had set her spies to kidnap Chrysa and hold her as a means for effecting a reconciliation with the Emperor. It was, therefore, with the view of arousing Nero's curiosity that Agrippina had sent to Poppaea the golden armlet containing a portrait of Chrysa, knowing that he must discover it presently and make inquiry concerning the girl, hoping through Terpander's address to obtain a recall from banishment.

When Nero a third time begins to sing, Vindex appears with his guards in the gallery, and in passing greets him as Cæsar, to which salutation Nero orders that he be forthwith executed. Poppaea, however, intercedes for his life, for one short hour, a favor which Nero reluctantly grants. Thereupon Vindex is brought before Poppaea, who questions him concerning the charge upon which he has been condemned. He answers that it was a crime no greater than singing a nuptial song when Nero espoused Chrysa. This confession moves Nero to intense anger, but it pleases Poppaea. He orders the guards to seize Vindex and hurry him away, but at this juncture Epicharis pushes her way into the royal presence and bitterly weeping she beseeches of Nero in Mercy's name to give her back Chrysa, whom she confesses is her child. Nero is astounded and believes the woman to be mad, who, by her own hands, did give the girl the fatal drink. But Epicharis reveals that the draught was a sleep potion to simulate death, and that no sooner had Chrysa revived from its effects than robbers invaded her room and carried the child away. This recital fills Nero with consternation, but to the sorrowful mother's entreaties he promises to aid in the recovery of Chrysa, and to punish with death all who oppose his purpose. This language excites the jealousy of Poppaea, who rages of the cruel tortures she feels, and foresees the time when she herself may have to plead for mercy. Turning fiercely upon Epicharis, esteeming her to be the instigator of his present grief, Nero accuses her of having merely feigned her consent to his marriage with Chrysa, and then conspired with Vindex to trick him, and to set his passion at defiance. In a transport of anger, he tells her he will find Chrysa, but that his vengeance shall be satisfied by consigning so wicked a woman as she, and her infamous co-conspirator, Vindex, to a speedy death. He thereupon orders that Epicharis and Vindex be led away to death, but Poppaea interposes with a prayer that they be spared or she herself be given over to the executioner. Nero seizes her outstretched arm in his anger, but at the same instant his eyes fall upon the portrait attached to the band, and exclaims, out of the depths of his astonishment, "By all the gods, it is her face!" Poppaea has not failed to perceive his agitation, and her rising jealousy Nero tries to assuage by kissing her hand and granting her merciful request. Poppaea shows the portrait to Balbillus, and then casts a vicious look upon Terpander, calling him traitor, for bringing such a present to destroy her peace of mind. Nero, confounded, calls to Terpander to accompany him to the Temple of Evander, and fairly consumed by a burning rage, but bowing, he passes out to take his place in the grand triumphal procession that has been arranged for him in Rome.

In the next scene the audience beholds a splendid representation of a public square in Rome, animated by throngs of people of many nationalities in holiday attire, and street hawkers crying their wares. Evander's Temple is in the foreground, before which a great crowd of the populace is gathered awaiting the approach of the procession that Nero is to lead to give Rome a spectacular show. A chorus sing praises to the Emperor, as a wagon arrives in which are several jugglers who amuse the people with tricks and music. Following these is a ballet diversion in the open square, in which the dancers appear as warriors and Bacchantes in a sham battle, and after engaging for a while involve the jugglers, who are beaten, and the warriors at length carry off the Bacchantes, to the great amusement of the populace. The music which accompanies this scene is probably the most fascinating in the opera, and is familiar by reason of its frequent



performance in concert halls and other places. This very charming scene suddenly changes when a street gamin, running hither and thither, cries out, "They're coming, make way, everybody." A moment later lictors, centurions, pretorians, priests and vestals appear, followed quickly by Nero, who is acclaimed by the people. As the procession moves, showing in succession consuls, tribunes, patricians, Augustans, and these followed by prisoners in fetters, princes, warriors, women and children, and by cages of wild beasts, and slaves carrying treasures, the people comment upon the vices of Nero, his crimes, his arrogance, his depravity, his vanity, and compare him with Germanicus and other imperial showmen.

Nero, with Tigellinus, Cassius, Terpander, Saccus, and Sevirus, goes before, followed by Agrippina, Poppaea, Balbillus, Epicharis and Vindex. When they arrive at the temple Nero descends from his chariot, and leaning upon Terpander he enters the Temple, where he is received by the priests, who pay him homage as the greatest of earth. Agrippina is borne in by slaves, and as she leaves her richly ornamented chair she throws herself at Nero's feet, who receives her with manifestations of great respect, and in her honor he commands the people to celebrate with Circensian games.

Poppaea has been a jealous observer of these passing events, and believing that the crown is receding from her grasp, she resolves to remove, if possible, Chrysa from the Emperor's ambitions. Thus designing, she appears veiled with Balbillus, and pointing to the house of Epicharis she enters it, leaving the astrologer outside to await the issue of her purpose. Soon she is seen with Epicharis, to whom she discovers the fact that Chrysa is in the keep of Agrippina. Upon hearing this, Vindex gives his pledge to the gods that he will restore her, in which effort Epicharis promises her assistance. Nero now issues from the temple crowned with laurel, and as the vestals kindle the sacred fire and strew flowers in his way, so exalted in his vanity does he become that boastfully he declares himself to be a god, which the truculent people about him reaffirm with great shouting—"Truly, Cæsar, thou art God!" This finale of the second act is a marvel of spectacular effects, and is so skilfully embellished by choral accompaniment and music by a military band, that the scene is rendered wonderfully inspiring and impressive.

Act III opens with a scene that represents a small room in the house of Epicharis, whither Chrysa has been removed through the help of Vindex. When Nero discovers that he has been deprived of Chrysa, he is so enraged that he revenges himself upon his mother by causing her to be murdered, and thereafter he devotes himself to the persecution of his enemies. When the curtain rises the unhappy Chrysa is seen, alone, lamenting her sad fate, but she becomes encouraged

by remembrance of God's providence, in whom her reliance is now placed, and to Him she addresses a prayer for strength to bear her afflictions, and blessings she entreats for her mother and Vindex. While Chrysa is thus appealing to God, Vindex appears, and she runs to greet him, expressing fears that Nero may discover her retreat. The two now sing an exquisite duet, which is one of the most refined creations of the composer's art, in which Vindex makes a declaration of his love and begs her to tell him of the God to whom she pays reverence. With fear and trembling, lest he shall despise her when learning her faith, after much hesitation and appealing to him not to curse her, Chrysa confesses she is a Christian! To her infinite joy, instead of hating, his love becomes the stronger, and he expresses the hope that he may be converted to her God, to whom henceforth his prayers shall be directed.

Epicharis has been tortured by Nero in the hope of compelling her to reveal the hiding place of Chrysa, but the severest agonies that he can inflict proving ineffectual, he releases her in the belief that she will hasten to her daughter's retreat, and by placing spies upon her track he has no doubt of discovering the secret place, and of thus regaining the girl. Nor are his anticipations wholly disappointed, for immediately upon gaining her liberty Epicharis flies to the asylum of her daughter, whom she finds while Chrysa and Vindex are pledging their love, and tells them of the torments she has suffered at Nero's hands to compel betrayal of this refuge. Vindex, suspecting that Epicharis will be followed to this place, advises immediate flight, but this Epicharis declares is now impossible, for Nero has ordered that all the gates of Rome be closed to prevent their escape. Not yet daunted, Vindex assures them that Poppaea will give them shelter, and that knowing a place beyond the Tiber, he may reach it!

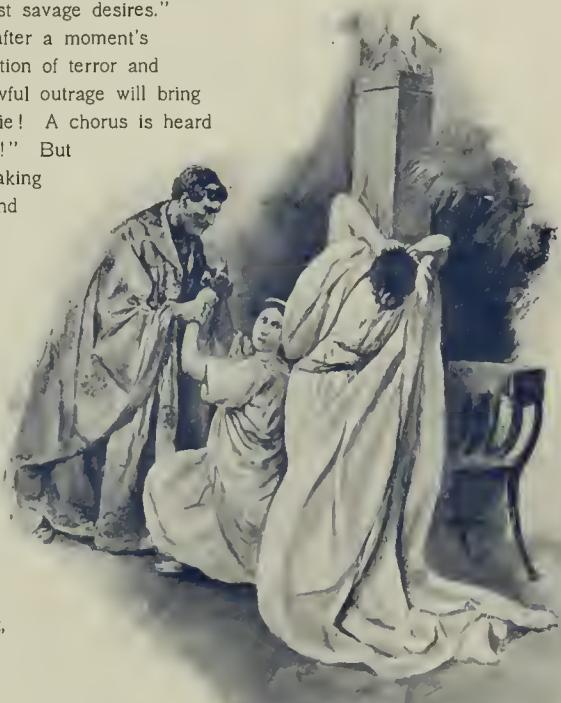


her help can be gained. Hastily, therefore, he leaves the two women and goes out to seek Poppæa. After his departure Chrysa confesses to her mother the great love she bears for Vindex, which affection he returns, at which Epicharis tearfully begs if ever she should learn the evil life her mother has led she will not curse, but pity, her weakness. Drawing the astonished girl towards her Epicharis seats herself, and Chrysa rests her head upon her mother's knees. A touching and melodious duet is now rendered, the motive of which is a cradle song:

"Dost recall thy childhood days,  
When I sat beside thy bed,  
And lulled to sleep with soothing lays  
Thy tired eyes, and held thy head?  
  
"Sleep, my child, from sorrow free,  
Mother watchful e'er will be;  
Sweet thy dreams, naught harmeth thee,  
Till the sun breaks out the sea."

This charming lullaby is interrupted by the sudden appearance of Nero, who has followed Epicharis, and now comes upon the terrified women like a wraith of cruelty. He accosts them with the brutal speech, that the mother bird, loosed from her cage, is sure to seek first her brood. Epicharis beseeches for mercy, but Nero replies that too much pity he has already shown, or she would not now be among the living. But looking amorously upon Chrysa, he bids them both dismiss their fears, for he comes not as an avenger, but as a wooer, and in passionate language he offers to share his throne with the girl who has set his heart in homage to her beauty, a fair enchantress worthy of an Emperor's love, whose charms have conquered and made him subservient to her will. His pleadings and his servility Chrysa repulses, which so enrages Nero that, finding persuasion futile, with fierceness he threatens that she shall be his slave, and yoked to his chariot he will drag her through the streets of Rome. He attempts to force her to follow him, but at this exciting moment Poppæa rushes in, and sheltering Chrysa with her arms, defies him to approach her. Nero, in a delirium of frenzy, runs to the door and calls aloud to his guards, but at the same instant Saccus, spent of breath, appears and announces to the tyrant that Rome is in flames! Astounded at first, Nero suddenly assumes a calm, and with cynical laughter, indifferently remarks: "Strange, it did escape my mind. Rome a prey to the flames! Sure, I do now recall that I did order the conflagration. A wondrous sight it must afford, such an one as even the gods have seldom witnessed," and he invites Poppæa to enjoy with him the spectacle. As he is about to depart, Nero hears an ominous noise outside, which Poppæa tells him proceeds from Rome's avengers. "Aye," answers Nero, "the people are demanding a sacrifice, and they shall have it, even to glut their most savage desires." Saccus ventures to inquire what the sacrifice shall be, to which Nero, after a moment's reflection, answers, "Why, the Christians!" Poppæa, now a personification of terror and rage, boldly declares to the infamous tyrant that this fresh and most awful outrage will bring upon him an awful retribution, for that Chrysa, through her, shall die! A chorus is heard outside, "Death to all Christians! the vagabonds shall miserably perish!" But neither ominous sounds nor threatenings disturb Nero's composure, and taking Poppæa's hand he calls her the incomparable, his guardian saint, and leads her to the tower of Mæcenas, where they may better view the conflagration, and see, besides burning buildings, the more frightful spectacle of Christians wrapped in pitch and set upon poles to become living torches, while others are sewed up in the skins of wild beasts and given to dogs to be torn. Aye! 'tis a Roman holiday!

After the transformation, in part second, the shifted scene represents a public square in Rome, and there is shown the Tower of Mæcenas, below which are crowds heaping curses upon the base one who has set the city on fire. Another group, panic stricken, declare that retreat is impossible, and that a funeral pyre must be their fate, but out of the turmoil is still to be heard the cry of vengeance against all Christians. The people gradually disperse, and when the stage is cleared there enter Vindex, Epicharis and Chrysa. The wretched girl is so far exhausted that she can go no further, and begs that she may die here. Vindex calls upon the gods to save her, but at this moment,



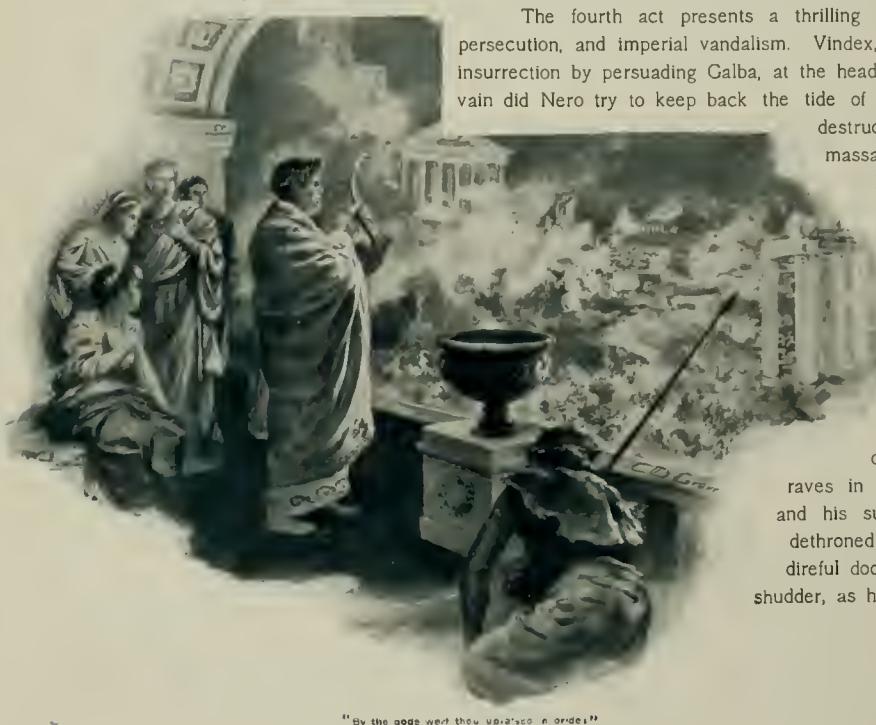
looking up, he sees upon the tower Nero, Poppaea, Saccus, Tigellinus, and a band of Augustans, and pauses to watch their actions. Epicharis feels her strength departing, and seats herself upon a bench beside a house, as Nero exclaims: "Did mortal eyes behold so much grandeur before?" Calling one of his Augustans to bring a lyre, the tyrant takes the instrument and accompanies himself while he sings, "O Illion," from the funeral rites of Hector, at the conclusion of Homer's Iliad:

"By the gods wert thou upraised in pride,  
By tears of a goddess wert sanctified.  
Behold now thy glow in the skylit dome,  
In which is thy ruin. O haughty Rome."

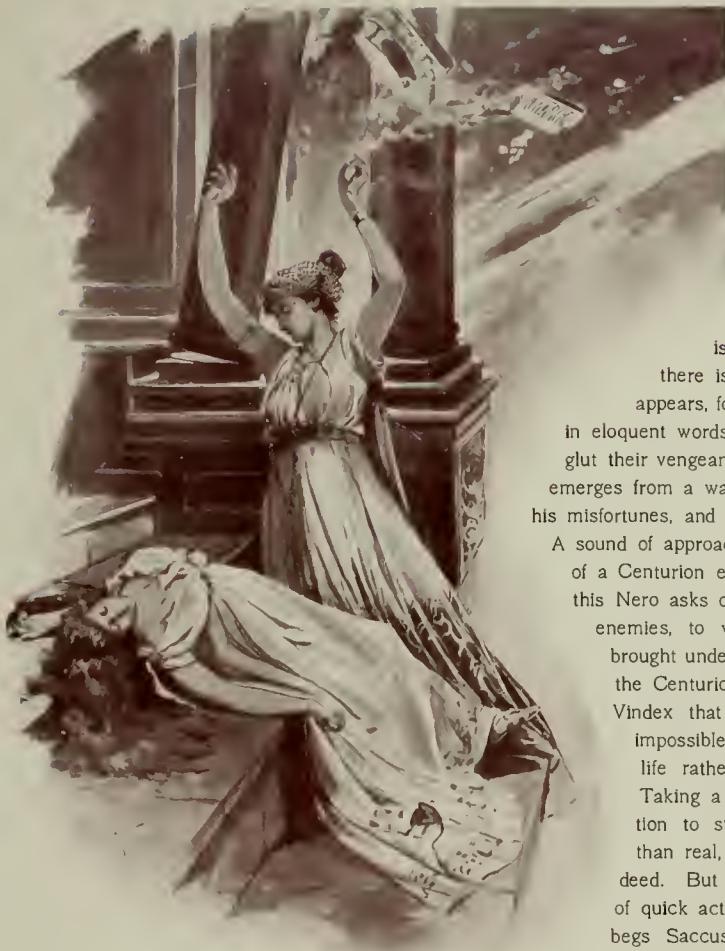
Poppaea has no part in this ignoble show, and declares that wilder than the fury of the flames is the fire of hatred that burns within her, while from below are heard the voices of Chrysa, Epicharis and Vindex, expressing their horror at Rome's degradation, manifested by the cowardly applause of the murderous populace. Chrysa, after much effort, raises herself and strives to reach the tower, despite the attempts of Vindex and Epicharis to restrain her. She moves towards the seething crowd with the purpose to address them. Nero recognizes her and descends with Poppaea and his suite from the tower, but his presence does not deter Chrysa, who, though pale, trembling, disheveled, speaks to the people: "Are ye not my brothers—Romans? Then being Romans, why do ye not rise against this deed of hell? Oh, miserably deluded! How ye slaughter the innocent Christians and applaud the murderous monster who revels in shame, and rejoices while Rome is perishing!" This brave speech excites only wonder that a girl, forsooth, should venture to defy Cæsar, and the people renew their cries of "Death to all Christians!" As Nero descends from the tower and comes upon the stage, the populace hail him; but mindless of their praise now, he approaches Chrysa, and in ecstasy exclaims: "Ha! My beauteous Chrysa, now indeed art thou mine forever!" To save herself from a fate more terrible, she cries out to the mob: "Ye seek Christians to slay. Behold, I am one!" Vindex and Epicharis try to save her by denial, and Nero savagely pronounces her claim a lie, but Poppaea confirms it, whereupon the maddened persecutors forcibly wrest Chrysa from Vindex and fatally strike her down, at which Poppaea, casting a look of satisfied jealousy at Nero, utters, "This is my revenge!" As Chrysa dies, Vindex draws his sword, and to Nero exclaims, "Remember, Cæsar, Chrysa and Rome! Even though your gods be deaf, there is one man that shall avenge both her and Rome!" And cleaving his way through the crowd he disappears. Nero shouts to his Augustans to capture the escaping wretch, living or dead, but the fire encroaches so rapidly that it offers an impassable wall to the pursuers. Nero is beside himself with anger and curses his followers, as murderous wretches, and then goes out, leaving Epicharis mourning over the body of Chrysa and calling upon God for vengeance. While she is thus raving, the walls of a building fall with a great crash and bury mother and daughter in the fiery ruins, which terrible scene closes the third act.

The fourth act presents a thrilling denouement to the drama of lust, vainglory, persecution, and imperial vandalism. Vindex, at the time proprætor of Gaul, stirred up an insurrection by persuading Galba, at the head of the army in Gaul, to lead the revolt. In vain did Nero try to keep back the tide of revolution, now sweeping in mighty waves of destruction, by ordering the execution of governors, massacring the Gauls in Rome, and by letting loose savage beasts to rend his enemies.

Trusting little to his army, he organized a guard of Amazons to protect his august person. But he soon found himself deserted, and for safety he disguised himself in a dark cloak, and with Sporus and three others fled from Rome and hid himself in the mausoleum of Augustus. The opening scene of the fourth act shows the interior of the vault, and Nero seated on a stone block where, almost exhausted, he raves in his now impotent rage. The time is night, and his surroundings of sepulchral gloom oppress the dethroned and hunted wretch with forebodings of a direful doom. A fearful clap of thunder causes him to shudder, as he sees therein an appalling sign of heaven's



"By the gods wert thou upraised in pride!"



"Oh, my Chrysa dead!  
Now consume me, ye  
pitying flames!"

that the imperial coward surrenders his infamous life almost immediately, at the moment that Vindex and his legions come upon the scene. As the bloody

tyrant expires, the expiator of his own frightful crimes, there appears a luminous nimbus, which grows steadily brighter, and assumes the form of a great cross hanging in the heavens, a precursor of the glorious triumph of Christianity.

speedy vengeance, and immediately thereafter he hears his name called by a deep voice within the tomb. The walls now open and accusing shades of his victims begin one after another to appear: Claudius, once Emperor; Britannicus, his murdered brother; Octavia, his strangled wife; Agrippina, his tortured mother; Chrysa, Epicharis, Poppaea, and then a ghostly host of tormented Christians, until a horror burns into the trembling tyrant's brain, and he feels the blood bursting from beneath his dishonored crown. Unable to endure the terrifying scene, Nero rushes out into the storm to seek refuge in the wood. After a transformation, a road on the Campagna is shown, with smouldering Rome in the distance, and there is heard the battle song of the legions. Vindex presently appears, followed by other leaders and soldiers, whom he addresses in eloquent words, and reminding them of Nero's crimes, exhorts them to glut their vengeance upon the murderous despot. In the next scene Nero emerges from a wayside thicket, followed by Saccus, to whom he bewails his misfortunes, and weeps that in his death so great an artist will be lost. A sound of approaching steps increases his terror, and he hears the voice of a Centurion expressing an ambition to capture the monster alive. At this Nero asks of Saccus what fate may befall him if taken living by his enemies, to which Saccus answers that, like Claudius, he will be brought under the yoke and scourged to death. At this same moment the Centurion orders a soldier to sound the trumpet as a signal to Vindex that Nero is discovered. Perceiving that escape is now impossible, the wretched man resolves to end his miserable life rather than fall into the hands of his merciless enemies. Taking a dagger from Saccus he dramatically declares his resolution to stab himself, but his courage proves to be more theoretic than real, and in shame he confesses his inability to commit the deed. But the hour of reckoning is at hand, and realizing the need of quick action to save himself from more dreadful punishment, he begs Saccus to take the knife and strike him fatally, which the faithful attendant, with much hesitating and trembling, performs so well



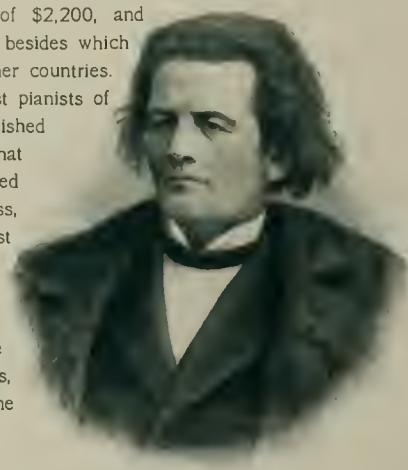
## A SKETCH OF RUBINSTEIN.



ANTON GREGOR RUBINSTEIN was born November 30, 1830, in the village of Wechwotynez, in the province of Bessarabia, of southwest European Russia. His parents were Jews of considerable means, who moved to Moscow in 1832, where the father established a pencil factory that brought him considerable prosperity. Anton's mother was a woman of much ability and great culture, who perceiving the early inclinations of Anton, taught him music until the pupil became as proficient as the teacher, when she placed him under the instruction of Villoing. Here he remained studying the piano until 1840, when he was entered as a pupil at the Paris Conservatory, and almost immediately attracted the marked attention of Chopin, Liszt and Thalberg, who took the greatest interest in him as a musical prodigy. After eighteen months at the Paris Conservatory, Anton was taken by Villoing on a concert tour through Holland, England, Scandinavia and Germany, and everywhere he was hailed as the most remarkable of pianists notwithstanding his youth. So successful was the tour that in 1844, upon the advice of Meyerbeer, his parents took him to Berlin to study composition under Dehn, a famous contrapuntist, where he remained until he was graduated. Thereafter he made a tour of Hungary in the company of Heindl, a flutist, and lived a while in Vienna, where he taught music, until the political troubles of 1848 caused him to return to Russia and settle in St. Petersburg, where he found a most powerful patron in the person of the Grand Duchess Helen, through whose encouragements it was that he wrote several operas, that were sung with much success in St. Petersburg. In 1854 he again visited Germany, where he was received with great favor and secured the publication of many of his works, and then went upon another tour, to Paris and London, his concerts being attended by the most distinguished persons of those countries, and the audiences at every performance were as large as the halls could accommodate. He returned to St. Petersburg in 1858, and was immediately appointed court pianist and concert director, with a life pension, but further appreciation of his genius was shown in 1859, when he was given the directorship of the Russian Music Society. In 1862 he founded the St. Petersburg Conservatory, of which he remained the principal until 1865, and four years later he received a decoration at the hands of the Czar. In 1867 he started upon a great concert tour, which proved a triumphant success, through Europe, and in 1872-73 he visited the United States with the eminent violinist, Wieniawsky, which many Americans will remember for the superb concerts the two gave and the admiration excited for Rubinstein's piano performances.

Rubinstein returned to St. Petersburg after completing his tour, and has maintained his residence there to this time, but he held no official position until 1887, when he once more assumed directorship of the Conservatory there, and under his management the institution has prospered greatly. In 1889 there was a jubilee celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of his artistic life, when the Czar gave him an annual pension of \$2,200, and several honorary titles were bestowed by Russian universities and municipalities, besides which marks of distinction he received many valuable gifts from admirers residing in other countries.

It is not claiming too much for Rubinstein to class him with the greatest pianists of any age, while as a composer he occupies a place not far from the most distinguished of his time. His chief merit, undoubtedly, is in his originality, which is so great that his Improvisations frequently exhibit the phrasing and expression of the most polished compositions. The one fault which Rubinstein possesses is that of carelessness, which at times is so pronounced that he has been made the object of much just criticism, and it is the more lamentable because his indolent habit of mind acts as an impediment to his genius, and a restraint upon his inspiration. His most popular concert-room productions are his Ocean Symphony, and his pianoforte concertos in G major, D minor, and trio in B flat. He is author also of a large number of operas, of which "Nero" is the best known, and of concert pieces, grand orchestra compositions, chamber music, oratorios, sonatas and more than one hundred beautiful songs that are universally popular.







# Il Puritani

AFTER THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY H. T. CARHES

HENRIETTA—“*Peace!*”

*Sheathe your weapons! be no blood shed for me.”*

ACT I.—SCENE V



# I PURITANI.

(THE PURITANS.)

MUSIC BY BELLINI.—WORDS BY COUNT PEPOLI.



PURITANI was the last of Bellini's many beautiful compositions, for he died a few months after its first representation, and curiously enough in the house, near Paris, in which he wrote the music. The opera was originally written in two acts, and had its initial performance at the Theatre Italian, Paris, January 25, 1835. Although it was received most favorably, the composer made several important changes in the score, and thus improved "I Puritani" was sung in London, with a slightly modified title, in May following. Subsequently, or some years later, another change was thought necessary, to relieve the rather tedious length of the two acts, and the opera was accordingly sung in three acts, which it continues to be. The story of the opera is laid in England during the Seventeenth Century, and concerns the intense religious prejudices and political rivalries brought about through the excesses and tyrannical acts of Charles I. His unwarranted interference with the privileges of Parliament, as well also other unconstitutional and despotic acts, finally plunged the country into civil war, in which the opposing forces on one side were known as the Parliamentary party, or Puritans, and on the other the Royalists, or Cavaliers. Charles' army was decisively defeated by Cromwell, at Naseby (1645). Four years later he was tried for many crimes by Parliament, and being convicted, was beheaded before Whitehall Palace.

The action of the opera takes place during the war between Charles I and his Parliament, and the beginning of the drama is at Plymouth, which at the time is in possession of the Parliamentary forces, where the principal incidents are supposed to take place. The fortress commandant is Governor-General Lord Walter Walton, who has a daughter named Elvira, whom he designs shall marry Sir Richard Forth, a colonel in the Puritan army. Elvira, however, has fallen in love with Lord Arthur Talbot, a staunch Royalist, and notwithstanding the fierce antagonisms of the religious parties, Sir George, an uncle of Elvira, induces Lord Walton to forego his preference, and to give his consent to Elvira's marriage with the man of her choice. This concession

being obtained, Sir Arthur is invited to the fortress, that the nuptials may be celebrated there. It happens that at this time Henrietta of France, queen of Charles I, who to conceal her identity has assumed the name of Madame Villa Forte, is a prisoner in the fortress, under sentence of death passed by Parliament. Sir Arthur discovers the situation of the unfortunate woman, and tries to conceive a plan to effect her escape, which a happy accident enables him to do. Trusting Sir Arthur, Lord Walton places the prisoner in his charge, unconscious of her relation to the Stuarts. When the wedding arrangements are completed, and Elvira is attired for the ceremony she is met in a passage of the castle by Henrietta, and in a spirit of playfulness, throws her veil over the prisoner, at the same time remarking, "What a beautiful bride she would be." Sir Arthur seizes upon the idea thus suggested to conceal Henrietta, and when Elvira passes on, he urges the prisoner to retain the veil, for by simulating the bride, she may be able to pass the guards to liberty. Time for action is short, and as the bridal party pass into the great hall, Sir Arthur forcibly leads her away, and on horses the two speed across the drawbridge. This abrupt departure is first discovered by Sir Richard, Sir Arthur's rival, who, however, ascertaining that the veiled lady is not Elvira, permits them to proceed; but the alarm is soon given, and having no doubt that her lover has abandoned her, Elvira loses her reason from the shock. The Parliament promptly proscribes Sir Arthur, and a price is put upon his head, but Sir George, the uncle, appeals to Sir Richard to use his influence with Parliament to spare Sir Arthur's life, if captured, believing that Elvira's reason may be restored should her lover return and explain his strange conduct. Sir Arthur is hunted by soldiers so pertinaciously that he is unable for a great while to communicate with Elvira or her father. The long-sought occasion is finally found, but in the midst of his interview with Elvira, whose mental malady is relieved by his explanation, he is arrested by a party of Puritans and condemned to die at once. At this moment, however, a messenger arrives with news of the defeat of

Charles at the battle of Naseby, and of Cromwell's pardon to all political offenders. These happy tidings serve to completely restore the reason of Elvira, and the lovers are united by a ceremony which is celebrated with great rejoicing.

Act I.—When the curtain rises on the first act, the scene presented is a striking one, showing the fortress of Plymouth, the moat and upraised drawbridge, while in the distance are picturesque mountains, catching the gleams of a rising sun. Sentinels call the watch, and trumpets and drums sound the reveille that herald the break of day. Bruno, a Puritan officer, is first to enter, followed by soldiers in equipment, who polish and prepare their arms, and while thus engaged they render in chorus a martial song. From the fortress a prelude of sacred music is heard, which Bruno admonishes is the morning's solemn canticles, whereupon the soldiers sink upon their knees as a bell rings for prayers, and a chorus of Puritans from the citadel recite their orisons. These devotions concluded, a party of villagers enter carrying baskets of flowers, and invite the soldiers to join them in a bridal chorus, which is thereupon rendered in praise of Elvira's beauty and the joyful day that approaches when a faithful cavalier will make her his bride. All now go out except Bruno, who steps aside as he sees Sir Richard Forth approaching. Unconscious of another's presence, Sir Richard laments his loss of Elvira, whom he had hoped to wed, and abandons himself to the caprices of a hapless fortune. Bruno now reveals himself as a faithful companion in arms, and asks Sir Richard to confide to him the cause of his dejection. Seeking sympathy, the love-lorn colonel explains that Elvira's sire once promised him her hand, but later, when he would consummate the happiness that was thus promised, he called upon Lord Walton, who, to his amazement and grief, informed him that Elvira had conceived a passion for Sir Arthur, and no power would be exercised to change her affections. Bruno tries to compose him, but Sir Richard sorrowfully declares that only death can ease the pain of a breaking heart, and in a touching cavatina, he sings his woes:

"To me forever now is lost,  
Flower of love and hope, the dearest,  
Life to me, thou now appears,  
Gloomy and with tempests crossed."

The plaintive air ceases as soldiers cross the stage, at sight of which, to divert his thoughts, Bruno tells him that the army requires his leadership, and tries to fire him with thoughts of martial emprise, but Sir Richard cannot be made to forget his heart grief, and departs still lamenting.

Scene II.—In the succeeding scene the apartments of Elvira are shown, through the windows of which a view of the fortifications is presented. Elvira and Sir George, her uncle, enter. She embraces and calls him a second father, and seeing that she is stirred by some great sorrow, he bids her be of good cheer, for this very day she will be a bride.

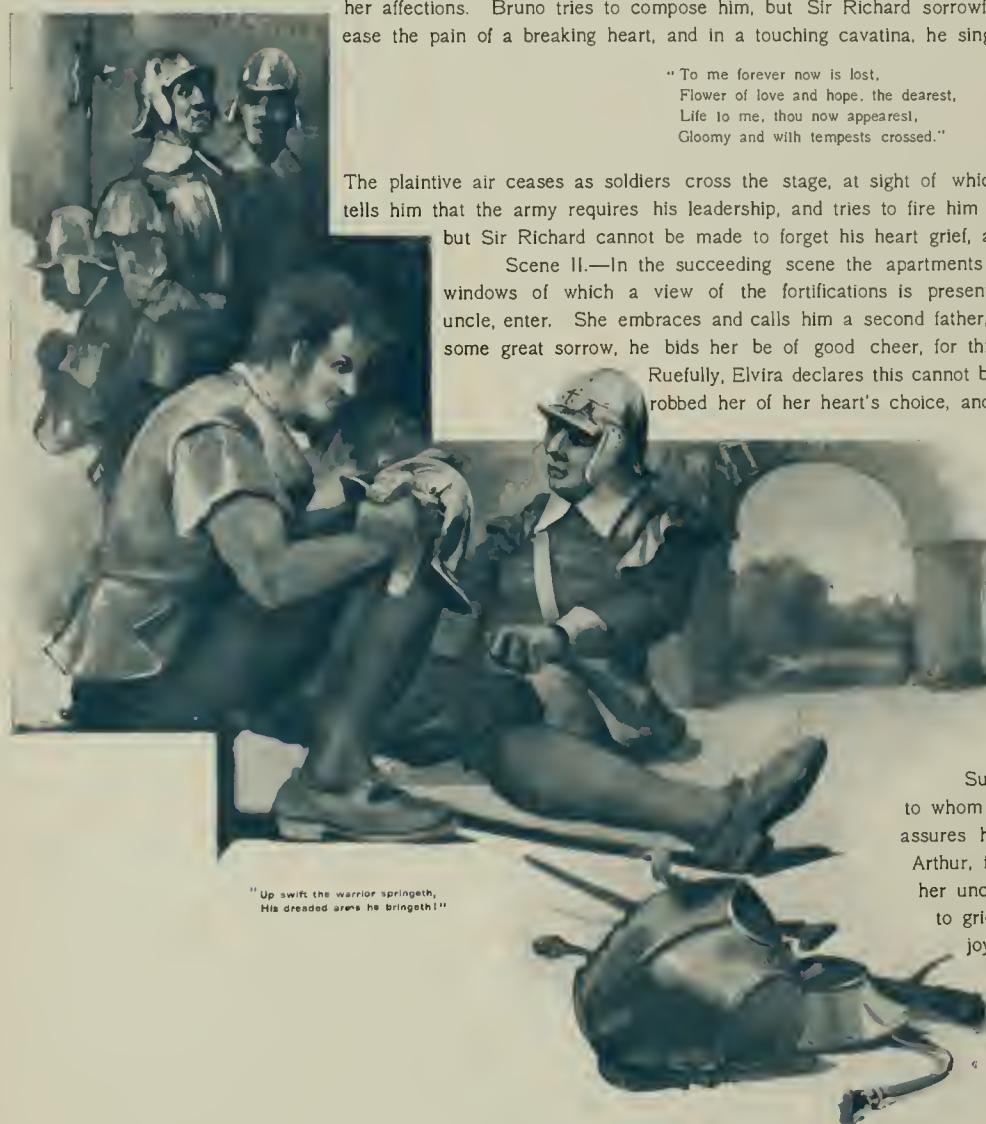
Ruefully, Elvira declares this cannot be, since a fortune most unkind has robbed her of her heart's choice, and passionately she threatens:

"If in tremor, to the altar,  
They e'er drag the limbs that falter,  
Madness seizing me that moment,  
Grief will conquer, life depart."

Sir George advises her to dispel such gloomy thoughts, and ingeniously relieves her great depression by curiously asking what would be her feelings should the warrior, who is soon to appear here, prove to be the one chosen for her husband?

Surprised, she inquires with anxiety to whom he refers, and when Sir George assures her that it is none other than Sir Arthur, in rapture she throws herself into her uncle's arms, exclaiming: "My soul, to grief accustomed, is so overcome by joy, that it scarcely can sustain this

"Up swift the warrior springeth,  
His dreaded arms he bringeth!"



unexpected bliss!" Eager to know what influence has changed her father's will, who had once set his heart upon her marriage with Sir Richard, to her requests Sir George tells how with argument and entreaty he did long strive to persuade Lord Walton to consider the happiness of his child, whose life would be sacrificed by wedding her to a man she does not love. By such pleading the father at length was moved to compassionate her feelings and give consent that, following her preference, she should espouse Sir Arthur. Elvira, in rapture, embraces her uncle again, and is about to speak her joy and gratitude, when the two are startled by the sound of a hunting horn, which Sir George interprets as a signal from men-at-arms seeking for admission to the fortress. Directly after, the voices of soldiers, composing a military escort, are heard from without, announcing the approach of Sir Arthur: "Lord Arthur traverses the bridge! Room for the valorous warrior!" Sir George turns cheerily to Elvira to remind her of his assurances, which will quickly be verified by Sir Arthur's presence. The love-distraught girl is in an ecstasy of blissful anticipations, doubtful that her heart can endure a joy so great, and as the men-at-arms, heralds, and villagers acclaim the knight, Elvira and her uncle advance to the balcony to watch the approaching cavalcade.

Scene III.—The succeeding view represents a large armory, of Gothic architecture, behind which lie the fortifications. Lord Arthur enters, attended by esquires, gentlemen-in-waiting, and pages bearing nuptial presents, among which is a magnificent bridal-veil. Following these come Bruno, with a company of soldiers, as a military escort befitting Sir Arthur's rank. All salute Sir Arthur and Elvira, after which the ladies sing praises of the bride's beauty, and the men extol the valor of the groom. An exquisite romanza is rendered by Sir Arthur, "Often, dearest, to thy sweet presence," etc., which Elvira answers, "Arthur, dearest, now I am thine, love," etc., and Sir George and Lord Walton bestow their blessings. Having given his consent publicly to the marriage, Lord Walton issues an order to Bruno commanding him to allow no one to pass the walls without a permit from the commandant, and then handing a paper of permission to Sir Arthur, Lord Walton tells the happy couple to go to the altar without him, as his duties call him at once to another place. At this moment Henrietta, queen of Charles I, enters, in the custody of Bruno, upon sight of whom Lord Walton, with a show of deference to her rank, informs her that she has been cited to appear before the English Parliament under his escort. She desires to know upon what charge, but Lord Walton replies

that his duty is to be silent and obey. Sir Arthur, in an aside, asks if the fair prisoner is a friend of the Stuarts, and is quietly informed by Sir George that she has been imprisoned many months under suspicion of being an emissary of the Royalists, and is thought to be masquerading under an assumed name. Sir Arthur, though not fully advised of her station, resolves in his mind to succor Henrietta if opportunity to do so is presented, for should she not escape, her doom is sure. Lord Walton unites anew the hands of Elvira and Sir Arthur, and after bestowing his benediction, he bids Elvira attire herself in nuptial robes and repair to the temple. Admonishing Bruno to have his horses in readiness, in the valley, Lord Walton then departs with his guards, followed directly by Sir George, Elvira and the ladies. Glancing about to convince himself that they are alone, Sir Arthur addresses Henrietta: "If aid or counsel may avail thee, in me you may confide." Deeply appreciative of his offer of aid, Henrietta hesitates to accept, lest she involve him in a great danger, and frankly tells him she is wife of the King, doomed to die within an hour. At this confession Sir Arthur kneels to her as his queen, and then entreats her to accept his services, promising to lead her behind the walls, and there conceal her until chance be given for escape. Henrietta is greatly touched by his loyalty, but implores him not to



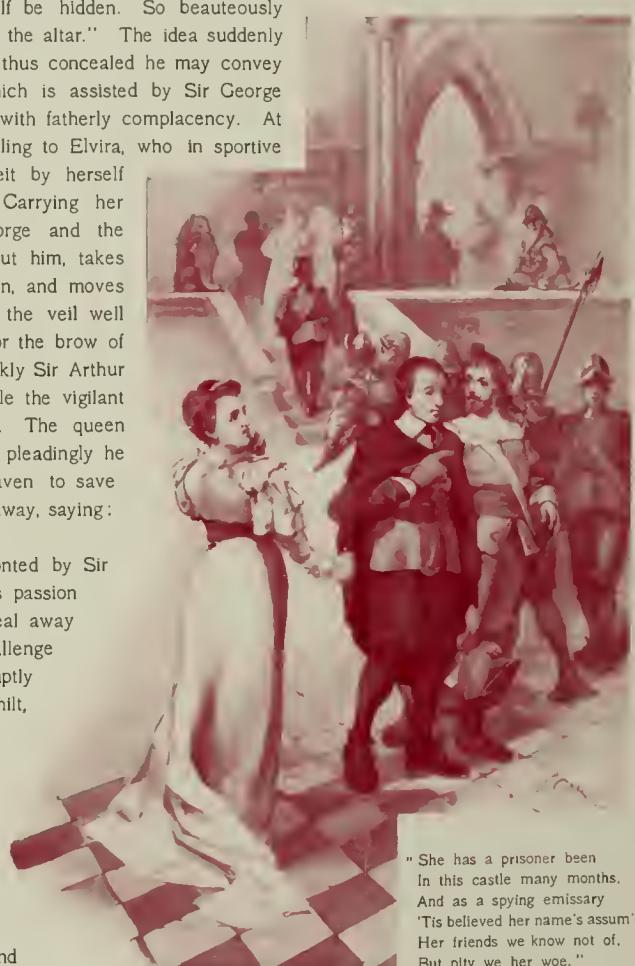
"Oh, my loved uncle! my fond, my second father!"

thus hazard his own life in what must prove a futile enterprise, besides making Elvira a sacrifice even at the altar, where in the next few moments she will be waiting him. The magnanimity of the unfortunate queen makes Sir Arthur more resolute in his purpose to save her even if it be at the price of his own life, but the interview is interrupted by the entrance of Elvira, who appears wearing a crown of roses, and in her hand she carries the veil presented to her by Sir Arthur. Rapt in sweet reflections concerning her approaching nuptials, maiden fancies bright and warm as midsummer morn, she sings a brilliant polacca, which is one of the rarest gems of the opera, and the delight of all artists :

"I am a happy maiden,  
Bridal robes arrayed in.  
Like a lily pure and white.  
That gleams in April's light.  
So fragrant is my hair,  
With roses scattered there.  
And on my heaving breast,  
Bright pearls as spotless rest

As Elvira, attended by Sir George, approaches Henrietta, she asks the queen to arrange her veil, and by way of instruction shows her how she wishes it to be fixed. Throwing it over Henrietta, she playfully remarks, "In this veil I hide, sweet one, your fine hair, as I would myself be hidden. So beautously decked, thou wilt thyself appear like a bride going to the altar." The idea suddenly seizes Sir Arthur that while the queen's features are thus concealed he may convey her past the guards without detection, a purpose which is assisted by Sir George himself mistaking her for Elvira, and surveying her with fatherly complacency. At this juncture the voice of Lord Walton is heard calling to Elvira, who in sportive mood thinks to impose upon him a harmless deceit by herself hiding, and leaving the queen to represent her. Carrying her humor into effect, Elvira goes out, with Sir George and the bridesmaids. Sir Arthur, first looking cautiously about him, takes from his belt the permit given him by Lord Walton, and moves hesitatingly towards the queen. Sadly she tells him the veil well becomes a youthful maiden, but that it is ill suited for the brow of an unhappy woman, and attempts to remove it. Quickly Sir Arthur begs her to desist, for in such disguise she may baffle the vigilant guard, who will surely believe her to be the bride. The queen warns him against such a desperate expedient, but pleadingly he asks her to improve this opportunity granted by heaven to save her life, and seizing her hand he forcibly drags her away, saying: "Come, come—in mercy, come!"

As Sir Arthur is about to depart, he is confronted by Sir Richard, who rudely enters, and excited by a jealous passion threatens his rival with death for attempting to steal away the woman he would lose heaven to gain. The challenge to mortal combat, which Sir Richard gives, is promptly accepted by Sir Arthur, who declares, "To the hilt, within thy bosom, I'll bury deep my sword!" The combat is about to begin, when Henrietta throws herself between the enraged contestants, and begs them for her sake to suspend their quarrels. In so doing her veil is disarranged, and exposure of her face discovers to Sir Richard that the fair lady is not Elvira, but the prisoner! His amazement is so great at this astonishing revelation that even at the cost of appearing cowardly, he drops his weapon and stands agape for a moment, striving to determine the identity



"She has a prisoner been  
In this castle many months.  
And as a spying emissary  
'Tis believed her name's assum'd.  
Her friends we know not of,  
But pity we her woe."

"Is she then doomed? Her lot is cast!"

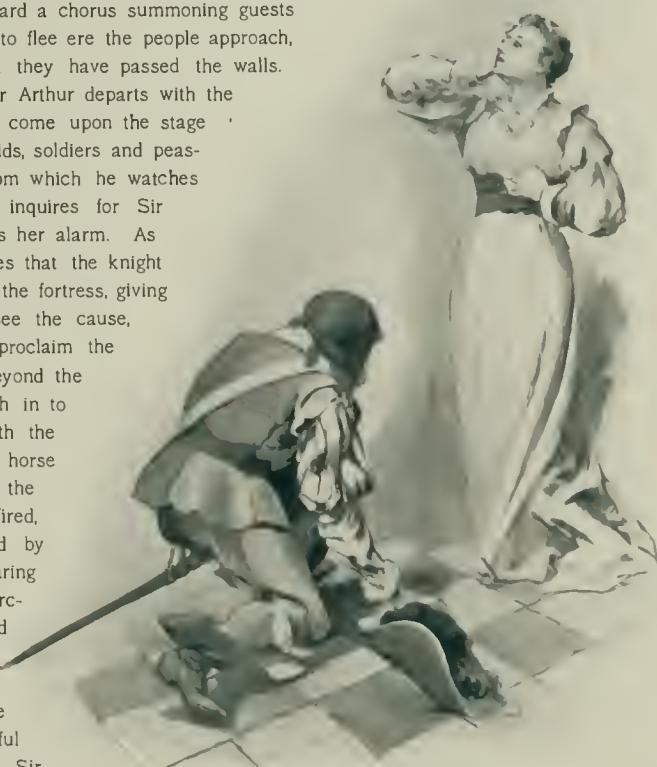
of the woman for whom he suspects that Sir Arthur entertains a secret passion. Hoping at least that a way may now be found for the advancement of his own suit with Elvira, Sir Richard apologizes to the lady, and then turning to Sir Arthur tells him he may go in safety with her, to whatever haven he may design, saying:

" Go, thou madman! be it thine  
To feel pangs reserved for me;  
From both love and country torn,  
Thou shalt only live to mourn."

Henrietta breathes a prayer for the good fortune that a kind heaven has sent her in giving promise that she shall escape from her enemies, through the help of a newly-found friend. From behind the scenes is now heard a chorus summoning guests to the feast, and Sir Richard admonishes the two to flee ere the people approach, pledging his honor not to report their flight until they have passed the walls. Thus urged to improve the auspicious moment, Sir Arthur departs with the veiled Henrietta, and as the two disappear there come upon the stage Sir George, Lord Walton, Bruno, Elvira, bridesmaids, soldiers and peasants. Sir Richard is seen upon the balcony, from which he watches the fugitives. Elvira, looking anxiously about, inquires for Sir Arthur, and calls his name in a voice that betrays her alarm. As the escape is now effected, Sir Richard announces that the knight has fled. At this moment a drum is heard within the fortress, giving the signal of alarm, and when all look out to see the cause, Elvira, Sir Richard, and Sir George, in unison, proclaim the elopement, "Beyond the walls e'en now, away beyond the plain!" Two guards, intensely excited, now rush in to report to Lord Walton the flight of Sir Arthur with the fair prisoner, at which orders are quickly given to horse and make pursuit. The people cry, "To arms!" the alarm bell of the citadel is sounded, cannons are fired, and the utmost confusion ensues. Elvira, dazed by the situation, moves forward a few paces, staring fixedly in mental abstraction, and then utters a piercing shriek. Lord Walton draws his sword and rushes out at the head of a band of soldiers, crying for vengeance, but Sir Richard stays, stirred by love and disdain, trying to define a vengeance that grieves over what it achieves. In mournful tones Elvira asks him if the lady who fled with Sir Arthur wore a white veil, and if she were called bride by the fleeing knight? But the answer is anticipated, and she does not pause to hear; placing her hand to her head, feeling for the missing bridal veil, she cries piteously, and then remains in motionless melancholy for a while, till the tension of her reason breaks, and her mind is dethroned. In vain do Sir George and the bridesmaids strive to arouse her; she is lost to her surroundings, and raves of Arthur, whom she calls and endearingly coaxes as if he were near:

" Dear Arthur, then, returned,  
Still faithful unto me!  
Come to the temple, dearest,  
Endless faith I'll pledge to thee!"

The women sympathize with the poor girl's great distress, and comment sorrowfully upon her affliction, a face so fair, a heart so pure, a grace so divine, wrecked by the perfidy of a traitorous knight. Sir George is overwhelmed by this sad bereavement of his lovely niece at the very altar, whose sorrow is so profound that Sir Richard even forgets his jealousy in the compassion he now feels. Again, in her mad imaginings, Elvira beholds Sir Arthur; this time, however,



" 'Tis too late! Henry's daughter and Charles' wife—like them,  
Fate will be my own!"

she sees him in flight, and accuses him as an ingrate, to deny one that loved him so dearly, but instantly she pronounces his name endearingly, and calls heaven to protect him. This painfully pathetic scene, and Act I, concludes with a concerted finale, in which, in a most effective chorus, all unite in a malediction of Sir Arthur:

" Shore receive not, and no house shelter,  
Fugitives base, whom heaven gives o'er," etc.

Act II.—The opening scene of Act II shows a large chamber, with side doors that open upon the Puritan fortifications. There is a chorus of villagers, soldiers, and Bruno, lamenting the madness of Elvira, whom they represent, with weeping eyes and broken heart, as wandering aimlessly and crying, "Pity, pity!" Sir George now enters from Elvira's room, followed by Sir Richard, and reports to the company that she is at this moment resting, but her condition is extremely sad, for she alternates between calm and raving. Her sorrows he portrays in a touching air:

" Roses enwreathed round disordered hair,  
Now roams a wanderer the maiden fair,  
With looks all sadness, of the flowers demanding,  
Where is Elvira? Where is Elvira?  
Then clad in white, as at the altar standing  
The rites performing, the vow now uttered;  
She cries aloud, her spirit passion flattered,  
'Come to me, Arthur.—oh, come to me!'"

He represents that at times she sighs like an amorous dove, and sinking beneath the sorrows of her great oppression she strikes her harp and sings sad songs of wounded love, until beneath her passion there is no desire but death! The chorus, in their sympathy, anathematize the perfidious wretch who has destroyed the poor girl, answering which, Sir Richard comes forward, holding a paper in his hand, to announce that by a decree just rendered

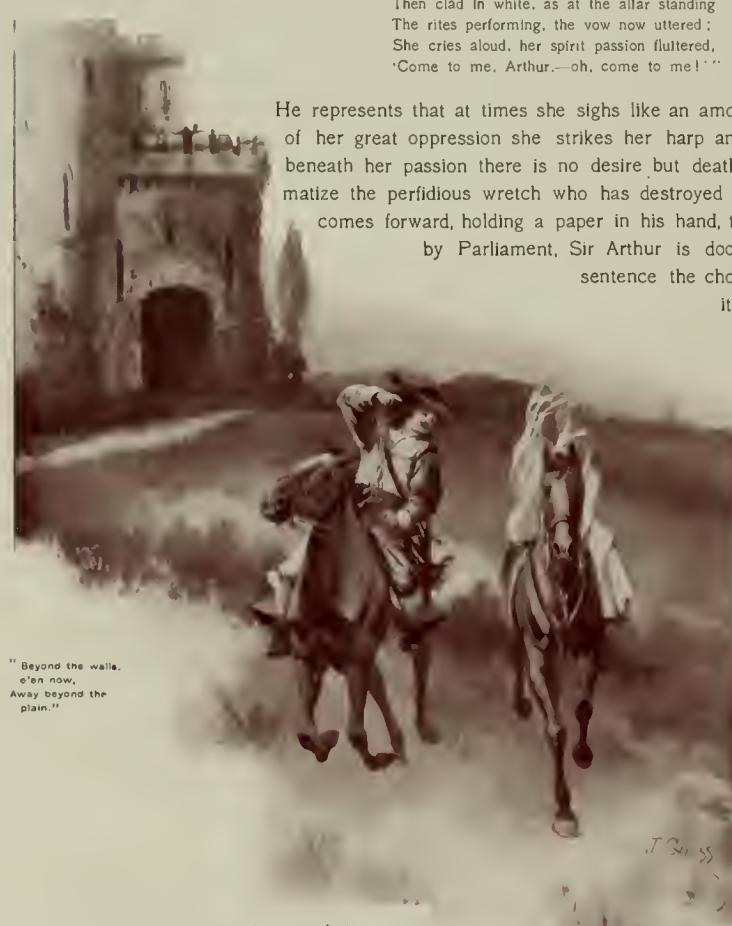
by Parliament, Sir Arthur is doomed to die the death of a traitor. This sentence the chorus applaud as a just judgment, and regard

it as the vengeance of heaven against an impious man. Sir Richard having read the sentence, he anxiously inquires if the maid is still frenzied, and if her case is hopeless, to which Sir George replies that the sound of martial music never fails to remind her of her truant lover's absence, and then a tempest rises in her mind, but that an opinion of the physician has been given that a great sudden joy or equal woe may re-establish her reason. As Sir George utters these words, the voice of Elvira is heard from within, "Oh, restore me, let me hope once more, or may pitying heaven give me peace in death!" Soon she appears, advancing slowly towards the centre of the chamber, a picture of woe, and mind diseased, singing her mad song, which is remarkable for its melody and pathos:

" Beyond the walls,  
o'er now,  
away beyond the  
plain."

" Oh, how evil thrives, growing fiercer and stronger;  
Yet doth vengeance oft grieve over what it achieves;  
Mixed are my feelings; shall I wilfully wrong her,  
To gratify hate for the poor gift it receives?"

" I was here in accents sweetest,  
He would call me, he calls no more;  
Here affection he swore to cherish.—  
That dream, alas, for me is o'er.  
We no more shall be united,  
I'm in sorrow doomed to sigh.  
Oh, to hope once more restore me,  
Or in pity, oh, let me die!"



J. G. S.

Having thus poured out her grief in song, Elvira turns towards Sir George, and as if not yet roused from her sad reverie, she asks: "Who art thou?" He, striving to humor her, looks smilingly into her face and begs for recognition. In her distemper she thinks him Lord Walton, and with sudden joy she imagines she is called to the temple to celebrate the marriage rites. Turning then to Sir Richard she hails him joyously as Sir Arthur, and dancing towards him offers her hand for the wedding. Unable to restrain his tears at this woeful sight, he tries to hide his face, but she perceives his sorrow and thanks him for his pity, then traverses the stage in wild distraction, which the kind words of Sir George fail to appease. Suddenly she again becomes calm, and in sweetest accents appeals to her lover:

"Come, dearest, come, the skies serene,  
So brightly beam of peace and rest;  
Until day in heaven is seen,  
Come, come, thy couch shall be my breast  
Return to her who weeps for thee,  
Whose bosom heaves with love oppressed."

Elvira's delirium so increases that Sir George and Sir Richard persuade her to withdraw, by gently urging her from the room, and the moment that she retires Sir George seizes Sir Richard's arm and as if possessed of a great secret, with earnestness he implores him to save his rival, for by so doing he may be the means of relieving the heart broken girl from her madness. Sir Richard struggles with his jealousy, which, however, he cannot overcome, and with resolute voice he declares the guilty one must suffer. Sir George, more anxiously appealing, asks him if he recalls the circumstances of the prisoner's escape, and if it was through Sir Arthur's contrivance, or if he cannot give some explanation of the fleeing knight's conduct. Sir Richard angrily answers that it is the will of Parliament that the most daring of rebels shall in Arthur's fate be severely punished; that as the blackest of traitors he must die!

Sir George suspects that Henrietta's escape was abetted by Sir Arthur through some magnanimous motive which Sir Richard has knowledge of, and that it is jealousy alone that prompts him to withhold the secret at whatever cost. He therefore warns Sir Richard of the crime which he must bear in causing the death of two fond lovers, if explanation which he might give could undo this cruel wrong. He pictures to him the accusing phantom of Elvira, which will visit him in the night, crying, "Thou causedst my death." Unmoved by these fears, Sir Richard replies that should the spirit of Elvira haunt him with reproaches, grief shall appease it, and penitent prayer obtain from her full pardon, but if from Averno's dark shore Sir Arthur's wraith shall arise, he promises to hurl back the spectre as a fury of his abhorred sacrifice!

After a pause for thought, Sir George affectionately embraces Sir Richard, and implores that grief may touch his soul with noble resolution. This appeal is so forcefully made that Sir Richard's jealousy is wholly overcome by it, and now moved to tears by a profound sympathy, he pledges his services to save Sir Arthur, thereby to restore the reason of the woman he loves; but the promise is given conditionally, that Sir Arthur shall prove himself not a traitor, and be able to explain his abandonment of Elvira at the altar. While this vow is being made, and heartily approved by Sir George, the sound of trumpets is heard in the distance, whose import the two fully understand, and thereupon with impressive martial spirit



"Yes, my father: thou call'est me to the temple?  
'Tis no dream, my Arthur; oh, my love!"

they render an exquisite duet of basses, that is both feeling and powerful, and which is at once so dramatic and majestic that its equal in musical expression can with difficulty be found in the entire range of Italian grand opera:

" Sound, sound the trumpet boldly!  
Bravely we'll meet the foemen.  
'Tis sweet affronting death!  
Bold love of country aiding us,  
The victor's wreath unfading thus;  
'Tis sweet affronting death!"

When about to separate, Sir George takes Sir Richard by the hand, in comradeship, and reminds him of his promise to succor Sir Arthur in case he shall return defenceless, to which Sir Richard reaffirms his pledge, but upon condition that Sir Arthur does not come back as a traitor in arms against the Puritan cause. This parting scene furnishes the

Act III.—  
garden near the  
are heard firing  
lowering



"Dear Arthur, 'tis he!  
Is it thyself? Dost thou not deceive me?"

The last act of the drama opens with the representation of a lodge in a grove and house of Elvira. In the distance the military outworks may be perceived, from which and cries of alarm. The time is night, and the darkness is rendered more intense by clouds portending a storm. These, however, presently pass away, the sky clears, and the moon rising lightens the scenery. Sir Arthur comes running onto the stage, giving praise to heaven for his having escaped the sentries' bullets, and for the grace that permitted him to return to the place of his loved one whose image is graven on his heart. While he is thus blessing his good fortune, and contemplating the joy of a meeting with his loved one, Elvira, dressed in white, is observed passing a window, on the way to her apartment, and is heard singing a plaintive romanza:

" Sad and lonely, by a fountain,  
A troubadour was seen,  
And a harp he swept, but sorrow  
Was all its strings could glean."

In an ecstasy of expectation, Sir Arthur calls Elvira, reminding her that it was this song he sang to her under the shady branches of this grove, and as her voice gradually subsides, he takes up the unfinished song and renders the remaining lines, but his joy is suddenly turned to fear, as he hears drums in the distance, and the voices of rapidly approaching men. From within comes an order to hurry to the ramparts, and a guard gives information that the fugitive whom they seek is near the tower and cannot escape them. Sir Arthur, in great alarm for his safety, knowing that Cromwell's soldiers are close upon his track, withdraws behind a curtain as a body of armed men hurry across the stage. When they disappear, he comes forth lamenting that he should be hunted like a wild animal, and grieves that he cannot fly to the palace, there to tell Elvira of his perils, and the cause that impelled him to leave her at the altar. Feeling that such invasion would imperil both, he hopes to lure her to him by a tender song such as he oft sang to her in the happy days of yore, when there was no other language so dear to her ear as the words, "I love, I love thee!" Thus he sings:

"In the night time's gloomy silence,  
When the exiled wanderer sleeps.  
Dreams present him his misfortunes—  
For his home and fate he weeps  
Every spot all times are equal  
To the hapless troubadour:  
Only kind repose he findeth,  
When fate bids him feel no more."

Elvira, hearing Sir Arthur's voice, comes forward, but he slowly retires, rather to surprise her. Hesitating, and listening, but hearing no further sound, she believes the sweet voice that touched her soul, and brought forth the sweetest memory, is a delusion, and in mind distraction she piteously calls, "My own Arthur! Alas! Where art thou?" The joy

which his name thus pronounced produces, breaks the bonds of resolution, and in a delirium of happiness he rushes from his retreat, and throwing himself upon his knees before her, passionately beseeches her pardon. The light of life burns anew at this revelation; great bliss overcomes her madness, and reason regains the throne where love shall henceforth rule. Almost fainting from joy, she murmurs, out of her heart of gladness, as she falls into his arms, "Dear Arthur, 'tis he! Is it thyself? Dost thou not deceive me?" In a passionate duet they reveal their solicitude and devotion, at the close of which, as if embarrassed by melancholy reflections, she asks how long he has been absent. When he answers, "Three months," she thinks it rather three years, of agony and horror. Pidden to explain the cause of his flight, Sir Arthur relates how his compassion was aroused for the sad prisoner, a poor queen doomed to die, and whom to save he had risked his life to set her free. Eagerly, Elvira asks him if he did love the queen, and had gone hence to marry her? This question reveals to Sir Arthur the cause of Elvira's agony, a jealousy born of circumstances that made him a perfidious lover and a traitor to his country.

He regards the justice of her misgivings, and allays her fears by rendering a beautiful air declaring his unchanging heart:

"From the day I first beheld thee,  
One only feeling filled my heart,  
Where 'twill burn forever holy,  
And changeless 'till death's final dart  
Life to thee I offer wholly,  
All its glad or sad emotion,  
And to die with such devotion  
Were a calm and blissful part."

Elvira, accepting his explanation, gives her love and trust unreservedly, and each taking the hand of the other, they pledge their hearts in perpetual bond of faithfulness and abiding love which she expresses in a charmingly touching air:

"All words, dear love, are wanting,  
To this sweet consummation;  
And yet my soul is mounting  
With inspiration higher  
Breathless still and trembling.  
For thee I call and sigh,  
My heart with fervent yearning,  
Poureth its lone love cry."

Elvira presses Sir Arthur's head to her bosom in perfect bliss, from which she is aroused by beating drums, that indicate to her lover the approach of his enemies. At the dread sound Elvira again becomes delirious, and begins to rave of that direful day when her bridal veil draped another's brow. Sir Arthur gazes at her in alarm, and tries to recall her faded senses, but his appeals fall on insensate ears. While she is lamenting of her sorrows, in rambling words, voices of soldiers are heard, some of whom challenge a passer who gives the watchword, "England and Cromwell." They retire without appearing on the stage, and Elvira renews her ravings. Sir Richard, hoping to soothe her wandering mind, takes her hand, but she falls at his feet entreating for his help in pity's name, crying so loudly that Sir George, Sir Richard, Bruno, and soldiers with torches, rush in. So overcome is Sir Arthur by this sudden intrusion and Elvira's distraught condition, that he appears to become himself unconscious of his surroundings. Sir Richard proceeds at once to read the sentence pronounced by Parliament upon Sir Arthur, and when the word "death" therein is uttered, Elvira's countenance assumes a terrified expression, and she appears to be upon the point of complete prostration. With much solemnity Sir Richard declares that the traitor must perish, a sentiment which the soldiers confirm with enthusiasm. Elvira, under the gravity of the situation, that threatens so much danger to Sir Arthur, recovers somewhat her distracted mind, and reproaches herself for having been the innocent cause of his doom, but vehemently she declares her purpose to share his grave. This loyal expression from Elvira, of faithfulness even to



"How truly powerless is my heart,  
To deserve all this great joy  
Which love bestows on us!"

death, wrings Sir Arthur's heart with a new anguish, and suffering for the grief his action has caused her, he challenges fate to spend its wrath upon him. Sympathizing with his distress, the women, in chorus, pray that the mercy of heaven may descend in pity upon the heads of the two unfortunates. The scene grows more pathetic when the soldiers are about to remove Sir Arthur to the place of execution, and the farewell is being spoken. Suddenly, nerved to desperation by the fainting Elvira, Sir Arthur commands the soldiers to stand aside, and calling them monsters, nursed in crime, he asks in the name of humanity that they restrain their vengeful hate for a moment while he ministers to the dying woman whom they all love. A chorus of Puritans and soldiers, disregarding this appeal for mercy, cry for vengeance against the traitor, and they are about to tear Sir Arthur away, when a trumpet is heard, followed quickly by the appearance of a messenger with a paper, which is handed to Sir George. He takes it eagerly and showing it, apart, to Sir Richard, the two read a moment with intense interest, and then turn with joy towards the company, to whom Sir George announces:

" Let exultation fill the hearts of all!  
The power of the Stuarts is overcome—  
Pardon to all captives has been granted  
In England—liberty is supreme!"

Richard shouts, in the exuberance of his satisfaction, "Honor and glory be to Cromwell!" and the soldiers unite in their praise of the gallant and victorious commander. Raised in a moment from the soundless deeps of misery to the topmost peak of joy celestial, the seal of her sorrow is broken, and Elvira emerges from the darkness of a clouded intellect into the sunlight of completely restored reason, and the opera concludes with a chorus by all:

" Love, most merciful and tender,  
Will crown with blissful feelings,  
The throbings and the sighings  
Of these two loving hearts."







# The Master-Singers of Nuremberg

(AFTER THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY FRED LEENE)

SACHS—"Stand so a while, I'll fix your shoe  
*On the last a moment, then it will do.*"



# THE MASTER-SINGERS OF NUERMBERG

WORDS AND MUSIC BY WAGNER.



ASTERLY genius in musical composition is displayed in its highest form in "Die Meistersingers," a creation at once so harmonious and expressive that if Wagner had produced nothing else his fame might have remained secure. The opera is remarkable also in that it is made a vehicle for satirical reply by Wagner to his hypercritical detractors, in which respect it corresponds to the means so consummately employed by Byron in his caustic "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," whereby to overthrow his jealous critics. It is Wagner's only lyric comedy, the eighth in the order of his published operas, and not a few competent authorities declare it to be his grandest work. The opera has, besides its melody and poetic merits, the interest that attaches to the representation of real personages, for the characters of the play are delineations of living men and women of the time, whom Wagner mercilessly lampooned for the freedom of their contemptuous criticisms. The scene of the opera is laid in Nuremberg, probably the most ancient city of Bavaria, and one of the most interesting as well because of the preservation of its mediæval aspect. Nuremberg was the storm centre of the Reformation, and it is famous for all time as having been the residence of such distinguished men as Albert Durer, the great painter; Melancthon, Martin Luther's lieutenant; John Palm, the patriotic bookseller, who was shot by order of Napoleon; Peter Vischer, a famous artist, and Hans Sachs, the cobbler poet, the latter being a character unique in German history. A splendid statue set up in a public square of the city attests the affectionate feeling in which his memory is held by citizens of Nuremberg, and if you visit "The Little Bell" restaurant the proprietor will show you the large pewter cup out of which Hans Sachs drank his beer three hundred and fifty years ago in this eating place, famous also for the bratwurst which is served and which has been eaten in the place by all the crowned heads of Europe.

The Master-singers, embalmed by Wagner in verse and song, who held their meetings in the Church of St. Catharine, was an organization of musicians that was regulated by a set of remarkable rules, of which the following are examples: Candidates for membership were required to possess a knowledge of the methods of rhyming, and to know the rudiments of music. Upon initiation the member was called a scholar; when he became qualified to improvise verses he was known as a poet, and when he was able to set his poetry to music he became a Master-singer. But the candidate was not permitted to advance without severe examination, in the conduct of which his failures were noted by a "marker" who was concealed behind a curtain. If more than seven mistakes were made the candidate's name was withdrawn, but even after passing a technical examination every member had to undergo, from time to time, a competitive test of his abilities as a singer, at which prizes were usually awarded to the most successful.

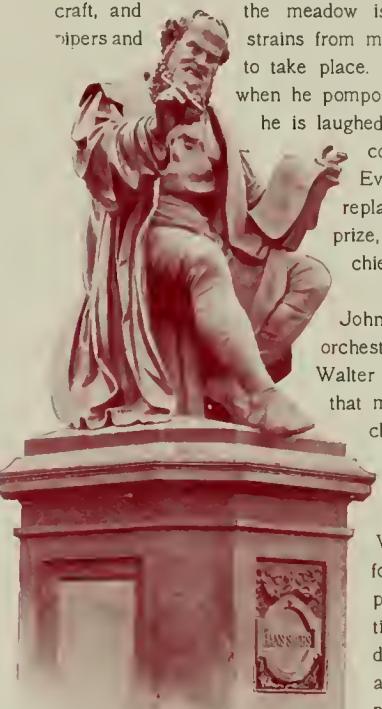
"The Master-singers" was conceived by Wagner in 1845, almost immediately upon the completion of "Tannhauser," but so great was the scheme that he gave it over frequently (as often, however, to take it up again), to write other operas, so that it was not until 1867 that the score was completed. But even when the work was ready for representation no favorable opportunity was found for putting it on the boards until June 21, 1868, when the initial performance was given at Munich, with Hans von Bulow conducting the orchestra, before a crowded house of enthusiasts.

The story briefly told is as follows: Walter, a young Franconian knight, is enamored of Eva, the daughter of Pogner, a goldsmith, who being eldest of the Master-singers, determines that she shall marry none but a member of the guild. Eva, however, possessed of a will of her own, is resolved to join her fortunes with Walter, and so tells him, though she suggests to Walter, that to satisfy the requirements of her father, he qualify himself for membership, and to do so he engages David, an apprentice of Hans Sachs, the cobbler, to instruct him in the knowledge of the hundred rules that a successful candidate must learn. His first lessons are made of small value to Walter by reason of the interruptions of ridiculing prentice boys, a scene that is portrayed by remarkable instrumentation, expressing humor. Beckmesser, the marker, is a competitor for Eva's hand, and he is introduced at this juncture, entering from the sacristy, with Pogner, to participate in a singing festival. A lengthy dialogue takes place, after which Hans Sachs and others of the guild appear

who being seated, a pompous address is delivered by Pogner concerning "The Feast of St. John," which is now to be celebrated. The occasion, he desires, shall be made specially noteworthy, and to this end he promises to bestow the hand of his daughter Eva upon the one who shall be declared the master singer of that day. Pogner, having made this announcement, the regular ceremonies are begun by introducing Walter as a candidate for election to the society. As the rules require, Walter sings a charming song, while the marker, concealed behind the door, is heard scoring on a slate the mistakes the candidate makes. When the song is concluded Beckmesser issues from his place of concealment and holding out a slate announces that so many faults have been scored that there is no room left for more marks. Thereupon the masters declare Walter unfit to become a member. In the next act Walter, rejected by the society, plans an elopement with Eva, but his scheme is prevented by Hans Sachs, who, however, helps him later to win the girl. Beckmesser, prosecuting his court, serenades Eva by rendering a song which he is to sing at the tournament on the morrow. Scarcely does he lift up his voice when Hans Sachs breaks into a rollicking folk-song about the troubles of barefoot mother Eve, after her expulsion from Paradise. Beckmesser persuades Hans Sachs to hear his song, but it is only after granting the cobbler permission to mark the faults. The love-sick Beckmesser then starts again a wretched song with roulade accompaniments, so excruciating that Sachs scores more faults than there are pegs in the shoe he is finishing. Beckmesser is greatly humiliated by Sachs' criticisms, but before leaving the spot he becomes involved in a quarrel with David, who is suspicious of Beckmesser's design upon Magdalena.

The third act opens with a view of Hans Sachs in his armchair by a window reading his Bible, for it is a quiet Sabbath morning. His pious duty is broken in upon by David, and after a dialogue between the two, Walter enters and is cordially received, for Sachs has become greatly interested in the young man and is sincerely anxious that he shall win the hand of Eva. Magdalena, Beckmesser, and Eva successively appear, and the scene presently develops into a charming quintet, which is one of the most beautiful gems of the opera. The succeeding change of stage setting reveals a wide meadow on the banks of the Pegnitz, which flows through Nuremberg. On the river are numerous pleasure craft, and the meadow is animated by merrymakers, tents and flags, while of music there are choruses, strains from many instruments. It is here the Master-singing contest for the prize of Eva's hand is to take place. Beckmesser is first to open the tourney, and most awkwardly fat does he appear when he pompously bows to Eva and begins his song, the lines of which he often forgets, and finally he is laughed off the stage by the people. Beckmesser's miserable attempt encourages Walter, who confidently follows with an exquisite song admirably rendered, which wins for him fair Eva's hand. After Walter has received the crown, Eva takes it from his head and replaces it upon Sachs' head, for it has been through his contriving that Walter gained the prize, and at this bestowal the Master-singers are so rejoiced that they hail Sachs as their chief and as "Nuremberg's darling."

Act I.—The opera begins with an organ chorus, celebrating "The Feast of St. John," in the St. Catharine Church. During the interludes there is a dumb show, with orchestral accompaniment, in which Eva and Magdalena discuss their love affairs, while Walter stands by a pillar watching every movement of the girl he loves, with an intensity that makes him oblivious of the sacred services. When the people are retiring from the church, at the conclusion of the hymn, Walter contrives by a subterfuge to detain Eva and Magdalena. He tells the latter, who makes herself a valuable assistant to his suit, that he is sorry he ever entered the service or house of Master Pogner, since it was there he lost his heart to one who he fears will reject his proposal. When Walter is about to address Eva on this most important affair David appears, waiting for Magdalena, but the interruption is brief, for encouraged by Eva, Walter makes a profession of his love. She tells him that only a Master-singer may win her hand, and timidly asks if he is one, but when he answers negatively, she, forgetting herself, declares it shall be he or no one. David and Magdalena, rapt in each other, desire also the happiness of Eva and Walter, and they therefore propose that Walter shall prepare himself to become a Master-singer. He grasps at the suggestion, and is doubly happy when David offers to instruct him in the art and rules of the guild. Preparations are quickly made for the first lesson, several apprentices enter and arrange benches for the audience, at which Magdalena pulls Eva away that she may not embarrass the initiate by her presence. David brings a slate upon which to mark the mistakes, and



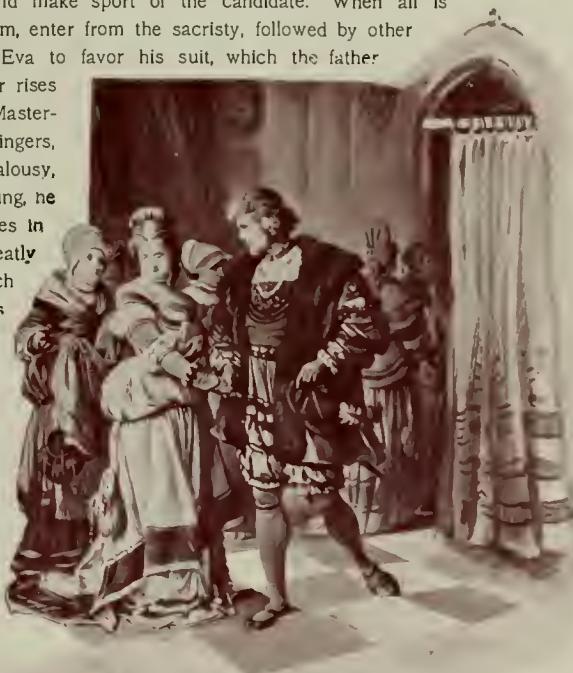
STATUE OF HANS SACHS AT NUREMBERG.

then bids Walter begin his song. Walter does not understand, and David tells him of the requirements: that each candidate must make himself a proficient singer, poet, composer, and improviser, and that a Master-singer must be all of these. Having so informed Walter, David orders the apprentices to make the stage smaller, which having been done, they form a circle and dance around it, singing a rollicking air, and make sport of the candidate. When all is arranged for the lesson, Pogner and Beckmesser, arm in arm, enter from the sacristy, followed by other Master-singers. Beckmesser beseeches Pogner to persuade Eva to favor his suit, which the father promises to attempt, but is not certain of his influence. Walter rises and greets Pogner and tells him his desire to become a Master-singer, which purpose Pogner, as chief of the Master-singers, announces to the other members. Beckmesser betrays his jealousy, and to himself declares that if he cannot win the maid by wooing, he will essay to gain her affections by singing. Hans Sachs comes in at this juncture and greets the other members, who appear greatly pleased by his presence. The roll is now called and as each one answers to his name he takes his seat. When Beckmesser's name is called he makes a loud reply to attract special attention, and gravely announces that he has discovered a rhyme for "bloom" and "wax." The roll-call shows that all the members are present, whereupon Pogner addresses the assembly upon the purposes of the guild, and announces that for an incentive to the contestants he has decided to bestow the hand of his daughter, Eva, as a prize, upon the successful singer at their next tournament, and that with her hand he loses all his gold and land besides. This announcement is received with much joyous satisfaction, but Sachs ventures to give the company some wholesome advice respecting the right of maidens to choose their own husbands, by which

"Thus art and nation shall bloom and wax.  
By this wise counsel, say I, Hans Sachs."

Pogner asks the members if they will accept the terms of his offer, to which all give their consent except Sachs, who qualifies the proposal by leaving the decision with Eva.

Beckmesser is much irritated by this exception, and in an aside expresses his contempt for "that cobbler man." The business of initiating Walter is delayed by this discussion and repartee, until Pogner, with some restlessness, reminds them that the candidate is waiting, whom he recommends as a worthy Franconian knight, of whom all persons speak in praise, to which words Beckmesser makes his usual exceptions. The candidate is now questioned by Kothner, the baker, as to where he learned his art, to which Walter replies that it was in the school of nature, where the birds sing, and the winds make music in the trees. The inquisition being completed, Beckmesser is requested to retire to the marker's box, but as he withdraws he promises to harass the candidate with marks of faults as long as his chalk holds out. Kothner now takes down the book of rules from the wall and reads the requirements of successful candidates, after which he orders Walter to occupy the singer's stool and begin his song. The young man, thinking always of the fair maid he hopes to win, sings softly a beautiful romanza, indited to spring time. While Walter is singing, repeated groans are heard emanating from the jealous marker, but these serve rather to inspire him to greater endeavor, and he pours forth a glorious lay of love. Unable to restrain his envy, Beckmesser thrusts his head out from between the curtain and demands to know if the song is not yet completed. Walter remonstrates at the interruption, whereat the marker protests that he has quite covered the slate with fault marks, and will not prolong the execrable score for one who is already outshone. The Masters laugh heartily, all save Hans Sachs, who has listened attentively, and commends the young man as a most promising singer, and insists that he shall be heard respectfully to the end. Beckmesser exhibits great anger and tries to browbeat the patient Sachs by virulent raillery, admonishing him that it were better to be a good cobbler than a poor critic. Walter is finally ordered to renew his song, but as he again mounts the stool, the irrepressible Beckmesser shows his well-covered slate to the Masters, now gathered in a circle, and comments upon the faults of the



"Say Yes or No — it is quickly spoken;  
Fair maiden, speak, are you betrothed?"

singer with hypercritical particularity, until he convinces all the members, except Sachs, that the young man is hopelessly incompetent. Notwithstanding the general voice of censure, in a spirit of desperate enthusiasm and indignation Walter continues his song, until he concludes with a farewell, and with a gesture of contempt for the guild, he quits the hall.

Hans Sachs expresses his disgust at the courtesy and injustice of his fellow members, but he cannot check the tide of criticism, and suffers the mortification of being ridiculed not only by the triumphant Beckmesser, but also by the prentice boys, who make a humorous though noisy demonstration, which scene closes the first act.

Act II.—The second act begins with a view of Pogner's house, surrounded by lime trees, and across the way is Hans Sachs' shoe-shop. It is a mild summer evening, and the close of day is marked by David and other prentices putting up the shutters to the houses. Magdalena comes out of Pogner's dwelling, with a basket on her arm, and perceiving her lover, she calls to him, but he, mistaking her for some busybody, answers disrespectfully, until discovering his error, he apologizes, which she accepts in good part and bids him look into her basket, there to behold the good things she has brought to eat. But her mind is on Walter, and eagerly she asks if he has passed the examination. Sadly, David tells her that Walter has been outsung and therefore he stands rejected as unworthy of membership in the guild. At this news Magdalena is so disappointed that as if in anger she snatches back the basket she had given David, at which action the prentices make such sport of him that he is about to fly at them in a rage, when Sachs appears on the scene. The prentices scamper away and Sachs reproves David for creating a fray, and as a punishment for the day's offending, he sets him to the task of putting all the shoes on lasts.

When Sachs and David go into the workshop, Pogner and Eva come down the street, returning from a walk, and pausing before Sachs' house, they peer through a chink, with the intent to call upon him if they find he is at home. They perceive a light in the room, but before venturing to call, Pogner begins to reproach himself for uniting in the harsh judgment pronounced against Walter, which he sees has caused great grief to Eva. He invites her to sit with him on a seat beneath a linden tree, and there he tries to divert her thoughts by speaking of the grand occasion that will be ushered in on the morrow, when all the burghers and men of renown of Nuremberg will assemble to hear the contest of the Master-singers, where the prize is to be her hand in marriage. Sorrowfully, Eva asks her father if none but a Master-singer may wed her, to which, with much pride, he replies that no other is worthy. At this moment Magdalena appears at the door and beckons to Eva, who rises and tells her father that supper

is waiting. He, desiring to detain her, reminds her that they have no guests, to which, curiously, she inquires, "Have we not Walter?" This question confuses him, and rather than continue a conversation that promises to lead to much

unpleasantness, he goes into the house. Eva,

however, remains outside, where she presently meets Magdalena, who tells her that David

has just informed her of Walter's fail-

ure. Eva manifests great

distress and expresses a

wish to go at once to

Hans Sachs for further

particulars, but is per-

suaded to wait until after

supper. As the two go

into the house, Sachs

is seen in his workshop,

who, turning to David

working at the bench,

bids him leave his task

and sleep off his folly, that he

may rise wiser on the morrow.

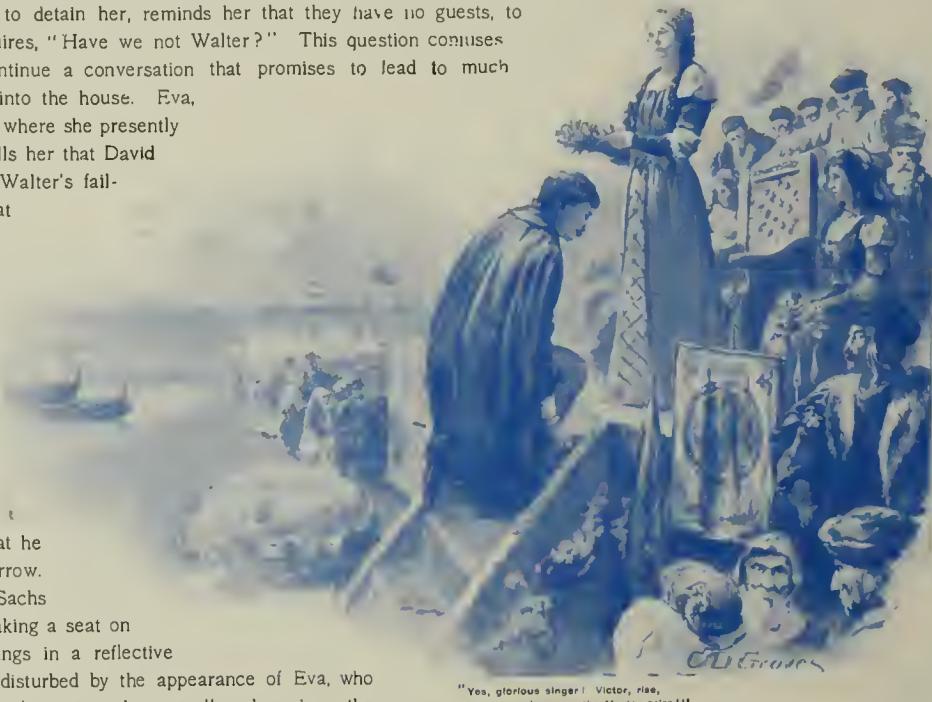
His prentice retiring, Sachs

arranges his work, and taking a seat on

his stool by the door, sings in a reflective

way, until his reverie is disturbed by the appearance of Eva, who

addresses him affectionately as "good master" and praises the



"Yes, glorious singer! Victor, rise,  
Your song has won the Master-prize!"

fine shoes he makes, so fine indeed that she is scarcely worthy to wear them. Flattered by her words, he promises she shall wear them as a bride on the morrow. "But who is to be the groom?" she inquires, to which he answers evasively by referring to Beckmesser as a hopeful candidate; but to this she suggests that he himself is not too old

to woo her, and artfully asks what would his feelings be if Beckmesser, so ill suited to a maid's fancy, should win the prize her father has offered at the tournament, saying:

"It plainly appears that you're mocking me.  
And mindless are of my brooding sorrow;  
I doubt not your happiness great would be  
Should Beckmesser win the prize to-morrow."

This subtlety, which he knows is used to mask her real sentiments, prompts him to reveal that Walter has been denied membership, and to test the strength of her affection he teases her by assuring that no candidate once rejected can hope to gain admission to the guild. This so irritates the poor girl that she pours out her indignation upon the society as a band of deceitful wretches, and forthwith she passes over to her own house, where she meets Magdalena. Eagerly Magdalena tells her that she has learned of Beckmesser's intention to serenade her this very night by singing the song he expects to render at the contest to-morrow, and begs her to come into the house immediately and prepare for his coming. Thus humorously informing:

"Hush and hark, for some news I bring.  
And you'll confess it's a singular thing:  
Beckmesser told me this very day  
If by your window you'd consent to stay,  
He'd appear to-night with his matchless lyre  
And tell you in song of his passion's fire."

Eva, greatly distracted, prefers to remain in the open air, and as she resists all coaxing, Magdalena tries at length to drag her inside. At this moment Walter comes up the street and Eva tears

"I've finished with the slate, that's all!"

herself from Magdalena's grasp and rushes to him. Transported by her great happiness at seeing him again, she calls him her hero-poet, her only friend, but he sadly confesses his failure, and renounces the hope of winning her hand, for the terms of her father's offer he cannot now comply with. Undismayed by this misfortune, Eva begs him not to despair:

"Thou art wrong! Thy lady's hand  
Awards the prize alone.  
If thou will courage yet command,  
The wreath I give shall be thine own."

The loud blare of a watchman's horn is heard, which so startles Walter that he puts his hand to his sword and stares wildly as if expecting a foe. Eva appreciates his nervous condition and soothingly she strokes his hand while explaining that it is only the night-watch passing this way. Magdalena now calls again to Eva, and at Walter's urging she goes into the house. The watchman soon goes by, crying the hour of ten, and ordering lights extinguished. As the watch disappears, his horn more faintly sounding in the distance, Sachs, who has overheard the interview between Walter and Eva, comes from behind his shop, and with shaded lamp stands listening. Walter, believing himself alone, bewails his fate, but in another minute Eva returns disguised in Magdalena's dress, and seriously proposes to Walter that they elope, since there is now left to them no other hope of consummating their love. Walter eagerly accepts the suggestion, but as the two start away, Sachs places his lamp in such a position that its rays fall upon the lovers, humming to himself:

"Pretty doings are these, I vow,  
An elopement is planned, I trow.  
Their design I must frustrate,  
Quick I'll act ere it be too late."



Quickly Walter pulls Eva back, and the two now concealed endeavor to concert their plans for flight, when Beckmesser is seen approaching. He pauses before Pogner's house and seating himself upon a stone by Sachs' workshop, he commences to tune a lute. Walter proposes to have his revenge at once upon the jealous marker, but Eva restrains him by declaring that a row would most likely wake her father, therefore better is it to let Beckmesser sing his song in peace, for then no doubt he will go his way. This argument appearing good, Walter allows Eva to draw him away behind some bushes. As Beckmesser commences his serenade, Sachs begins to hammer furiously on his last and to sing lustily a comical ditty, of how Adam and Eve when driven from Paradise suffered from bruised feet, until the Lord in His compassion measured the pretty sinner for shoes and gave to Adam a pair of boots.

"Tooral, looral, tiddy fol de lay,  
The cat and the mouse went out to play.  
When mother Eve was driven from Eden,  
She had no shoes and her feet were bleeding.  
For the stones were sharp outside the wall,  
And she wasn't allowed to loiter at all.  
This troubled the Lord, and He straightway choose  
To make the poor woman a pair of shoes.  
But Adam went limping along as much,  
Stumping his toes and complaining in Dutch.  
Till God saw he was worse off than the brutes.  
So He measured him for a pair of boots."

Beckmesser, intensely annoyed by this irreverent interruption, expresses a belief that the cobbler is drunk, and orders him to be quiet; but Sachs continues his air, while Eva and Walter, from their hiding place, make strange comments, for they are half persuaded that the shoemaker is mad. Beckmesser, perceiving that threatening is of no avail, approaches Sachs with obsequious proposal that he shall hear his song and give an honest criticism, for it is a composition that will be rendered for the prize to-morrow. Sachs condescendingly accepts, and conceives a scheme for discomfiting the boastful marker, for he will combine business with criticism by indicating the faults with blows of his hammer in making a new pair of shoes. Beckmesser strums his lute to attract the attention of Pogner's daughter, who he fears is growing impatient, waiting so long at the window for his serenade. Sachs announces his readiness and requests Beckmesser to begin, promising not to pound his last save only as mistakes are made. Beckmesser starts up a prelude on his lute, during which Magdalena, in Eva's dress, leans out of the window. He now begins to sing, but in the second line he makes a mistake, and Sachs marks it by a blow of his hammer. Beckmesser is startled, but continues again, after a slight pause, only to be interrupted however by another stroke. In a rage he turns to ask what faults the critic has found, which Sachs good naturedly explains by quoting the rules of rhyme and inflection that have been violated. Fearing that Eva (Magdalena) will



be scared away by these repeated interruptions of the serenade, Beckmesser clears his throat and sings a horrible verse in discordant tune, while at every word Sachs' hammer resounds. To prevent a total drowning of his voice by the loud and rapid strokes, Beckmesser sings with all the power he can exert, making a noise so terrific that Magdalena betrays signs of being greatly annoyed. At length Sachs knocks the last from his finished shoe and rising from his work-bench ventures to ask if the song is not yet ended, since Beckmesser's faults were so numerous that the hammer strokes that marked them have completed his work, and he has the finished shoe to show. Very much discouraged now Beckmesser withdraws a few paces and renews his song, trying to drown Sachs' criticisms. He sings so loud and so discordant that the neighbors' windows begin to go up, and presently David opens his shutter and seeing Beckmesser serenading Magdalena, who is leaning out of the window, he arms himself with a cudgel and excitedly exclaims:

"Who can this be, and who's up there?  
'Tis Magdalena, I declare!  
By these same odds I plainly see,  
She loves him better far than me!  
His cursed arts I'll make him rue,  
His lay of love shall have its due;  
The wretch who'll thus my anger dare,  
My cudgel good his back shall bear."

Coming down from his room quickly David fiercely attacks Beckmesser, first knocking the serenader's lute out of his hands and then raining upon him savage blows, which cause the poor man to cry lustily for help. The two continue to fight until the whole neighborhood is aroused and become engaged, in which apprentices, journeymen, masters and even women take sides and fly at each other, and the air is filled with threats, and shrieks, and blows. Magdalena, wringing her hands in despair, calls to David, which Pogner hearing, he appears at the window in his night-gown, and mistaking Magdalena for Eva, he pulls her in and goes below to discover the cause of the riot. During the progress of the fight Walter seizes Eva in his arms and drawing his sword is forcing his way through the crowd to escape with her, when Sachs rushes out of his shop in time to prevent the lovers' escape. Pogner shows himself at the door at this moment, and Sachs helps him bring the now half-fainting girl into the house. This important duty done, Sachs plies his knee-strap vigorously to disperse the rioters, who flee in every direction before his strokes, but he persuades Walter to go into the house with him, as the night-watchman, roused from a nap, comes blowing his horn and calling the eleventh hour, which scene concludes the second act.

Act III.—The last act begins in Sachs' workshop, on Sunday morning. The poet-cobbler is seen resting in an armchair with his Bible before him, but he is evidently reflecting more than reading. David peeps into the house from the street and cautiously enters with a basket given him by Magdalena, and unobserved by Sachs he examines the contents, of ribbons, flowers, sausage and cake. The latter he is about to eat when Sachs turns a leaf of his book with a rustle that startles David, who hides the basket, and approaching humbly he begs his master to pardon his shortcomings, and to consider the kindness of Magdalena, who is always doing some good deed, and for whose sake it was that he became engaged in the brawl the night before. Sachs seems to take no heed of the prentice's protestations, but closes his book with such a sound that David, terrified, falls on his knees. Sachs now notices him for the first time, and looking across the room he asks how came those flowers and ribbons on his table? David, answering, reminds *sachs* that to-morrow is a double feast, of song and marriage, celebrating St. John's day, and sighs that it is not the day appointed for his own wedding. Sachs asks him if he is letter-perfect in his verses, which David believes himself to be, and thereupon, with some agitation, he sings, after Beckmesser's faulty style, "St. John stood on the Jordan's strand," etc. With some impetuosity, finally, David admits the treachery of



"Infernal rogue, take off your hands;  
Would you murder a defenceless man?"

his memory, and to conciliate Sachs, he offers him a part of the sausage and cake. Sachs thanks the prentice, but tells him to keep his pastry for the feast, for that he shall attend the celebration at the meadows and act the part of herald, when indeed it is possible he may obtain reward of his mistress' hand. David is so overjoyed by the pleasing prospect thus held forth that he covers Sachs' hand with kisses and then returns to the loft chamber to finish his sleep.

Sachs, left alone by the withdrawal of David, gives himself to seriously reflecting upon the ways of the world, the strifes, the ambitions, the passions and follies of youth, and the experiences that age gathers for goodly use. While thus philosophizing, and devising his plans, Sachs is roused by the entrance of Walter, who comes out of his room, after a little nap, to tell the poet of a lovely dream, in which he fancied himself a Master-singer and winner of the prize. Sachs solemnly observes that dreams are often true precursors of what is to occur, and advises him forthwith to prepare for the tournament by learning a master-song, taking for his subject "Spring-time," because that is the season when love is most propitious. Walter is greatly encouraged by the poet's counsel, and when asked to begin at once preparation of his song, he confidently takes his seat near Sachs, and in a low and very sweet voice renders a romanza:

"A rosy morn dawned beautifully bright,  
Bathing the world in a glorious light,  
The air was filled with a sweet perfume,  
The earth was decked with radiant bloom;  
In a spot so fair 'twas past all seeming,  
A garden lay in its splendor beaming;  
Within its centre grew a wondrous tree,  
Whose golden fruit it was a joy to see.  
Beneath the branches a maiden stood,  
Loveliest was she of womanhood," etc.

Sachs points out the faults and instructs the singer in his rhymes and sentiment, until the third stanza, or after-song, is performed, which the charitable critic pronounces perfect. Sachs is deeply moved by Walter's passionate song, that expresses the

"Vonder are flowers and ribbons gay  
How came they in my room?"

emotions and longings of his heart, and now bids him bring his packs and garments, and to clothe himself in a costume rich and gay, that he may fittingly appear while striving for so grand a prize as Eva's hand. The two go into Sachs' house, but quickly as they disappear Beckmesser comes upon the scene, finely dressed, but is suffering from the bruises given him by David. He peeps into Sachs' shop, and finding it empty, enters, always furtively glancing about to see if the coast be clear. His eyes presently fall upon a paper which he does not hesitate to examine, when to his consternation he finds it is the score of a trial song written by Sachs. He has a mind to study it, but is startled by the presence of Sachs, who enters dressed for the festival, and astonished by Beckmesser's call so early in the morning, inquires the cause. For want of a better excuse the marker makes complaint about the thinness of his shoes, but this being hardly reasonable, he asks Sachs if he did not really raise all the turmoil of yesternight with the purpose of ridiculing him before the eyes of Eva? Sachs, with much amiability, tells him the excitement was caused no doubt by report of his early marriage, which the neighbors had just received. At this answer, which expresses Sachs' derision, Beckmesser falls into a dreadful rage, calls him a vulgar trickster, reprobate, and accuses him of trying to appropriate the maiden himself, and with much boasting of his influence and art, the marker declares he will expose him at the festival. Sachs tries to assuage his anger, but Beckmesser calls him a perfidious wretch, which he attempts to prove by producing the poem and asking if it was not written these few hours ago, and if so, does it not confirm his charge that the writer is a rogue? Sachs, still unruffled, admits having composed the song, and magnanimously offers to give it to Beckmesser in order that he may escape the charge of being a thief. Beckmesser, instead of taking this as an insult, is overjoyed by possession of a poem by the



great Hans Sachs; but one thing still disturbs him, for being anxious to save all the honors himself, Beckmesser begs Sachs under no circumstances to disclose that the poem was composed by him, which the cobbler-poet generously promises. Beckmesser is now completely happy, feeling sure that so great a song, of which he will obtain the credit as composer, must win for him the prize, and he goes away limping, but in ecstatic humor.

A moment after Beckmesser's departure Eva appears, dressed in white for the tournament of song, and enters Sachs' shop to tell him that one of her shoes is much too tight. He promises to give her relief quickly and asks her to place her foot upon a stool, where he may examine it. A humorous scene now ensues, in which Eva petulantly changes her mind so often, as to where the shoe really pinches, that Sachs presently perceives she has resorted to a subterfuge to gain his help, and suddenly he tells her he has discovered that the cause is in the *soul*, and if she will

"Stand so a while, I'll fix your shoe  
On the last a moment, then it will do."

Walter, in the splendid apparel of a knight, appears at the door, and stands gazing in admiration upon Eva, as she has her foot upon the stool, with Sachs kneeling before her. His first thought is jealousy, but this pang is eased by the action of Sachs, who takes off Eva's shoe and pretends to busy himself with it, singing the while, as if oblivious of Walter's presence. Walter now takes his position before Eva and sings, with tuneful voice, a pretty ballad, at the conclusion of which Sachs pronounces it a master-song, and then fits the shoe onto Eva's foot, and asks her if it is not easy now. The song, she now understands, is a gift from Sachs to help Walter win the prize, and overcome by her joy she falls weeping on the good poet's breast, and Walter grasps his hand in silent acknowledgment of the assistance so benignly given in this hour of need. In a sweet cavatina Eva pours out her thanks to Sachs, who, however, takes no great credit for doing a noble act, and disguises his emotions by calling for David and Magdalena. The two respond quickly, dressed in holiday attire, and before the company Sachs christens and dedicates the new-born song. This he does by asking David to kneel, whereupon he gives the prentice a sharp box on the ear, which act promotes him to be a journeyman, and then he bestows a title on the song, which shall henceforth be known as "The Happy Morning's Dream-Come True." After a bewitching quintet, which the scene develops, Eva tears herself from Walter and returns to her house with Magdalena, and David puts up the shutters of his shop. The orchestra now pours forth a magnificent triumphal march, as the scenes are shifted, and there is presented to view a broad meadow, with the river Pegnitz in the foreground. Many gaily decorated pleasure boats appear on the stream, and on the meadow are tents, booths, and a large singers' stand. The tradesmen that compose the Master-singers' guild appear one after another with banners bearing different devices to distinguish them. First are the shoemakers, who come singing praises to Saint Crispin, followed by the tailors, then the bakers, the journeymen, and lastly, the apprentices, the latter, a jolly set, who help the girls out of boats and begin a dance on the green. After sporting a while and teasing David about Magdalena, the apprentices cease their play to watch the procession of Master-singers march by and to take their positions about the stand. When Sachs appears all the people acclaim him as the pride of Nuremberg, in response to which he rises and in a dignified manner announces the conditions of the contest which is now about to take place, and expresses the hope that the prize may be awarded to the most deserving. Kothner thereupon steps forward to request the contestants to present themselves, and calls Beckmesser to make trial first. At his appearance the people derisively compare him to old Pantaloons, but their comments fail to discomfit him, for he is puffed up with confidence that his song will turn their ridicule to praise. He begins by



"I wonder why,  
If it's too wide it pinches you so!"

trying to imitate Walter, but his memory proves so treacherous that he has frequently to pause and examine his manuscript. Persisting in his effort, and improvising when remembrance fails him, the miserable man flounders and presents such

a woeful spectacle that the people suspect he has lost his senses, and unmercifully plague him with persiflage, scoffings, and laughter, until desperate he rushes from the stage, cursing Sachs and declaring that his failure to please is due entirely to the trickery of Hans Sachs, who, with purpose to confound him before the people, did compose and give him this senseless poem for a song.

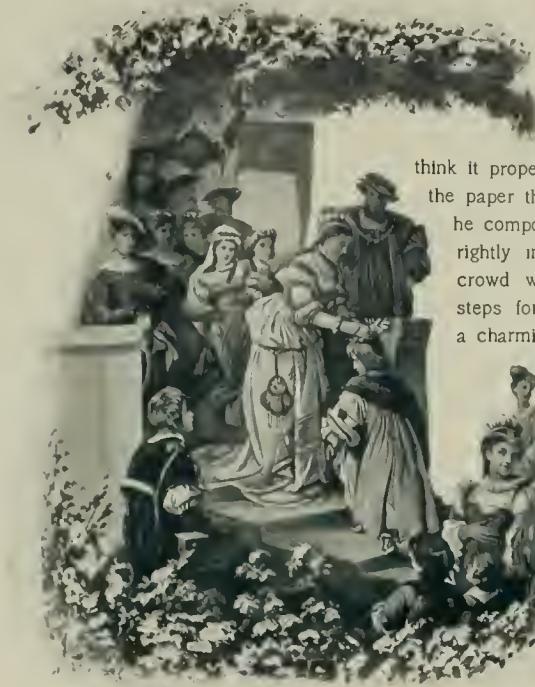
The people refuse to believe the charge, but the Master-singers think it proper to determine who is the author, and question Sachs. He picks up the paper that Beckmesser has thrown away, and reading the lines, denies that he composed the song, but maintains that the poem is an excellent one if but rightly interpreted. Thereupon he inquires if there is not a witness in the crowd who will prove that Beckmesser has sung it wrong. Walter now steps forth, and permission being given him, he mounts the stand and sings a charming song: "Shining resplendent in dawn's rosy light," etc. The people

manifest their rapture and demand that he shall be given the prize, which the Master-singers promptly do by hailing him victor. Eva, who has remained composed throughout the ordeal, now goes forward to the edge of the platform, where she receives the wreath of victory, with which she crowns Walter, and then the two kneel before Pogner, who bestows upon the singer the sign of Masterhood in the form of a gold chain and medallion.

Sachs advises Walter in his duty as a true disciple of sacred German art, to which he expresses the hope that his honor will keep him always true, in which sentiments all join enthusiastically. At this point in the ceremonies of

investiture, Eva takes the crown from Walter's head and places it upon Sachs' as the chief of poets; she on one side and Walter on the other then pay their homage to him as their good counsellor, and Pogner

sinks upon his knees and acknowledges the good Sachs the greatest of German song writers and best of men. The curtain falls while the people are loudly cheering Sachs as Nuremberg's darling and the pride of his countrymen.

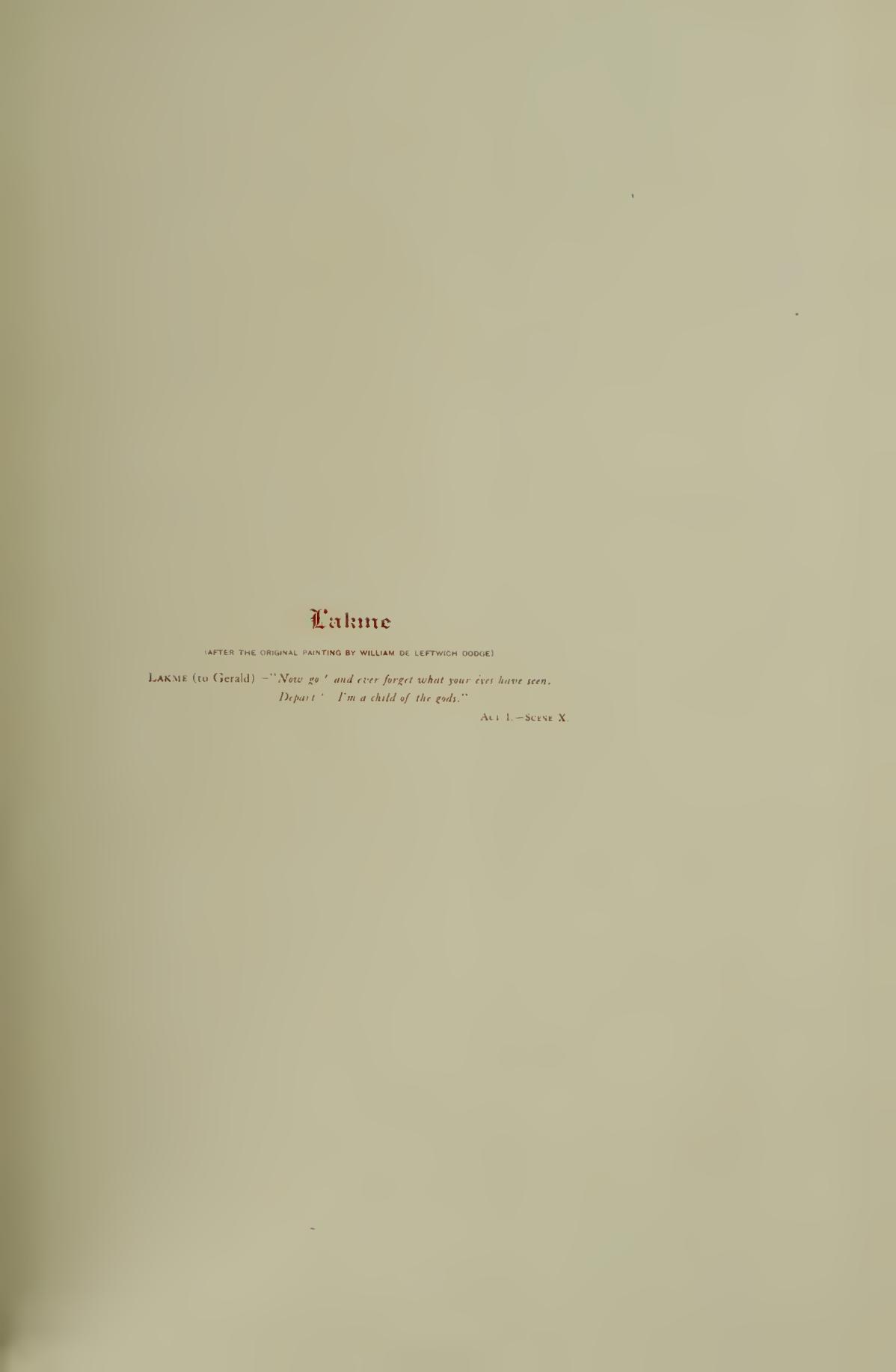


"Upon the steps the blushing Walter kneels,  
Upon his brow the victor's wreath he feels."









## Lakme

(AFTER THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY WILLIAM DE LEFTWICH DODGE)

LAKME (to Gerald) — "Now go ! and ever forget what your eyes have seen.  
Depart ! I'm a child of the gods."

ACT I.—SCENE X.



# LAKME.

MUSIC BY DELIBES.—WORDS BY GOUINET AND GILLE.



LAKME, which is a rare musical gem of orientalism, is the joint production of two librettists whose names are not well known, notwithstanding what they have done in literary adventures indicates their possession of no small abilities. The opera was written in 1879, but was not produced until 1883, when it was given a representation at the Opera Comique in Paris, but it was coldly received, and has seldom been seen since. The American Opera Company had the courage, however, to produce it in New York in 1886, and were rewarded for their venture by a profitable engagement, as the opera proved a decided success in America. The story upon which the libretto is based may be briefly told in this manner: Nilakantha, a

Hindoo priest, has retired to a place near the sacred city of Benares, where he consoles himself for the humiliation of British occupation of his country by the society of his daughter, Lakme, to whom he is devoted next to his religion. To prevent invasion of his premises by any man, that his daughter may never conceive a passion, he professes to a supernatural power, and causes it to be generally believed that death will speedily punish any intruder upon his sacred grounds. Here he and Lakme lived, scarcely conscious of the great wall beyond their bamboo enclosure, until one unhappy day a party of English ladies and officers came strolling about the premises, and being curious to know what was within, they forced an entrance through the yielding cane, and found themselves in a ravishingly beautiful retreat, where great wealth abounded. Seeing no one they wandered towards the castle, and there they found a store of jewels laid upon a shrine by Lakme, who has gone to gather flowers on the opposite bank of a stream. The party now realize the impropriety of their presence upon such private grounds, and all retire except Gerald, who, fascinated by the jewels, has a mind to make a sketch of them to show to the Governor's daughter Ellen, with whom he is in love. While he is thus engaged, Lakme returns, and, astonished by the officer's presence, in alarm asks if he does not know that death is the penalty for profaning the premises. His sight ravished by the extraordinary beauty of the India girl, Gerald has no voice to utter anything but admiration, and the interview results in mutual attachment. Warned of the approach of her father, Lakme admonishes Gerald to conceal himself quickly, which he does at the moment that Nilakantha comes upon the scene. The priest is quick to perceive the agitation of his daughter, and discovering also the indications of a stranger's presence, he declares that if the intruder can be found death shall be sent upon him like a lightning bolt. The unhappy manner of Lakme thereafter convinces her father that she has found a lover in the forbidden retreat, and he determines to seek and destroy him. To accomplish this purpose he appears, with his daughter, in the disguise of a penitent at a Brahminic festival in honor of the gods of India. At a place where the crowd is greatest, and there are many English men and women, Nilakantha compels Lakme to sing, believing if her voice be heard by her lover that he will manifest himself. The priest succeeds in his designs, for Gerald is enraptured by sight of Lakme, and imprudently rushes forth to embrace her. The enraged priest watches his opportunity, and when it arrives, he stabs Gerald in the back, and then makes his escape. Lakme is horrified by the murderous hate of her father, and refusing to accompany him in his flight, she calls her slave to assist her in caring for Gerald, whose wound is serious, though not fatal. They convey him to a hut in the forest, where by the application of certain herbs to his hurts he is restored. Owing his life now to Lakme, Gerald's love for Ellen is wholly forgotten in the greater passion which he feels for the Brahmin's daughter. There is in the neighborhood a fountain whose waters it is said possess the magical properties of binding loving hearts in indissoluble union, a cup of which Gerald entreats Lakme to obtain for him.

While Lakme is absent after the magic water, Frederick, an army companion, finds Gerald in the hut, and urges him to join his regiment that has just been ordered to another part of India, to suppress a Hindoo outbreak. Fearing that he may be charged with desertion if he neglects his duties, Gerald promises to return to his post, but begs for a little time in which to say farewell to Lakme. Frederick now departs, at the moment that Lakme comes back with the water, which she joyfully presses Gerald to drink, but as he is about to lift it to his lips he hears the fifes and drums of his regiment on the way to the seat of rebellion. Love and patriotic obligation struggle for mastery, but the latter finally wins. Stricken with grief the young officer refuses the proffered draught that binding him to love would divorce him from his duty and make him appear as a renegade in the eyes of his comrades. He summons to his aid the

resolution that enables him to sever the ties that rend his heart, and, though overwhelmed with grief, he bids his love adieu forever. In her despair Lakme drinks a deadly juice expressed from a poison flower, and dies before her lover can depart, and as Nilakantha and his friends arrive on the scene to complete their vengeance.

Act I, Scene I.—In the opening scene there is shown an exquisite bamboo-enclosed India garden, in the background of which may be perceived a priestly residence, before which is a statue of Parvati, the goddess of wisdom, and of two elephants which typify the strength and industry of the country. The action of the opera begins with a Hindoo choral invocation to the approaching dawn, and a propitiatory prayer to Brahma. As the chorus conclude, Nilakantha, a Brahmin high priest, approaches from his dwelling, and in a spirited air blesses the faithful who render homage to him, and threatens with the vengeance of Brahma the English who hold India in bondage. While her father is thus expressing his religious hatred of India's oppressors, Lakme is heard addressing an invocation to Shiva, the goddess great, and soon she appears continuing her prayers, at which the Hindoos kneel in adoration. Nilakantha receives her tenderly, and dismissing all save Lakme and two servitors, he reminds her of his long watchful care in guarding her childlike purity, and exhorting her to continual faithfulness he tells her he must leave her for a while, in the charge of Hadji and Mallika her servants, to meet some who are waiting his commands respecting the festival of to-morrow. When Nilakantha goes out, Hadji re-enters the house, leaving Lakme and Mallika alone in the garden. In a spirit of joyous gayety, Lakme divests herself of jewels, which she lays upon a stone shrine, in the keep of the guardian goddess, and asks Mallika to attend her upon a trip in quest of wild flowers that grow along the sacred stream. A beautiful oriental duet is now rendered by the two, the wonderful charm of which is ineffaceable:

"'Neath yon leafy dome, where the jasmine is growing,  
And the roses are blooming in morning's rich glow,  
'Long the flowery banks of the stream placid flowing,  
Where the song-birds invite, oh, come, let us row,'" etc.

During the last verse of the song, Mallika unties a small boat, into which the two enter and glide down the stream, their sweet voices gradually dying away in the distance.

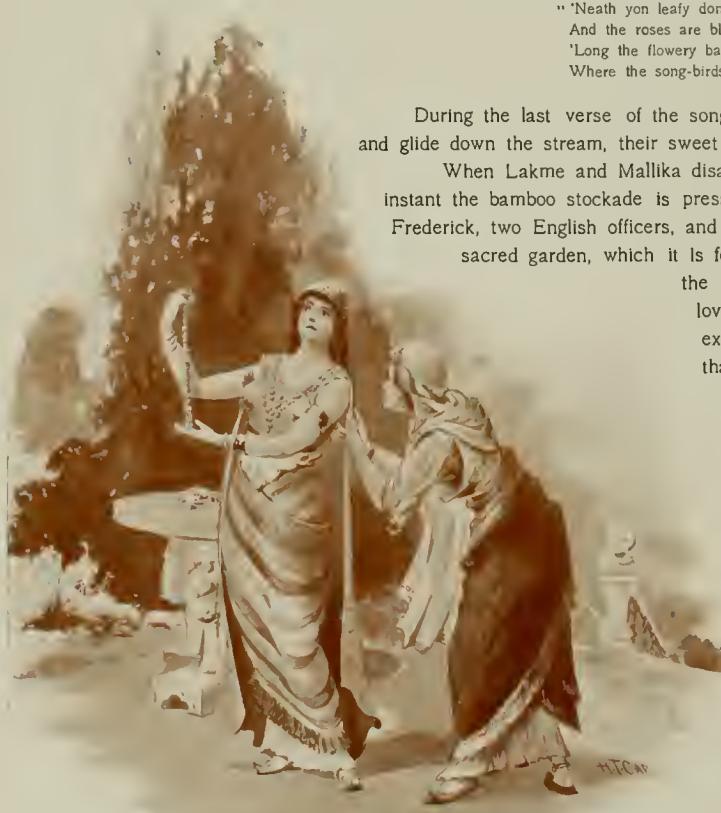
When Lakme and Mallika disappear, laughter is heard outside the enclosure; the next instant the bamboo stockade is pressed aside, and through the opening thus made Gerald, Frederick, two English officers, and three ladies, Ellen, Rose and Mrs. Benson, invade the sacred garden, which it is forbidden that any stranger shall profane. Ellen, who is

the Governor-General's daughter, with whom Gerald is in love, ventures to pluck some of the flowers, which violation excites a terror in her companions, and Gerald explains that this is the well-guarded dwelling place of Nilakantha,

the Brahminical high priest, whose pagoda stands near, in which every morn and eve he offers up his prayers to Brahma that the British may be expelled from the country. Frederick observes that the hate of Nilakantha is not the only thing to fear, for with fanatic zeal he has made his daughter Lakme a goddess, whose eyes possess a potent charm, which, it is said, no one can resist, though a sight of her no profane eyes may hope to behold. This information greatly excites the curiosity of Gerald, and the jealousy of the ladies, who discuss the weaknesses of women, their vanities, follies, and inconstancies, which rather tedious scene is finally relieved by a jocular song, by Frederick:

"Women whose hearts are falsely warm,  
That know naught else save how to charm;  
Thus so engrossed they careless are  
Until they fall in cupid's snare;"

which sentiments Ellen answers by maintaining that since highest bliss comes to women through winning hearts, no greater mission



"'Neath yon leafy dome, where the jasmine is growing,  
And the roses are blooming in morning's rich glow!"

should be theirs than acting the part of enchantresses. Frederick, having a mind to end the argument, admonishes his companions that they are trespassing upon sacred ground, and may have to pay dearly for their temerity. This caution creates much alarm in Mrs. Benson, who entreats her companions to leave this beautiful but forbidden place, where death may lurk in many pleasing forms. At this moment, however, Rose discovers the jewels left by Lakme on the shrine. Their curiosity prompts the ladies to examine the sparkling gems, but on second thought they regard them as a deadly temptation which must be resisted by immediately quitting the place. Gerald, professing the courage of a soldier, resolves to make a sketch of the jewels for Ellen, which she endeavors to persuade him to forego, but failing in their efforts to induce him to quit the place, all the rest precipitately withdraw, leaving Gerald alone. As Gerald is making a drawing of the jewels, he is suddenly seized by an indefinable apprehension, a feeling of dread that some strange thing

haunts these mysterious shades, guarding the gems and acting as the protectress of Lakme, fair goddess of this garden solitude. These fears he tries to convince himself are only idle dreams, and seeks reassurance by rendering a beautiful air addressed to his fancy:

"Oh, vain delusion, why wouldest deceive me?  
Dreams of ambition my soul doth enslave.  
Lo, in thy thrall wouldest thy spirit receive me?  
Speed back to thy haunts, thou sweet witching knave."

There is a still voice sounding in his ears, which repeating "No, no," he interprets as a warning against further profanation, and he renounces his rash purpose to touch the jewels; but as he turns to leave the haunted spot he perceives Lakme returning in her

flower-laden boat, and having no chance to retreat from the garden he conceals himself in the shrubbery. When Lakme and Mallika come upon the scene, they reverently approach the idol, Parvati, and with a prayer to the goddess for protection against harm, they festoon it with an offering of flowers, and then retire to the grateful shades of the forest trees, that shadow over the clear, cool stream.

In the following scene Lakme and Mallika appear strolling along the mossy banks of a river, thoughtfully reflecting upon the beautiful things with which God has adorned the world, the flowers, the great woods musical with song of bird and sighing winds, the blue sky glorious with heavenly hues by day, and sparkling with the lights of paradise by night, and a thousand delights that fill the heart with happiness. While Lakme is thus musing, she is startled by the sight of Gerald, a glimpse of whom she has caught, and in her alarm she utters a cry! Mallika rushes to her assistance, and Hadji comes out of the pagoda, greatly alarmed that



"Great Parvati, guardian goddess,  
Keep us safe from harm, we pray!"

some misfortune has happened to his mistress; but Lakme conquers her fright, and protests that it was only nervousness that caused her to make an outcry, for real reason there was none. She dismisses the two slaves with command that they seek her father, whose time for appearing at the shrine is already long overdue.

When the two servants withdraw, Lakme approaches Gerald, and in a tone betraying her anger she demands to know what rash purpose has prompted him to intrude into this place, sacred to the gods, a spot so consecrated that it is a deadly offence to heaven for barbarian footsteps to violate. Thus angrily upbraiding him for his audacity, Lakme fiercely tells him she is child of the gods, and commands him to go, and ever forget what his eyes have seen in the garden! Gerald, spellbound by her enchanting beauty, and unable to resist the fascination of her eyes, passionately

confesses his infatuation, and, mindless of all danger, declares that his stricken heart must ever respond to the ineffaceable remembrance of her matchless radiance. She expresses surprise at his daring to address to her such sentiments, and to speak to her, a child of the gods, with a freedom that no Hindoo, not even her own brother, ever had the courage to show. Somewhat pitying his boldness, she warns him of the danger that he incurs, and begs him to depart quickly, ere he meet death at the hands of an angered father whose sacred retreat has been profaned by this intrusion. But Gerald willingly braves all threatening peril, content to pay the fell forfeit of staying, to gaze enraptured on her beauteous face, and to feel the bewitchment of her glorious presence.

Lakme, influenced by the warmth of his admiration, not less than by his brave confrontation of all threatened evil, tempers her anger, and she becomes curious to know what god it is he worships that gives him such superhuman defiance, to which question Gerald responds with an ardent song that is one of the grandest measures of any opera:

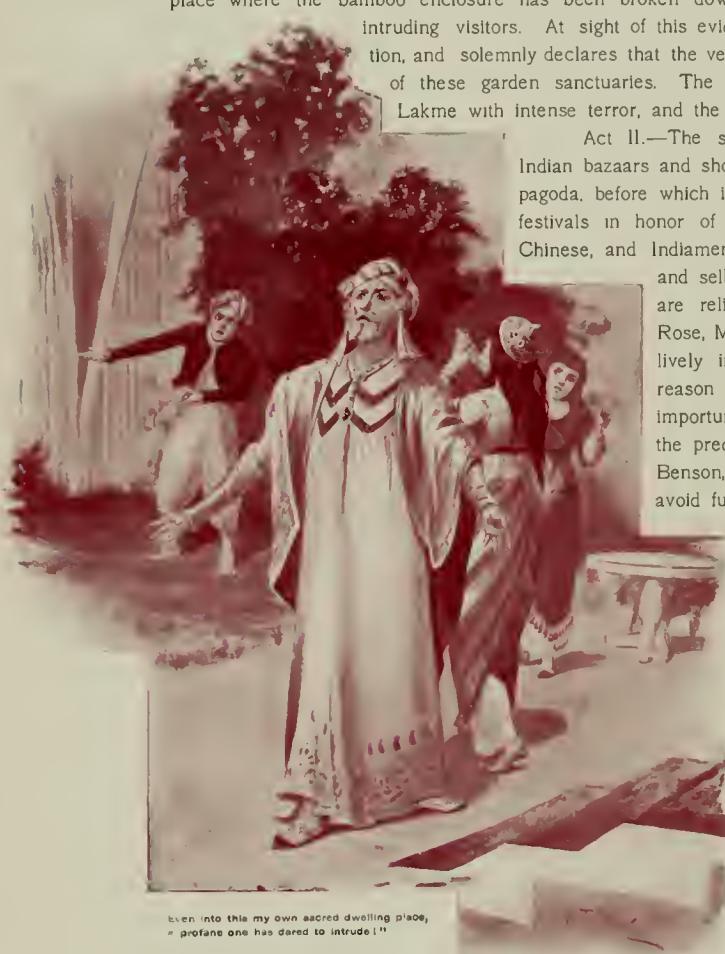
“ ‘Tis the god of youth and beaute,  
Who dwells within this grove,  
Whose caprice is joined with duty  
To teach me how to love.”

Lakme is charmed by Gerald's flattery of her graces, but the interview is suddenly interrupted by the appearance of Nilakantha, approaching from the pagoda, attended by Hadji and several Hindoos. Fearful for his safety, Lakme beseeches Gerald to fly, and when he hesitates, she begs him for her sake, which entreaty he cannot deny, and casting a loving glance of regret towards her he departs hurriedly. Hadji goes before the high priest and conducts him to the place where the bamboo enclosure has been broken down, to prove that the sacred grounds have been invaded by intruding visitors. At sight of this evidence of profanation, Nilakantha exhibits the greatest indignation, and solemnly declares that the vengeance of an insulted god will punish with death the violator of these garden sanctuaries. The Hindoos approve Nilakantha's fatal judgment, which excites Lakme with intense terror, and the act closes with a powerful denunciation.

Act II.—The second act opens with a market scene, in which are shown Indian bazaars and shops displaying stiffs of many kinds, and in the background a pagoda, before which is a gathering of Hindoos, come to celebrate one of the great festivals in honor of Brahma. The festivities begin with a chorus of Sepoys, Chinese, and Indiamen, after which an animated scene takes place of bargaining

and selling, for these annual celebrations are as commercial as they are religious. Among the visitors, attracted by curiosity, are Miss Rose, Mrs. Benson, Frederick, and several British sailors, who take a lively interest in what is transpiring; but they soon have some reason to repent their visit, for they are annoyed by the persistent importunities of a soothsayer who would tell their fortunes, and by the predaceous habits of others. A Sepoy steals the watch of Mrs. Benson, and a Bohemian purloins her handkerchief, whereupon to avoid further spoliation, she tries to intimidate the knaves by informing them that she is governess, and has charge of the Governor's daughter here. This declaration the chorus treat with rude indifference, and the visitors withdraw to watch the people from a safe distance. In the next scene the English party are apart by themselves after the market is over, and Frederick explains to the ladies the interesting sights which they may witness by remaining to watch the religious ceremonies, chief of which is the ballet performances of the Bayadere dancing girls, who are maintained in idle luxury for the pleasure of the Brahmin priests. Mrs. Benson, in some alarm, now notes the absence of Ellen, but Frederick quiets her anxiety by assuring her that the girl is in the company of her lover, Gerald, and almost at the same moment music starts up, and the dance begins.

Even into this my own sacred dwelling place,  
A profane one has dared to intrude!!



While the ballet is being performed, and great enthusiasm manifested, the attention of the three ladies is attracted to an old man approaching, leaning upon the arm of his daughter. They are curious to know who he may be, to which

Frederick explains that he is a Sannissary, or beggar, such as wander about from place to place, whose daughter sings sacred songs, which so please the Hindoos that they never tire of listening.

While the ladies are deriving instructions from Frederick, Gerald and Ellen return, and to questionings Gerald relates his experience with Lakme in the garden, and Ellen praises him for showing his constancy to her in running away from so charming a princess. In an aside, Rose tells Frederick that 'tis a pity his regiment has been ordered to start to-morrow upon a campaign against an uprising of rebels in a far part of India, for the parting between such loving hearts as those of Gerald and Ellen is a grief dreadful to endure. Frederick expresses surprise at this information, which he has not previously learned, but Rose assures him the report is true, though she counsels him not to tell Gerald now, and thus talking of the parting which must soon take place between Gerald and Ellen, the two retire.

In the next scene Nilakantha comes forward with Lakme, followed by a crowd, and feigning poverty and senility, tells the people he is a beggar imploring alms, and that his companion is a ballad-singing maid. Timidly Lakme asks her father if Brahma forbids Hindus taking vengeance upon their enemies? by which strange question Nilakantha perceives that some secret distress afflicts his daughter, and he addresses her in a sweetly pathetic aria

"Lakme, dear, some grief your looks betraying,  
The light of joy is faded from your eyes!  
Is't for vengeance on our foe you're praying?  
Is this the sole ambition that you prize?"

In a recitative, Lakme replies that it is grief she feels for his sorrow which clouds her face and fills her heart with forebodings, but that joy will return, chasing away all thoughts of woe, if he himself will but smile again. Nilakantha finds no reassurance in his daughter's words, and with rising anger he tells her if a vile man, desecrating the sacred garden, has braved death to gain her presence, he must pay the penalty of his rashness with his life. Such invasion, that offends against privacy and dishonors the holy Brahma, merits the severest punishment, but that greater still is the crime of a profane one aspiring to the favor of Lakme, child of the gods. Such a caitiff it was who obtruded his hateful person through the broken enclosure, and he must be found and destroyed. To this end Nilakantha proposes that Lakme strengthen her voice and sing some pitiful lay to the crowd, among whom the offender may be found who, lured by her face and song, may discover to them his guilty infatuation. Having so requested his daughter, Nilakantha turns to the gathering of Hindus about them and announces, that through an inspiration of the gods, this young maiden will relate in song a legend of a pariah's fair daughter; whereupon in a sweetly plaintive voice she renders the "Indian Bell Song," famous for its richness of melody and dreamy sentiment, that never fails to move an audience:

"Deep in the coverts of a forest's shade,  
A traveler by chance his footsteps strayed;  
There met he a maiden with tinkling bell,  
That charmed his life, as the legends tell.  
The stranger, spellbound by her matchless grace,  
Stood marveling whence might have sprung her race,  
But the tinkling bell, and the looks she wore,  
Had won his heart to hers forever more,  
The stranger was Vishnu, great Brahma's son,  
The maid was daughter of that priestly one."

The song serves to greatly increase the crowd, and among those thus attracted are Gerald, Frederick, and other English officers. Nilakantha surveys, with savage gaze, every person of the assemblage, and perceiving no recognition, he



"'Tis mine, by heaven's consecration,  
Ah! 'tis I who'll avenge the wrong!"

bids her repeat the song, and many Hindoos add their requests. She is about to begin again when she catches sight of Gerald, and betrays great agitation. Urged by her father to sing on, she essays to do so, but grows more disturbed, and when Gerald approaches nearer she utters a cry, and he springs forward to support her. Nilakantha is quick to note the expression that betrays to his practiced eyes the sentiments prompting Gerald to this act, and is sure he has found the offender. Lakme strives hard to conquer her emotion, and protests it was a sudden pain that caused her to falter, which being better now she tries to sing, but her voice proves disobedient, for she is able to utter only, "Ah!" Gerald observes to Frederick, "It is the high priest's daughter!" which Nilakantha overhears, and to Lakme he whispers, "The great Brahma, by whom you are inspired, reveals to me that the stranger is betrayed." Gerald, pitying the condition of Lakme, would go to her assistance, but is restrained by Frederick, who draws him away. As they go out, with all the soldiers, the Hindoos draw closer together on the stage to concert their conspiracy. Nilakantha instructs his followers that when, during the songs of the festival, the priests turn to leave, with the crowd following, he will point out to them the one he has a design to punish, and that they shall then quietly separate him from his friends and surrounding him make ready for the blow. The chorus applaud the priest's purpose, to which he answers that the crime having been committed against his own, Heaven has consecrated his arm to avenge the wrong, and that therefore he will himself do the deed of vengeance. Lakme endeavors to persuade her father to permit her to go with him, but he refuses, saying her presence might cause him to falter in his duty, and bids her remain here with Hadji. Nilakantha and the conspirators go out, and when they disappear Hadji draws close to Lakme, whom he thus addresses:

"Your father is oppressed by hate, and knows naught of the feelings that move you to pity the object of his wrath. I have marked the sorrow that is reflected in your face, and can read the grief that is in your heart. When you were a little child your care was entrusted to me, because I was strong and faithful, and so great was my love that I culled the choicest flower even from the tiger's lair, and searched the sea-depths for the rarest pearl to grace your brow. You are now a woman, with a mind and passions that belong to maturity, and your caprices must be satisfied by a different service than such as I have rendered heretofore. But my devotion as your faithful slave is no less great, and so I entreat you to confide in me if you have a foe to punish or a friend to preserve; obedient will I ever be to your desires."

Lakme, overcome by her emotion at this loyalty of her slave, is unable to speak her thanks, but manifests her gratitude by grasping Hadji's hand. At this moment Gerald approaches thoughtfully, and Lakme goes to meet him, first requesting Hadji to withdraw apace.

Beholding the object of his new infatuation now alone, Gerald addresses her passionately, thus betraying the love which entralls him:

"Lakme! blessed am I by sight of thee.  
Comest thou hither to abide with me?  
Ah, in the fancies of my seeming.  
Upon me thy face art beaming  
Heaven will I find with thee, dear maid,  
If I may seek it through thy gracious aid."

Sadly, she replies that the God in heaven which he owns is not such as she has been taught to worship, which divides them by a barrier too great for passage, but if he will bring his heart to confess Brahma, her Hindoo brothers will receive him kindly and (with some faltering) protect him against all the arts of a guileful foe. Perceiving by her



"The stranger was Vishnu, great Brahma's son;  
The maid was daughter of that priestly one."

solicitude that her love for him has been kindled, with transport of happiness he declares that all the threatenings of man or nature can not place limits upon his adoration, which counts perils the promotion of his joy if they may be encountered as proofs of his devotion. Lakme, moved by his passionate speech, is

unable longer to repress the confession her heart is bursting to make, and with warmth she reveals that an enemy has conspired against his life, and is even now ready to execute a terrible vengeance. But she would save him at any sacrifice to herself, and, tenderly confiding, she discloses to Gerald that in a forest near by is a hut of bamboo, which offers a safe refuge, and is, besides, a place so lover-like with natural charms, and embowered with flowering vines, that 'tis the very dwelling place of Cupid, and hither with her she invites him to go.

Gerald would hear more of this charming resort, and begs his sweet enchantress to please his ears with further description, but she presses him to flee at once, nor waste the precious time, which, if improved, may save him from a murderous foe. Gerald, even when his blissful anticipation is greatest, suddenly calls to mind his duty as a soldier, that to flee and hide in the forest, while an enemy pursued, were cowardice and desertion,

and her supplications he resists, though to do so is martyrdom of his love. While Lakme is still entreating

ing Gerald to fly, and striving to persuade him with tearful eyes and trembling voice, Nilakantha, Brahmins, Hindoos and Bayaderes are seen approaching the pagoda. With an exclamation of alarm, Lakme tells Gerald to look upon the conspirators! and earnestly admonishing him to beware, she addresses this fervent prayer:

"Great Brahma, who dwellest in glory above,  
Who didst awake in me this burning love,—  
Wilt thou protection to this stranger give,  
Or, if he be not spared, let me not live?"

As the Brahmins come upon the stage, they sing in chorus an invocation to Durga, the inaccessible, terrible one, to whom, during the festival *Durgāpūjā*, sanguinary sacrifices were formerly made. The Brahmins and Bayaderes enter the pagoda, and as they retire, Frederick, Ellen, Rose, and Mrs. Benson reappear, commenting upon the ceremonies attending the propitiation of the ten-armed goddess. Frederick notices the dejection of Gerald, and asks if it was to admire the goddess that he left their company, or if his withdrawal was to obtain an interview with the priest's daughter, who was seen just now near by? Gerald, pre-occupied with his thoughts of Lakme, breaks out in a passionate declaration of his infatuation, which though it be a dream past recalling, has left an unfading image on his heart. Frederick, somewhat gayly, bids him dismiss the maiden from his mind, for he may meet her no more, as on the morrow it is expected he will be called hence with his regiment upon a more serious duty, and having thus reminded his companion, Frederick goes out, leaving the ladies. Directly, a procession emerges from the pagoda bearing an image of Durga, and singing in chorus a praise offering to the ten-armed goddess. The time is now night, and the scene is lighted by flickering torches that give a weird effect to the costumed gathering of Hindoo enthusiasts. As the procession marches slowly, Nilakantha catches sight of Gerald, whom he watches closely until the square is almost deserted, and then points out his victim to the conspirators. Lakme, ever watchful of her lover, now enters from the right, and approaches Gerald, but before she reaches his side, Nilakantha draws a dagger, and with swift steps rushes behind and stabs Gerald in the back. Without waiting to make sure of his victim, the vengeful priest runs away, and is seen no more until near the close of the opera. Gerald falls as if fatally stricken, but he is assisted immediately by Lakme, who, while supporting



NILAKANNA STRIKES A DAGGER INTO GERALD'S BACK.

his head, exclaims in accents of mingled sympathy and anxiety: "Their murderous hate they now have wrought," etc. Making her vow to save the wounded stranger, Lakme calls desperately to Hadji to come quickly to her help, but getting no prompt response to her cries she rushes out to search for him, and as she disappears the curtain falls on the second act.

Act III.—The closing act, which hastens to the tragic conclusion, opens with a scene that represents a deep forest of India, in which a hut is shown embowered with brilliant flowers. The devoted Lakme, by the help of Hadji, has removed Gerald to this secret place of refuge, where she faithfully nurses him. He is seen lying upon a mattress composed of flowers and branches, and while he is sleeping from exhaustion she bends over him, tenderly anxious, and renders a beautiful crooning song, that is lulling and charming: "Beneath the dome of sun and star," etc.

After a restful sleep, Gerald opens his eyes, but he does not see Lakme, for his face is turned away, and consciousness now returning, he recalls, as some horrid dream, the assassin's stroke under which he fell, but has no remembrance of how he came to this place. Lakme leans over him lovingly and relieves his marveling surprise by relating how, with Hadji's help, she conveyed him, senseless, to this pleasant dell, where daughters of her caste came bearing a healing balm extracted from certain flowers which have the virtue to cure all wounds, and this applying to his hurt, has hastened his recovery. Gerald, with grateful heart, bestows his thanks for Lakme's solicitude, whose lips and smiles he thinks compound a more potent elixir than was ever brewed by human arts. Contentment with his present lot he confesses—soft airs, refreshing shade, and the rapture that comes to him through her presence, from which he prays no circumstance may separate him, for he can better bear the sufferings of his wound than the pangs caused by her absence.

The assurance of Gerald's happiness, and his hope to remain with her forever, fills Lakme's heart with bliss unutterable, and she pictures the joy that must be theirs in an elysium like this, where the gods will bless their love and guard them against intrusion, a place so heavenly that Brahma himself may be envious to abide. This sweet exchange of tender sentiment is interrupted by songs heard in the distance, which Gerald tells her is some persons passing along a path in the forest, but whose curious eyes may not discover this hidden abode. The singers draw gradually nearer, until Lakme recognizes the voice of amorous maidens and lovers, who, she explains, are roaming through the glade in their quest of the magic fountain near by, the water of which, when drunk from the same cup, has the property of sealing fond hearts with indissoluble bonds of happiness. Gerald becomes at once most eager to drink with Lakme from this sacred spring, but she cautions him against attempting to seek it, in his present weak condition, which might cause his death, and offers to go alone and bring back a cup which she will drink with him.

While Lakme is gone to fetch the magic water, Frederick pushes his way through the bushes and finds Gerald, whom he has been able to come upon by following the bloody traces that led to this retreat. Asked to explain his situation, Gerald tells Frederick of his strange adventure, of the attempt upon his life, and how the Brahmin's daughter, by her love and nursing, has restored the vital spark so nearly extinguished by an assassin's dagger. Frederick is in no humor to hear his companion's story of love for Lakme, for his regiment has been ordered into active service at once to suppress a native revolt, and he appeals to Gerald as a soldier to tarry no longer, and to spare the maid a new grief by breaking these sentimental ties and returning to his duties. His patriotic feelings, his soldierly courage, are thus brought to battle with his love, and the struggle of emotions is terrific, but the soldier at length rises above the lover, and Gerald promises that he will answer to his name when the drum beats. Having discharged his duty by finding and notifying his companion, Frederick returns to the camp, and as he withdraws, Lakme approaches with a cup of the sacred water. Her face is radiant with joy as she speaks of the wooing couples she passed on the way, all athirst like herself, and hearts beating in rapture of the bliss they would gain. As she tells of the virtue of the water, she discovers a great change in Gerald's countenance, and in terror setting down the cup, she entreats to know the cause of his sorrow, and if, seriously, he wishes their fates may be united forever more! Gerald stammers and falters while making his explanation, and though



protesting his love he still is hesitant. Lakme, shocked by a great fear, would put him to the test of love, to learn her fate, wherefore she invites: "If thou art lover true and free, drink now to me as I to thee."

Gerald is about to take the cup from the maid's outstretched hand, but at this moment military music is heard drawing rapidly nearer. betraying much excitement, Gerald exclaims, as the fifes and drums sound louder, "They come; our soldiers!"

Lakme, more anxious, again presses the cup upon him, beseeching him to drink: "Take from my hand this sacred draught, and find the bliss we both have sought." Gerald remains stupefied, and his foreboding silence becomes so painful to Lakme, as she sees him looking fixedly in the direction whence the martial music proceeds, that she throws down the cup violently, exclaiming, "His thoughts are going from me, and for his native land he's yearning, by which in anguish now I know that my dear dream is o'er." Smiling, to disguise her purpose, she plucks a poison flower and devours its fatal petals while he is unconscious of her design. Then most tenderly she looks into his face as if to read his mind, and with ineffable sweetness tells him that, in teaching her to love he has opened to her a paradise more delightful than Hindoos ever pictured in their

theology; but growing paler, from the effects of the poisoned flower, she picks up the cup, and wetting her lips with the drops that remain, hands it to him, and in fast-fading voice, begs him to drink. With exultation he receives it now, and declaring that he is hers forever more, drains the dregs, and the two render a passionate duet, "It is the festal of our young love." As Gerald and Lakme conclude their song, Nilakantha enters and rushes toward Gerald with upraised poniard. As Gerald bares his breast to the threatened stroke, Lakme interposes and reveals to her irate father that she and her lover have drunk together of the sacred waters from the ivory flagon, and with expiring utterance she beseeches if the gods require a victim to satisfy his hate, that she may be the offering. Nilakantha and Gerald both look up with terror as they mark her rapidly changing features, and perceive the progress of death, that will soon claim her. She tries to speak, but weakness overcomes her, and she falls. Nilakantha, conscious of his own iniquity in trying to divorce his daughter, by a murderous deed, from the object of her affection, tries to support her and express his repentance and sympathy, but it is now too late. Lakme looks smiling and tenderly upon Gerald, who is weeping violently, knowing that she is dying for him, and as her spirit is forsaking its beautiful tenement she repeats, with a last expiring effort:

"Wake me not, love, from this sweet dreaming,  
Let me abide in this dear seeming"



"Great God! She is dying for me!"



## A SKETCH OF LEO DELIBES.

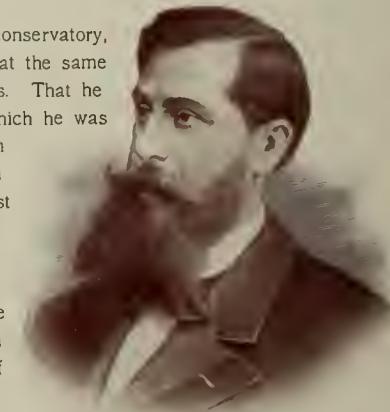


LEO DELIBES, one of the great masters of ballet composition, was born at Saint-Germain-du-Val, France, in 1836, and is still living, though he has taken little concern in musical matters, publicly, for some years. His early life was beset by many difficulties, chiefly through lack of opportunity to pursue the natural bent of his mind, but by hard labor and great economy he prepared himself for the Paris Conservatory, which he first entered as a pupil in 1847. He applied himself while there particularly to dramatic composition, where he won the second prize for solfeggio in 1849, and a year later he secured the first. These honors, however, were small, and he took up harmony and accompaniment, under Le Couppey, Bazin, Adam and Benoist successively, taking both the piano and organ. The most he could do, however, despite his close application, was to secure a second prize in 1854, which was for harmony but for composition he could obtain no recognition.

Seeking employment to obtain the means to enable him to continue at the conservatory, Delibes found an engagement in 1853 as accompanist at the Theatre Lyrique, and at the same time he held the position of organist at the church of Saint-Jean and Saint-Francois. That he worked hard, and performed his duties faithfully, is proved by the high esteem in which he was held during these engagements, but he nevertheless obtained time, by taking it from what should have been hours of rest, to indulge his muse of composition, for an inexorable jade she proved to be. His spirit was somewhat convivial, and found most congenial expression in such light compositions as operettas, in which his genius shone with special lustre. His first production was brought out in 1855, at the Folies Nouvelles. The title indicates its character, "Deux Sous de Charbon," and so sparkling was the music that it immediately captivated Paris theatre-goers and prepared the way for his greater success the following year, with "The Two Old Guards." From the moment of the production of his second operetta, he was looked upon as one of the best writers of light, cheerful music, in the modern French school.

Pleased with his work, no less than with the very profitable returns therefrom, Delibes gave the admiring public opera after opera in rapid succession, and to his credit, be it spoken, all his compositions exhibit the carefulness that manifests his appreciation of critical taste and his ambition to win a permanent reputation. His active career continued until 1883, during which time he produced twenty-three successful operas, his work as a composer culminating with "Lakme," which has proved to be his most popular creation. In addition to his operas, Delibes brought out many ballets, numerous choruses, melodies, and wrote one mass, performed at Saint-Denis, which, however, gained for him no fresh honors, as his genius is to be seen only in light and sparkling compositions. Delibes is not yet an old man, but he has achieved both fame and competence, with which he is quite content, and he has therefore withdrawn from the fierce rivalry of composers to enjoy, in his latter years, the laurels that he has deservedly won for able and conscientious work.

Leo Delibes.







## Samson and Delilah

(AFTER THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY FRANK ADAMS)

SAMSON—“*Lord, Thy servant remember now !  
Thou mad’st him blind, Thy just wrath showing  
For one sole moment make him strong,  
His power of old on him bestowing.  
To avenge me, O lend Thy might !  
Let the foe be destroyed in Thy sight.*”

LAST ACT—LAST SCENE



# SAMSON AND DELILAH.

COMPOSED BY C. SAINT-SAËNS.

AMSON is a brilliant composition, almost as much oratorio as it is opera, which, strange enough, though the work of a Frenchman, had its first presentation in the German city of Weimar, in 1877, and was not seen in Paris until 1890. Its success, too, has always been greatest in Germany, possibly because of the more prevalent religious sentiment in that country, and the less hostility there to the Jewish race. The book of the opera shows surprisingly small license with the Biblical narrative, considering the requirements of lyrical treatment, and the work for this reason exhibits the remarkable genius for adaptation of the composer. The first act is largely choral, in which the guiding theme is displayed with excellent effect. Samson is, of course, first represented as a leader of his people, in which he appears as powerful in influence as he is great in physical strength. He comes upon the scene as an exhorter of Israel, and by his appeals he arouses the Israelites to arms; then bearing the brunt of battle he disperses the Philistine army. It is in the second act that Samson visits Delilah, by whom he is beguiled into exposing to her the secret of his strength, and by her is shorn of his locks and betrayed into the hands of his enemies. The third act represents him broken of his strength, blinded by hot irons of the Philistines, and bound in chains, working like an ox in a mill. From the mill he is taken to the great Temple of Dagon, the fish god, and while a splendid festival is in progress the blind giant, whose locks have grown again, is brought in to make sport for the lords and ladies of the Philistines. The last scene represents the mighty man, with strength returned, in answer to his prayers, pushing asunder the immense pillars that support the Temple and the terrific crash of falling stones that crush out his life, and at the same time destroy all the people there gathered.

The music of "Samson and Delilah" is conceived in the spirit of oratorio, and the choral pieces are so massive and dignified as to imitate the style of Handel. The second act is especially florid, and almost exhausts the resources of composition in passion and color. In the third act, the Philistine festival is made remarkably brilliant and charming by a judicious harmonizing of oriental rhythms. "The exquisite melody with which it overflows, combined with the inimitable art of the orchestration, makes it one of the most important and attractive works of the modern French school."

Act I, Scene I.—When the curtain rises upon the first act of the opera a beautiful and striking view is presented of the ancient Palestine city of Gaza, where, it will be remembered, by the Scriptural account, Samson was imprisoned, and gained his liberty by throwing down and carrying off the massive gates of the city. The scene first represented is a public square of Gaza, on the left of which may be distinguished a portico of the Temple of Dagon, where the Philistines worshiped. Israel has been overcome by her enemies, and being in captivity to the Philistines, a gathering of enslaved Hebrews



"Bear the murdered Prince away,  
And may his enemies rue this day!"

are seen in the square, where, with great wailing and exhortation, they are crying to God to forget their iniquities and to restore Israel, purified and redeemed by the prayers of a sorely chastened people. While the Hebrews are praying for their release from bondage and remission of their sins, a chorus is heard from behind the scenes:

"God! God of Israel! God of Israel!  
Thy children lift their voices to Thee;  
Save us, we pray, from our dread foes,  
Relieve us, Lord, of our bitter woes.  
Let Thy wrath our great grief disarm,  
Protect us by Thy mighty arm.  
We have seen our altars smitten,  
By Gentiles now our laws are written;  
Beneath the yoke we are oppressed,  
By Thee, O Lord, be our wrongs redressed.  
Hast Thou forgotten Thy pledged word,  
That in Israel's trial we should be heard?  
The nation's sins we sore repent,  
We pray Thy help may now be sent."

As the choral invocation subsides, Samson issues from the assemblage, and taking a position before the people, he thus addresses them: "Let us here, with true humility, reverence the God of our fathers, for the hour is near at hand when vengeance shall fall upon our enemies, and pardon be given for our past transgressions. A voice comes to me from on high, even from Jehovah, and of which I am the mouthpiece, to declare to Israel that the time of our bondage is almost expired; that the liberty shall soon be ours to set up anew the altars that the Gentiles have destroyed, and to renew the worship that is grateful to our Deity."



"Thou vile blasphemer of the Lord!  
Thy tongue be silenced by the sword!"

The people are so discouraged that they hear their leader with impatience, and declare it were a vain thing to hope for freedom while their foes are so numerous; but Samson reminds them that the Lord is more mighty than any army, that His care for Israel has been shown in many ways, who, when danger was greatest, led the people out of bondage through a divided sea. But the courage of the people remains dormant, and dejectedly they answer that those days of miracles are past and that God has ceased to regard their sufferings or their tears.

Vehemently, Samson orders them to keep silent, for their complainings are an offence to Jehovah, and commands: "God still loves you! Fall on your knees and let your hearts, contrite, appeal for mercy! The Lord reigns above you. His glory He will maintain, and that of Israel He will restore. His mercy endureth forever, as Miriam sang, and it en-folds you. He is the God of Israel, and though we have been punished for our sins, it were a just judgment, and the evil has been purged by sincere repentance." These brave words, spoken with the power of inspiration, infuse fresh courage into the people, who rise out of their despair and in a chorus of jubilation joyously sing of their deliverance:

"'Tis surely for the Lord he speaks,  
Whose holy might he sheweth;  
His mercy let us humbly seek.  
Our hearts contrite He knoweth.  
For leader let great Samson be,  
God shall direct and make us free."

Scene II.—While the chorus is singing Abimelech, the satrap of Gaza, enters, followed by Phillstine soldiers, and as he reaches the centre of the stage and discovers that a rebellious spirit animates the Jews, he looks lowering upon the people for a moment, and then his anger pours forth in invective and warning: "Who are ye, that dare to raise your voices against our rigid laws? If it is freedom you seek, have a care how you provoke us to anger! Your groans and tears may better be concealed, for as we are your conquerors so shall we remain your masters, and will give you no more compassion than slaves; for every grief loudly expressed we will add a task, and for every complaint a lash shall be given. Who is this God whom you exhort? Why, He has no ears for your cries, and rather enjoys the scorn and bondage in which we hold you. But who is this God whom you pray to? A stranger surely in this land, and vain is His boasted power. If He be really divine let Him manifest His strength, and if He will free you out of our unrelenting grasp, then we will confess His glory. But though a God you call Him, He cannot compare with Dagon, who is greatest of divinities, and before whom your Jehovah flees as a dove doth before a hawk. It is Dagon who guides us in battle, and 'tis he that gives us victory. Great is Dagon!" With a righteous outburst of indignation Samson answers, by inspiration, "It is the true God that this boastful Philistine defameth. It is Thee, O God, that I invoke to make the tyrant tremble and overthrow him with Thy mighty arm, that his destruction may be complete. Behold, I see a host of angels bearing in their hands flaming swords, while from heaven there pours forth a host sounding the battle cry! Now cometh the hour of God's vengeance; I hear in the sky thunder-claps, and the earth trembles with the holy ire! I will repay, saith the Lord!"

"Israel, break thy chains, arise in righteous might;  
In justice we are strong, God will protect the right.  
His voice rides in the tempest, His hands hold the tides;  
Bless His name, ye faithful, trust Him whate'er betides."

Abimelech is so incensed by this incitement to throw off the yoke of bondage that he attacks Samson, but futile is the hand lifted against the Lord, and in a moment Samson wrests the sword from the satrap's hand and gives him a mortal wound. Abimelech falls, calling for help, and a body of Phillistines rush in to his assistance, but Samson boldly confronts them all, and by brandishing his sword threateningly keeps the enemy back until all the Hebrews pass off the stage.

Scene III.—The great gates of the Temple of Dagon now slowly open and through them enter the High Priest, attendants, and guards, who descend the steps of the portico until they come upon the body of Abimelech. The sight spreads terror among the Phillistines, and the High Priest gives voice to his indignation that such a dreadful crime should be perpetrated in the Temple. He orders the soldiers to hunt down the rebels and to pitilessly avenge the death of their prince. Some of the Phillistines try to explain why they did not fall upon the assassin, but furiously the priest declares them to be cowards, who flee from imaginary perils, and suspects it was fear of the Hebrew God that made them act like dastards.

Scene IV.—The railings of the High Priest are repressed by the appearance of a Phillistine messenger, who rushes in to report that the Hebrews have revolted, and with Samson leading them, are ravaging the country. The cowardly Phillistines are greatly perturbed



"What do my eyes behold! Abimelech!  
Dead he lies before me!"

by this news and have a mind to seek safety by immediate flight, stricken by a great fear, first inspired by the might and valor that Samson displayed. The High Priest, disregarding the alarm of his guards and attendants, delivers an imprecation and curse upon all Israel, and calls upon Dagon by the power of his divine might to sweep them from the land:

"Cursed be that nation forever,  
Israel the hated of earth;  
May they fall to rise again never.  
May their land be stricken by dearth.  
Cursed also be the wretch who leads them,  
And cursed be the woman that bare him;  
Cursed be the God that he reveres,  
Cursed be his altars and his tears."

This malediction fails to impart any courage to the trembling Philistines, who are in dread lest Samson shall return, and they propose to fly to the mountains, leaving no track behind, and there pursue the peaceful duties of sacrificing to the gods. At a signal from the High Priest, some of the men place the body of Abimelech in a blanket and bear it away, followed by the priest, and as they disappear many Hebrews, old men and women, enter at the right.



"I come to hail my loved one,  
The one who reigns first in my heart!"

Scene V.—It is sunrise, and the old men render a hymn of joy for the victory God has given them over their enemies. While the old men are singing, a party of victorious Hebrews led by Samson, come in from the right, to whom a praise song is sung, and Samson is triumphantly hailed as a true deliverer of his people:

"Our voices in joyful anthems raise,  
Let the whole universe sound his praise."

Scene VI.—The gates of Dagon's Temple open again, to admit Delilah and a party of Philistine women with garlands in their hands, who join in a choral paeon to spring and the delights of the season of flowers, birds, perfumed breezes, and love. Delilah approaches Samson, smiling sweetly, and in tenderest speech invites him to follow her to a vale where purest love abides, beseeching:

"I come to hail my loved one.  
The one who reigns first in my heart,  
Thou who art my glorious sun,  
To whom my joy I would impart.  
My best beloved, come follow me.  
Unto fair Soreck let me guide,  
Comforts sweet I'll there provide for thee,  
To thee my secrets I'll confide.  
For thee, behold, my brow festooned  
With the fairest flowers of spring,  
My heart, my love, to these attuned,  
And all that's mine to thee I bring."

The blandishments and sweet seductions of Delilah are beyond resistance except through God's help, and Samson is harassed by two conflicting emotions. He realizes that upon him now depends the freedom of Israel, to which end he has incited his people to revolt, but the enticements of the siren almost compel him to a renunciation of his duty. He therefore prays that God may close his eyes to her beautiful face, and stop his ears to her winning voice, that he may not

falter in his obligations, and that Israel may be redeemed from bondage. One of the old men also implores him to beware the temptations of the fair enchantress, whose wiles and caresses are the charm of a serpent, and the poison of death.

Delilah, at first repulsed, repeats her flattery, and protests her homage so fervidly that Samson feels his resistance failing and the ardent flame swiftly rising. The old man observing the influence upon the leader of Israel, places a curse upon him if he succumbs to her pleadings, which threatening breaks the spell for a moment, and enables Samson to avert his gaze. Finding that her blandishments are unavailing, Delilah has recourse to a stronger seduction, by calling the priestesses of Dagon to execute a dance. At a sign which she makes, a score of ravishingly beautiful maidens accompany her in voluptuous measures. The gracefulness of Delilah is irresistible, and Samson is compelled against conscience to follow all her poses, as she thus sings of her longings:

" Sad is my soul that longs for its mate,  
Sorrow abides, for woe is my fate.  
When my true love returns, happy I'll be;  
Come fondest heart, my own, follow me."



"A curse be on thee if thou heed her pleading,  
Be deaf thine ears to her designing wiles."

self to be influenced by this woman, who, with the arts of a demon, has a design to lead him to ruin, and with him to complete the destruction of Israel. Delilah continues her song on the steps of the Temple, and succeeds by her wiles in securing from Samson a look of tenderness that reflects the agitation of his heart, and betrays his emotion, and the struggle of his passions. While he is standing upon the steps of the Temple wistfully gazing at Delilah and contending with his reprobating conscience the curtain descends on the first act.

Act II.—When the action is resumed, a view of the beautiful vale of Soreck, in Palestine, is represented. On the left is to be seen Delilah's dwelling, a truly romantic spot, vine-embowered and shaded by plants of tropical luxuriance. Twilight is falling as Delilah appears and seats herself upon a rock near her home, where she indulges in a reverie of how she may deliver Samson into the hands of the Philistines. He has promised to meet her here, and rejoicing in the power of her fascinations, she anticipates her triumph over the brave and strong man:

" Samson, how great, is within my power;  
It is in vain his people may entreat;  
Though threatening skies may growl and lower  
Slave to my arts I'll keep him at my feet.  
Against his passion he battles to be free,  
Strongest of men though he's confessed by all,  
And yet shall he bow in homage to me.  
By my charms must he with his nation fall."

The darkness now increases and flashes of lightning indicate an approaching storm, as the High Priest of Dagon appears, having climbed the mountains in search of Delilah's retreat. She salutes him reverently and extends a hospitab.

welcome, but little regarding her cordiality, the priest sorrowfully tells her of the victories that Samson is winning over the Philistines, which are so great, scattering the armies of Dagon like chaff, and taking the largest cities, that it appears as if this same Samson were inspired by his God to deeds which no man, unaided by a higher power, could perform.

He thereupon questions her, if she may not, by her lavishments of flattery and caressing, win this wonderful leader of Israel from his nation, for though it be said that he holds his passion in subjection to his sense of duty, yet by such enticements as she is mistress of he may be beguiled and made a captive to her charms.

Delilah is pleased by the High Priest's tribute to her graces, and with feelings of pride she promises him that however strongly Samson may struggle with his emotions, and however persistent be his friends in persuading him to subdue his ardent passions, his love for her still remains, and when again she meets him he will confess himself a slave to her wishes. The High Priest is overjoyed by this assurance, and he entreats Delilah to accomplish the love-enslavement of this mighty leader, and promises that for such a captive a ransom will be paid large beyond the dreams of avarice. Delilah spurns the priest's offer of gold for her betrayal, for vengeance cannot be thus measured, and declares that hate alone now prompts her to undertake his ruin. The priest makes bold to ask her what means she has conceived to ensnare Samson, to which she replies that, disguising her motives, she has three times besought him to reveal to her wherein lieth the secret of his strength, but although he as often avowed his burning attachment, yet he refused to expose to her whence is derived his power; that his proud heart has been softened by her caresses, but when her ends seemed about to be gained, the cry of his people has thrice caused him to break away from her arms and rush into the thickest of the battle fray. But this very night he has promised to meet her again, and failure of her design may not be repeated, for to her caressing she will add a feigned grief, and her tears will surely win him to confession. The two terminate their interview with a powerful duet:

" Let hatred in disguise destroy him :  
Let gilded links of flattery chain him ;  
May passion his dulled reason bind,  
May he dread punishment quickly find  
Our forces we will unite,  
To destroy this Israelite ! "



" Great is my distress, sore is my guilty anguish ;  
Pity, Lord, the misery in which I languish ! "

one of the pillars in a pensive attitude, until aroused by a footfall on her right, when she turns suddenly, half affrighted, to behold—Samson! The mighty leader is hesitant and troubled, and the lightning flashes in the distance seem to portend a storm, or a warning that God's anger is being kindled. He pauses to soliloquize of his weakness, in suffering himself to be vanquished by a woman's glances; of the power that charms away his senses and leaves him a slave to passion. Delilah, perceiving his thoughtful mood, goes to him quickly and in effusive speech welcomes him as her best beloved, for whom she has yearned, and refused to be comforted until she could feel his presence. His conscience disapproves his act, and Samson implores her to cease her transports, for remorse lies deep in his heart. Delilah, ever tender in her advances, soothes and beguiles him with many expressions of endearment, as lord of her life, and so entreats him to caress her that Samson begs her to pity his condition, for being pledged to God to do His will, and that deliverance of Israel through his help is now almost won, he beseeches her not to defeat the purposes which God has chosen him to accomplish, and to say him farewell ere he prove recreant to his duty, his conscience, and his God. Affecting profoundest grief, Delilah admonishes him that the triumph of Israel means the subjugation of her own

When the High Priest takes his departure, Delilah moves away slowly, to her house, and gaining the portico she leans against

people; that a god more despotic than the divinity he owns speaks with her lips—the god of love, that kneeling before him craves the compassion of his smile, and the rapture of his embraces; that he having pledged his affection, she entreats him to fulfill his vow by yielding to her caresses. Unable longer to withstand Delilah's passionate pleadings, Samson is completely won by her bewitchments, and in love's complete abandon he rapturously exclaims:

"Thinkest thou I can reprove thee?  
How thy precious yearnings move me!  
Thou, my love, my life, I cherish;  
Reft of thee I'd gladly perish.  
For thee I feel so strong a love.  
I would defy e'en God above.  
In His rage He may strike me dead,  
I'll love thee e'en when sense is fled!"

This complete surrender of Samson to her seductions causes Delilah to rejoice exceedingly in her triumph, and the two express their sentiments in a splendid duet, which is the favorite number of the opera, "Ah! once more thy vows so tender," etc. As this song dies away the lightning flashes more intensely, followed by a dreadful crash of thunder, which is a manifestation of the Divine anger, but the two are too deeply absorbed to be disturbed by heaven's protest. Samson, besotted with passion, reminds Delilah that he has forsaken his people, broken his vow, and proven a traitor to God, yet he will cheerfully brave all consequences of perfidy, since he has found a fairer god upon whom henceforth he will bestow his worship. Delilah accepts these fervid asseverations of his affections, professing joy to hear his utterances, but she, caressingly, tells him that love cannot be supreme save where it exists in fullest confidence; that though declaring his affection for her, he yet refuses her the proof, for despite her entreaty to learn from his lips the secret of his strength, he keeps this mystery from her, whereupon, most lovingly and persuasively she importunes:

"Wilt from me, love, thy secret conceal?  
Whence is thy strength, pray now reveal!"

The thunder sounds nearer and louder, which causes Samson to tremble with such fear as he has never felt before, but he cannot throw off the power which Delilah's fascination has fixed upon him. As a slavish captive he answers, afraid to trust his own mind, by trying to evade her request, but when pressed he tells her it is a secret that is locked in his heart. Such reply gives the wicked woman better excuse for displaying feigned grief and forced tears, for knowing the weakness of her victim, she falls to weeping violently and protesting that his heart, which he has pledged to her, harbors a suspicion, and that concealment is a crime against true love, which it were better to atone than suffer it to remain unpunished to wreck her life. He still refuses, until in anger she turns upon him and pours out the vials of her indignation, pronouncing him to be the most despicable of cowards, the most false of heart, the most loveless of lovers. Bidding him a hasty farewell, Delilah flees from his presence as a loathsome thing, and enters her house, the storm breaking furiously as she disappears. Samson stands irresolute for a moment, and raises his hands appealingly to God, but the spell of the enchantress is upon him, destroying conscience, manhood, resistance, and like a lost soul now he follows Delilah to betray his secret and to hasten his undoing.

Philistine soldiers, who have been set to watch by the High Priest, are now seen approaching through the storm, and as they draw near, a violent crash of thunder makes the earth tremble, and blinding lightning rives the heavens. It is such a scene as Satan might choose in which to make his appearance for direful purpose, but Delilah, the Satanic emissary, appears instead on the terrace, from which, with a lusty voice, she calls the Philistines to her aid. Samson, the mighty,



"The flames of sacrifice rise high in air,  
Dagon is pleased to accept our prayer!"

but weak in the hands of a designing woman, to placate her wrath and to win her dalliances, has revealed to Delilah the secret of his strength, and while resting his head in the lap of the Circean adulteress, she has shorn his locks and thus robbed him of vigor and rendered him defenceless against his enemies. When Delilah calls to the Philistine soldiers to come and receive their victim, Samson is heard groaning, from within, "Alas! I am betrayed," and as the soldiers rush in, the second act is concluded by this climax.

Act III.—When the curtain rises again a prison at Gaza is shown, in which blind Samson, in chains, is seen grinding at a mill. The Philistines having bound him securely, they wreak a terrible vengeance by destroying his eyes and putting him to work like a beast of burden. Their leader a captive, the Hebrews are speedily overcome by their enemies and reduced again to captivity; in their just indignation they now anathematize Samson as the author of their afflictions, who for the smiles of a woman has betrayed them and renounced his God. Out of the depths of his despair he invokes the help of Jehovah, whom he has offended. But his invocation appears like a mockery, for he has rejected God, and forfeited all claim to pity by treason to the Deity, and his abandonment of the trust that Israel had imposed, for which the despairing captives therefore answer him in a chorus of malediction.

Samson is horror-stricken by the awful realization of his recreancy, and in his heart-anguish he falls upon his knees and offers to make atonement for his great crime by submitting to whatever punishment the Lord may elect to inflict, promising to bless the hand that shall smite him according to his guilt; but he prays that his people may be spared the fate which he alone deserves as the sole offender. The Philistines enter the prison and unyoking him from the mill, they remove him to the Temple of Dagon.

Scene II.—In the succeeding scene an interior view of the great Temple is shown, with a statue of the fish god, altars of idolatry, etc., and near the centre are two immense pillars which appear to support the whole superstructure of the building. The High Priest, in his sacerdotal robes, occupies a central position, and is surrounded by Philistine chiefs. Day is dawning and a mighty throng is pouring into the Temple for the morning devotion, and to celebrate this festival day. Delilah presently appears, gorgeously arrayed and attended by young women who carry wine-cups in their hands, prepared to regale the assemblage with voluptuous oriental dances. This effective situation is introduced by brilliant orchestral rhythms, exhilarating and marvelously expressive of passion and revelry, a distinct achievement in musical art. A chorus of dancers welcome the dawning day with a glorious invocation.

Scene III.—Samson is brought in, a pitiful object, sightless and hopeless, groping his way and led by a little child. As he appears, the High Priest mockingly hails him as the judge of Israel come to lend his presence to this joyful festival: he exalts him, contemptuously, as Delilah's lover, who will now, in cup of hydromel, drink to her glory and winsome power, fairest daughter of Philistia. The chorus thereupon raise their voices in invitation to Samson to drink and be merry with them, "Leaving all care unto to-morrow, draining the cup that drowneth sorrow." Samson is made more wretched by the bacchanalian taunts of the revelers, and in an aside begs the Lord to compassionate his soul-grief by extinguishing his miserable life. Delilah approaches him in an assumed obsequious manner, and requests him to give her his hand, that she may guide his uncertain steps as she did the day when he followed her confidently to the vale of Soreck. Insolently, she asks if he remembers how, prompted by his passion, he scaled lofty mountains, broke his vows to Israel, and forgot all else to be alone with her? and if his mind can clearly recall the warmth of her embraces that impelled his love and made him a weakling in her hands, and enabled her to tear his long-kept secret from his breast? Then, more brazenly impious, she confesses her loathing for him, and exultantly admits that she betrayed him into his enemies' hands, who have now arraigned him for vengeance as the vile head of Israel. Samson makes no answer to



"I pray thee give thy hand, by thy side  
I will thy faltering footsteps guide."

the infamous Sybarite, but wails to himself of his sinful dalliances with a false woman who has soiled him with the slime of iniquity. The High Priest, desiring that Samson's wretchedness shall be the sport of the assemblage, entreats him to cease his sorrowing, and regale the company with repetition of the tender story he pourred into Delilah's ears, for it were a sweet tale told by an ardent lover, in which her praise and glory were eloquently chanted. But when Samson refuses to make reply, the High Priest beseeches him to call upon Jehovah and pray this mighty God to cure his blindness, promising if such a miracle be wrought to confess His power and bow down and worship Him; but if Jehovah will not manifest His mighty mercy, then he deserves no more than scorn as a boaster, fit only to be laughed at. Horrified by this profanation Samson exclaims: "Avenge Thee, Lord, Thou great and glorious, hear my prayer, make me victorious!" The chorus make sport of Samson's helplessness, and find new pleasure in his impotent rage and vain appeals. The High Priest publicly thanks Delilah for her splendid services, which he assures her the gods approve and will reward, and turns then to consult the agents of Dagon as to how they shall celebrate this doubly auspicious day. Delilah and the High Priest repair to the table, on which are placed two sacred bowls that contain the consecrated water. On an altar, decorated with flowers, a fire is burning incense wood. Delilah and the High Priest take up the bowls and pour a libation upon the sacred flame, which flashes up, then disappears, but revives again during the invocation. Samson meantime is the central figure in the scene, still led by a little child and apparently unconscious of what is transpiring about him, his mind completely absorbed in prayer. The High Priest first glorifies Delilah, as the greatest of Philistia's daughters, and then to Dagon he offers a laudation as greatest of the great, ruler of gods and controller of men, whose spirit he invokes. Delilah thereupon, presenting her offering, gives praise to Dagon for having inspired her weak heart to perform a deed for the glory of her nation; after which the two offer a victim upon the altar as an expiatory sacrifice and pray to Dagon to give his aid in battle that Philistia may be ever victorious. Another libation is thrown upon the altar and the flames rise high again, which the sacrificers regard as a manifestation of their god's pleasure and the assemblage break forth in a joyous chorus: "The flames of sacrifice rise high in air," etc.

Having completed the sacrificial ceremonies, the High Priest approaches Samson and commands him to make an offering to Dagon as the mightiest of gods, and to pay homage upon bended knee; he then orders the child to guide Samson to the centre of the Temple, where, in fullest view, the people may behold and deride him as the giant overthrown by temptation and the god of battles. Samson groans under this fresh insult to himself and the true Deity, and taunted by his powerless condition he again lifts his voice in prayer, that he be inspired with strength as of old, and that the child may lead him to the main pillars of this temple of idolatry, for which he anxiously feels, determined in his own mind, with God's help, to execute at one stroke a sacrifice of himself and the destruction of his blaspheming persecutors. The chorus chant again: "See! Bright flames from the altar arise; Dagon accepts our sacrifice!" As the chorus are chanting their laudations of the fish god, Samson is conducted to a spot between the two main pillars, where he seats himself and offers up his last prayer for a return of his former strength. The captivity of Samson has lasted a sufficient time for his hair to grow again to its former length, and with its restoration his strength has returned. Though blinded by the hot irons of his enemies, he is again possessed with a power that shall show forth the might of God and punish the blasphemous Philistines; in the hour of his humiliation he shall triumph mightily, and in their revelry shall his enemies find their doom. With one last cry to God, Samson places himself between the two great pillars, and exerting his mighty strength, he thrusts them asunder as if they were stalks of maize. With a dreadful crash the immense stone Temple falls, columns, walls, façade, and crown, in one awful cataclysm of destruction, giving no time for the vast assemblage to flee, or to do more than utter shrieks of terror. This terrible scene furnishes an intensely dramatic climax to the opera.

The story of the libretto is hard to write with sustained interest because of the oratorio character of the opera, which only in a few instances introduces more than the two chief rôles, and these are kept on the stage so constantly that they weary the audience like an oft told tale. The music, however, is remarkably powerful and presents such variation that the charm is continuous, a feat which exhibits the extraordinary skill and great talent of the composer.





## A SKETCH OF SAINT-SAËNS.

CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS, one of the greatest of French composers, is a native of Paris, where he was born October 9, 1835, and still makes his home. It is said of Saint-Saëns that he manifested a disposition for music when only two years of age, and his passion for the piano was so pronounced that he began taking lessons on that instrument, and could play fairly well, when he was three years old. This extraordinary precocity developed so rapidly that when he reached the age of seven, Camille was placed under the instruction of Stamaty, taking harmony and technique. Two years later he began the study of composition, with Maleden, and was then permitted to join a class conducted by Halévy, at the Paris Conservatoire, where he was regarded as a remarkable musical prodigy. After studying three years with Halévy, Saint-Saëns became a pupil of Benoist, at the Conservatoire, and in 1849 he took second prize for organ recital, and in 1851 received the first. Two years later he obtained the appointment of organist at the Church of Saint-Méry, which he held until 1858, when he became organist at the Madeleine Church, a position which he still retains. Saint-Saëns, while recognized as a person endowed with truly extraordinary musical talents, yet had the misfortune to fail to achieve his ambitions to secure the *Prix de Rome* in two earnest efforts made respectively in 1852 and 1864, but in 1867 the production of his cantata, "The Wedding of Prometheus," won for him a membership in the Legion of Honor. This composition was performed at the opening of the Paris Exposition Universelle, in that year, and was received with marked appreciation by applauding thousands. During his studies at the Conservatoire, Saint-Saëns was busy with compositions, and though his earlier works failed of popular recognition, they nevertheless are regarded, by competent authorities, as displaying great beauty and originality. His first symphony was performed by the Société Sainte-Cécile, with some success, but not so full as he had expected, while his first dramatic production, "The Yellow Princess," was a pronounced failure. "Samson and Delilah" was so poorly regarded by French critics that he had to go outside of his country (to Weimar) to get an audience, but its popularity has greatly increased since, and it is now frequently heard in nearly all European countries. The reputation of Saint-Saëns rests most largely upon his mastery of orchestration, and upon his pianoforte and chamber music, but he has a firm place in the affections of lovers of music of both Europe and America, and his name is rarely omitted from large concert programmes. More than this, he is popularly regarded as being the first musician of France, and though a profound student of Sebastian Bach, he is not an imitator, and is a leader rather than a follower of any school. For a time he was an especial admirer of Wagner, but he became fearful of the influence of that great composer upon his own originality, and in 1876 asserted his independence, which he has ever since resolutely maintained.

Saint-Saëns has composed eight operas, the last in 1897, but his "Samson and Delilah" is considered to be his masterpiece in that branch of composition. He has produced seven oratorios, nearly all of which have been successful, and his orchestral pieces have been uniformly popular. The catalogue is a long one of his solo pieces, chamber music, and compositions for piano, organ, and vocal. While he is regarded as one of the first of living musicians, he is esteemed quite as much for his social qualities, and as being one of the most amiable of men.

CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS.









## TRISTAN AND ISOLDE.

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

TRISTAN AND ISOLDE is a supreme work of musical portraiture and poetical beauty, bearing the stamp of originality and genius so prominently that it ranks as one of the greatest operas ever produced, notwithstanding it is possibly the least popular of Wagner's wonderful creations. By competent critics, whose training makes them appreciative of the purely classical, "Tristan and Isolde" is declared to be the "Romeo and Juliet" of opera, of the power and passion of which Huffer thus writes: "Here is heard for the first time the unimpaired language of dramatic passion intensified by an uninterrupted flow of expressive melody. Here also the orchestra obtains that wide range of emotional expression which enables it, like the chorus of the antique tragedy, to discharge the dialogue of an overplus of lyrical elements without weakening the intensity of the situation, which it accompanies like an unceasing passionate undercurrent."

It was in the midst of his stupendous work of composing the "Nibelungen" that Wagner broke off to devote himself to the composition of an opera of less imposing dimensions. The strain had become intense; besides, his situation was such

that it was imperative he should produce some musical work which would yield him a quick financial return, for up to this time he was sorely embarrassed. Casting about for a subject, the charming Celtic legend of "Tristan and Isolde" was selected. This poem, by Gottfried, of Strasburg, a bard of the Thirteenth Century, was little known, and to Wagner must be credited the discovery of its great beauty. But though adopting the theme, he departed so far from the mediæval poem itself as to give us practically an original work. By his utilization, Wagner commingled dramatic verse with the power of music, and accomplished the previously unexampled feat of combining the two into one homogeneous whole.

"Tristan and Isolde" was begun in 1857, and completed in 1859, but it was not produced until 1865, or four years before "The Rhinegold." Though his reputation was fairly well established, by his previous operas, "Rienzi," "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin," Wagner's fortune was very far from being made, and when therefore "Tristan and Isolde" was first performed, a storm of criticism broke upon his head, and the controversy raged so furiously that it prompted him to compose "The Master-singers" as a covert pasquinade of his critics. The complaint was made that it conformed to none of the conventional forms of opera, and opposed the accepted style of lyric entertainment, which no doubt is true, but it is an illustration that there are more roads than one leading to success, and this truth having at length been recognized, "Tristan and Isolde" is now universally regarded as a work of supreme excellence and musical loveliness. The vorspiel, or orchestral introduction to the drama, expresses a single motive, that of irresistible passion, but it is portrayed with amazing skill, and appears in many melodic forms throughout the opera.

The story, briefly told, is this: The King of Ireland has a beautiful daughter, Isolde, who is sought in marriage by Marke, the King of Cornwall, who sends his nephew, Tristan, to bring her to England. It happens that before undertaking this commission, Tristan had been involved in a feud with Morold, Isolde's lover, and killing him had sent his head to Ireland in place of the tribute exacted by the Irish king from Cornwall. Tristan had not escaped without hurt in the encounter, for he had been seriously wounded, and when a few days later his vessel was wrecked by a storm, Tristan was washed up on the shore of Ireland, where he was found by Isolde, who carefully nursed him. To conceal his identity, Tristan assumed the name of Tanris, but this device did not avail, for Isolde presently recognized him by a gap in his sword which she found to correspond with a steel splinter she had taken from the skull of Morold. The slayer of her lover being thus strangely given into her power, Isolde's impulse is to execute a terrible vengeance. She accordingly directs Brangëna, her attendant, to prepare a death potion. Disobeying her request, suspecting that some evil is contemplated, she drops a love philter into the goblets, instead, and when therefore Isolde drinks with Tristan the two are at once inflamed with passion. Isolde promises to return to Cornwall with Tristan, but she makes a vow never to give her heart to King Marke, a pledge which rejoices Tristan, for his love for her is so great that he gladly consents

to die with her if separation shall become necessary. The two are supported in their griefs by the fond hope that some favoring fortune will aid their designs and grant them a consummation of their love.

The second act is played in Cornwall, whither Isolde has been brought, and despite her resolution she has wedded King Marke, but in doing so she has not renounced her love for Tristan, who continues his relations towards her as that of a secret lover. The King has departed for a hunt, and Isolde is seen in the garden longing for the approach of night, when by pre-arrangement Tristan is to meet her. Brangæna is set to watch against interruption, and as quickly as the shades of night fall, Tristan appears, and the guilty pair indulge in passionate caresses, and a mutual exchange of endearments. While the two are thus engaged, Brangæna's warning is given, but so wrapt are they in each other that they fail to heed her. Sir Melot, who has been Tristan's pretended friend, betrays the lovers to the King, who returns suddenly to find Tristan and Isolde in a loving embrace. Overwhelmed with indignation and shame, the King reproaches his nephew for his base treachery. Being overtaken in his guilty designs, Tristan calls upon Isolde to follow him to death, at which Melot rushes forward crying, "Treason to the King," and stabs Tristan in the breast. The wounded lover is conveyed to his castle, in Brittany, where he is carefully nursed by Kurvenal, his devoted squire. Believing that his master's life may be saved by sight of Isolde, Kurvenal sends for her, and posts a shepherd boy to watch for her coming. At last the joyful strains of the shepherd's pipe are heard signaling the approach of Isolde, which happy news so enraptures Tristan that he rises from his couch to meet her, and in the delirium of his ecstasy he tears the bandages from his wounds. When she comes and throws herself into his arms, his strength is exhausted, and the vital spark is extinguished by his efforts to embrace her. While Isolde is lamenting over her lover's body, another ship is seen approaching, bearing King Marke and his men. Believing the King's designs to be hostile, Kurvenal defends his master's castle with the greatest heroism and yields only after he has received a death wound. When the King enters the room where Tristan's body lies, he bewails the rashness of the lover, for since learning Brangæna's story of how she secretly administered the love philter, he had come to pardon and to consent to the marriage of Tristan and Isolde. This mission of mercy has been too long deferred, for grief has already done its fatal work, and Isolde sings her last farewell in a death chant of celestial beauty, and expires on the body of her hapless lover.

Act I, Scene I.—As the curtain goes up to show the opening scene, there is shown a pavilion on the deck of a vessel, richly hung with tapestry curtains, from which a galleryway leads to the cabin below. It is the vessel upon which Isolde is being conveyed to Cornwall, and she is in the charge of Tristan, who has been commissioned by his uncle, King Marke, to bring her hither, designing that she shall become queen of Cornwall. Brangæna, Isolde's maid-servant, is first to show herself, parting the curtains of the pavilion to look out upon the sea. At the moment that Brangæna thus appears a young sailor from above sings:

"The wind so wild blows homeward now,  
My Irish child, where waitest thou?"

Isolde starts up suddenly from her couch, and with much agitation asks what wight it is who thus dares to insult her, and what part of the sea the ship is sailing. The attentive servant replies that the shore will soon be reached, and the welcome land be gained, even the verdant strand of Cornwall, whither they are bound. Isolde, despairingly exclaims, "Never more, to-day, nor to-morrow!" which mysterious words alarm Brangæna, and she drops the curtains to hasten to the side of her mistress. Isolde, most wretched at prospect of becoming bride to a King she does not love, and of divorce from her lover, appeals to the powers of the air, to the fell spirits of storm and tempest, to rise in their might and waken the sea from its slumbering calm, into waves of relentless destruction, that the ship may be shattered, and that death may be the doom of all on board. Brangæna cannot understand the cause of Isolde's despair, and beseeches that the secret of her griefs be revealed, that she may become a partner of her sorrow. Isolde cannot answer, for the woe that oppresses her, and gasping she cries for air! Brangæna quickly draws aside the centre curtain, and in Scene II the whole length of the ship is disclosed, with a view of the sea, and horizon beyond. About the mainmast is a group of sailors, busy with ropes, and towards the stern are several knights and attendants. Standing apart from these is Tristan, with arms folded, and looking thoughtfully upon the sea, while Kurvenal, his squire, reclines carelessly at his feet. Again the voice of a sailor aloft is heard singing, and Isolde,



"Their wavering death-sights,  
I leave to ye, winds, as your lot!"

whose gaze has fallen upon Tristan, speaks reproachfully of him as a brave yet coward knight, because he averts his face, and in shrinking shame refuses to look upon her. Brangæna reproves Isolde for holding such an opinion, since Sir

Tristan is extolled by every nation as a hero whose fame is deservedly great.

Isolde defends her estimate of him as a knight too highly vaunted, because he has undertaken to deliver a corpse-like bride, which were a traitorous act towards a woman, and because he comes not to her to speak his mind as a chivalrous knight should do. Having so spoken she orders Brangæna to go forthwith to Tristan, and command him to appear before her. Obedient to her young mistress' order, Brangæna approaches timidly, and bowing low, tells Sir Tristan that Isolde desires to speak with him at once. Tristan replies that while he would faithfully serve the princess, his duty is to guide the ship, and that since the shore is near, he would pray the lady to wait until the voyage be safely ended. Brangæna finding her entreaties useless, at length tells him it is the *command* of her mistress that he immediately come to her. At this Kurvenal springs up, and first asking permission to reply, admonishes Brangæna that Sir Tristan is the emissary of the King, entrusted to bring Isolde as a bride, and that his duty it is to hold the helm even though to do so incurs the lady's high displeasure. Tristan tries to stop him, but Kurvenal insolently sings after Brangæna as she, offended, withdraws:

"Sir Morold tolled over mighty wave,  
The Cornish tax to levy;  
In desert isle was dug his grave.  
He died of wounds so heavy.  
His head now hangs in Irish lands,  
He perished sure at English hands," etc.

Scene III.—Brangæna returns to Isolde within the pavilion, and falls at her feet to report that she has received an insulting answer, and that Tristan refuses to leave the helm, though professing a desire

to serve her, urging that to neglect his duty would be treason to King Marke. Isolde stops her from speaking further of Kurvenal's insult, by telling her she heard all that was spoken, and his ribald song. Then to her faithful attendant she relates how



*Galivion's kindly draught, with rapture thou art quaff'd !*

when Tristan, wounded and shipwrecked, was cast upon her shore, she nursed him as "Tantris," and with healing herbs cured his wounds. Then by strange chance she observed a notch in his sword, which, by comparing, she found fitted a spurrier that was taken from Morold's head, whereby she knew that he was Tristan, the slayer of her lover. That she was seized of an impulse to requite his death forthwith, but when she raised her sword with a vengeful arm, his eyes so entreated for mercy, and his feebleness was so great, that the weapon dropped from her nerveless fingers, and by nursing she reclaimed him to health again. Brangæna remarks, how wonderful is this story, of a guest which she herself had helped to nurse! But Isolde has not yet finished her tale, and continuing, she reveals the cause of her present woe: That this same knight, hiding his identity behind the name of Tantris, did protest his love, but as Sir Tristan he had returned to her in a stately ship to request her hand in marriage for Marke, the Cornish monarch, his uncle, old and weak. Had such proposal come in Morold's time, the shame would have been atoned by that brave one's sword, but in her weakness she spared Tristan's life, a merciful act which has brought her to the serfdom of wife to an aged King. Thus

bewailing her unhappy lot, Isolde cries for vengeance and for death! Brangæna bows with greatest deference before her princess mistress, and calling Isolde by many endearing names, tries to dissipate the woe she feels by reminding her of the fortune which awaits her in Cornwall, the kingdom of which she is soon to be queen, the honor and the power that will be bestowed, and that all these gifts Sir Tristan will help her to gain. Isolde, gazing vacantly before her, and mindless of the efforts that Brangæna is making to reassure her, exclaims in her anguish:

"Glorious knight! And I must near him  
Loveless ever languish!"

Brangæna, astounded to hear Isolde complain of being loveless, kisses her affectionately and declares that her grace and beauty would charm any man of earth but (secretly and confidentially) she reveals that her mother's magic arts are known to her, and before departing a golden coffer she acquired, which holds a balm for every sickness. Thereupon Brangæna opens a golden casket, from which she takes a bottle, and holding it aloft, pronounces that this contains the most potent draught of all. Isolde disputes, that 'tis not so helpful as the one which she has here, and so saying she seizes a flask whose contents are deadly poison. Her attention at this instant is attracted by the cries of the sailors singing a song of joy that the journey is nearly ended.

Scene IV.—Kurvenal boisterously enters through the curtain to call the ladies, and to request Isolde to hasten her preparations to meet the Cornish King, whose ancestral hall may now be seen, and to announce that Tristan is waiting to conduct her thither. Isolde, upon hearing this message, speaks with a calm dignity, and for reply tells Kurvenal to inform his master that she will neither prepare, nor unto King Marke be landed, except against her will; neither can she grant forgiveness nor forgetfulness for the treachery of Tristan.

Scene V.—Isolde hurries to Brangæna, and embracing her, with vehemence bids her to greet every one, father and mother, for farewell must now be spoken, but checking herself quickly, she hands a flask to Brangæna and requests her from its contents to mix a potion which she has a mind Tristan shall drink with her, that they may die together. Brangæna is horrified to see her mistress so despairing and contemplating such a dreadful act, but she protests and implores in vain. At this juncture, Kurvenal again enters, whose appearance produces confusion and agitation when he announces the approach of Sir Tristan.

Scene VI.—As Tristan comes in, Kurvenal retires, and Brangæna withdraws to the far side of the stage, an unwilling witness of the interview which is about to take place.

Sir Tristan respectfully, but with dignity, begs to know the will of Isolde, to which, with some asperity, she demands to know why he refused to come at her first command. Tristan, still bearing himself proudly, replies that obedience to his master's wishes, and his duty as helmsman of the ship, forbade that he should leave his post; besides, "in our land it is the law that he who fetches home the bride should stay afar from her." This proud answer vexes Isolde, and she reminds him of how she cared for his wounds, and nursing him back to health, even spared his life when it were forfeit for his crime in slaying Morold, her lover; that this foul deed must be requited by her hand, since there is now no man to wreak her vengeance. Tristan makes no defence, but pale and saddened, he offers her his sword, saying: "If thou so lovedst this lord, then lift once more my sword, nor from thy purpose refrain."

Isolde suddenly assumes a compassionate demeanor, and looking upon him benignly, bids him put up his sword and let reconciliation of their strifes be pledged in a cup of wine. She thereupon requests Brangæna to prepare the draught, and when the maid trembles and hesitates, Isolde commands her, with an imperious gesture.

Voces of the crew, heaving the ship to, start Tristan from his gloomy broodings, and as he turns about Isolde receives the cup from Brangæna's hand, and advances towards Tristan. The sailors without shout, "Haul the warp!



"Side by side still abide,  
In realms of space unmeasured,  
Vision blest and treasured."

anchor down!" at which cry Tristan gives a command to weather the mast, and then taking the proffered cup from Isolde tenders his honor as a pledge of endless friendship henceforth to be maintained between them, and lifting the cup to drink the lethal potion, he triumphantly exclaims:

"Oblivion's kindly draught.  
With rapture thou art quaffed!"

Isolde, profoundly agitated, calls him betrayer, and wresting the cup from his hand, drinks the last drop of the potion that Brangæna has prepared. They believe it to be a potent poison, but the maid, skilled in the art, has mixed a love-philtre instead, and when the two have drunk they gaze into each other's eyes, first with a defiance of death, but this expression gradually fades, and there succeeds a look of joy, as passion seizes them, and the glow of love illuminates their faces. In rapture Isolde throws herself into Tristan's arms exclaiming, "Traitor beloved!" and he responding calls her, "Woman divine!" and they express their bliss in a beautiful duet:

"Languishing passion, longing and growing,  
Love ever yearning, loftiest glowing!  
Rapture confessed rides in each breast.  
Isolde! Tristan! Tristan! Isolde!  
World, I can shun thee, my love is won me!  
Thou art my thought, all above,  
Highest delight of love!"

Scene VII.—The curtains are drawn apart to show the interior of the pavilion, and on the ship a large company of knights and sailors are to be seen, who, with shouts of joy, make signals towards the castle-crowned cliffs of the near-by shore. Tristan and Isolde, however, are so passionately absorbed in one another that they remain unconscious of their surroundings, and even when Brangæna throws a royal mantle about her mistress, and bids her look at the shore, the love-absorbed Isolde continues regardless of everything save her lover. Kurvenal now advances gaily to Tristan to inform him that King Marke is approaching in a bark, with glittering retinue, to claim his bride. Tristan, looking up, with an amazed air, inquires, "What King?" And Isolde wonders what means the hailing cries? Stupefied by the draught, neither can for the moment comprehend their situation, until Brangæna at length by explanation of her situation arouses Isolde to the horrifying realization that she is the chosen bride of King Marke, who is now approaching to claim her. The curtain falls on the first act as the ship lands, and the King's people pass over on a bridge to the vessel.

Act II, Scene I.—The next act is played in Cornwall, and in the first scene a garden is shown, in front of the palace where Isolde now resides as queen. It is a bright and pleasant summer night, and the King, Marke, with a retinue, has gone upon a hunt, leaving Isolde alone with her maid. Near the open door of the palace a burning torch is fixed which is to be a signal for Tristan, whose coming is expected. Brangæna stands upon the steps leading to Isolde's chamber, watching the retreating hunters and listening to the fading sounds of their horns. Isolde emerges from the palace, and with ardent animation asks her maid if the horns can still be heard; and when Brangæna declares that to her ears the bugle is yet plainly sounding, Isolde betrays great impatience, so eager is she for Tristan's clandestine



"I implore, leave it alight!  
The torch! the torch!  
Oh, put it not out this night!"

coming, and tries to persuade the alert maid that the horns have already long ceased to sound, so far have the hunters sped on their way, and impatiently protests that to say otherwise is with intent to keep her from her lover, saying:

" My loved one hides in darkness unseen;  
Wouldst thou hold from my side my dearest,  
Deeming that horns thou hearest? "

Brangæna, most solicitous for the safety of her over-ardent mistress, beseeches her to beware the treachery of an artful spy, this same Melot, Tristan's professed friend, who has laid a secret snare for their undoing. Isolde will not believe that Melot is untrue, and stoutly declares her confidence, for that it was Melot who contrived this meeting, wherein his help was great, and his friendship faithful. Brangæna persists in warning that this hunt by the King was undertaken less for pleasure than to destroy a nobler game, that taxes the skill of spy more than hunter. Isolde petulantly refuses to believe that Melot is perfidious, and attributes Brangæna's anxiety to a woman's fears and undue solicitude, which sees danger in everything, and beseeches her to extinguish the torch, which shall be a signal to Tristan that he has naught to apprehend. Brangæna, anticipating the peril that such an act would invite, and realizing that the ardent love of Isolde renders her insensible to the designs contrived by an enemy to work her ruin, passionately implores:

" If by the artful love potion  
Thy reason be ravished,  
And if thou art reckless  
When I would warn thee,  
I pray you hear my pleading;  
Leave the flame alight!—  
The torch! the torch!  
Oh, put it not out this night! "

Carried away by her passion, Isolde refuses to listen longer to the appeals of her maid, and impetuously she takes down the torch with her own hands, exclaiming, " Were it my spirit's spark I would destroy it and hail the dark! " She throws it upon the ground, and then commands Brangæna to mount to the roof and there keep a faithful watch. The maid having disappeared, Isolde approaches the avenue, and from a vantage point waves her handkerchief, which Tristan sees, and he answers by rushing towards her; they meet in a passionate embrace, and express their bliss in an elaborate

love-duet of exaltation and devotion. The duet is succeeded by a dialogue, he telling her of his uncontrollable anxiety to see the torch extinguished, that by the signal he might come to her, and she answering by explaining the fears of Brangæna, whereupon, Tristan draws her gently to a seat on a flowery bank, and while she rests herself lovingly upon his shoulder, the two pour out their passionate yearnings and sentiments in a song of marvelous sweetness and tenderness:

" O night of rapture, rest upon us;  
From the world, oh, set us free;  
Sacred twilight soft advances,  
Bid vain fancies quickly flee.  
Heart to heart, and lip to lip,  
Blissful dreams our hearts have  
houned;  
Each the other's breath we sip,  
Joy complete we now have found "

While the guilty lovers are thus reposing on a flowery bed, reveling in their rapture,



WOUNDED BY MELOT, TRISTAN SINKS IN THE ARMS OF KURVENAL.

Brangæna's voice is heard from the turret, giving a warning that a foe is near, but so absorbed are the two in each other that they pay no heed to the cautionary admonition of the maid, and continue their love rhapsody, defying the world, and yearning for death in each other's arms, until in the ecstasy of their passion they join their voices in a romanza:

"O endless night! blissful night!  
Glad and glorious lover's night!  
Those whom thou holdest,  
Lapped in delight;  
How could even the boldest  
Unmoved endure thy flight?  
Never divided whatever betideth,  
Side by side still abide;  
In realms of space unmeasured,  
Visions blest and treasured!  
Thou Isolde, Tristan I;  
No more Tristan, no more Isolde!"

Scene III.—Brangæna utters a piercing cry, but even this fails to rouse the lovers, and while they are still embracing, Kurvenal runs in, with drawn sword, and implores Tristan to save himself. A moment later King Marke, Melot, and courtiers in hunting dress, come swiftly up the avenue and pause in astonishment before the detected lovers. Brangæna descends from the watch-tower, and in terror hastens to the side of Isolde, who in cowering shame averts her face, and Tristan tries to conceal her from the view of King Marke by stretching his mantle before her. Melot triumphantly appeals to his sovereign if he has not redeemed his pledge of impeachment by discovering to his gaze the guilty lovers in the very shame of embracing. The King is deeply moved by the sight of Tristan's perfidy and Isolde's guilt, less by anger, however, than by grief, that one so trusted as faithfullest of friends should disgrace him by a traitorous act, and sorrowfully reproving he piteously asks:

"This—blow—Tristan, to me?  
Where now hath truth fled?  
If Tristan can betray?  
Where now are faith and friendship fair  
When from the fount of faith,  
Tristan the honored one has strayed?"

Tristan offers no explanation of his conduct, but deeply touched by King Marke's reproaches, he gazes steadfastly upon the ground until, overwhelmed by the realization of his shame in so wronging the King who loved and trusted him above all others, he turns despairingly to Isolde, and in piteous tones asks if she will follow him to the land whither he now must go; to that mysterious country which is the abode of perpetual night; thither he offers to be her guide if she is ready to abandon the world and make his fortune her own. To this request she makes a firm reply:

"Why should I shun that land  
By which the world is spanned?  
For Tristan's house and home  
Isold' will make her own.  
The road whereby we have to go  
I pray then to me quickly show!"

At this confession of her love, even to death, Tristan kisses Isolde tenderly, which so incenses Melot that he draws his sword, and calling Tristan "villain," he savagely demands to know if the King will suffer such an insult



"Watch the sea!  
If sail comes in sight  
A sprightly melody play."

to remain unpunished? Tristan unsheathes his weapon, and casting a contemptuous look at Melot, defiantly accuses him as the treacherous friend who did profess a boundless loyalty the better to betray: that it was he who conceived the design whereby Marke should wed Isolde, he hoping to gain a fame thereby:

" Thy glance, Isolde, glamoured him thus;  
And jealous, my friend, played me false  
To King Marke, whom I betrayed!"



*Dead together! All are dead!  
My hero Tristan! truest of friends,  
Awaken! O Heaven, my lamentation!"*

shepherd turns about and scans the sea, but discovers as yet no vessel, though he plays for a moment a mournful tune. The notes of the shepherd's pipe awaken Tristan, who slowly opens his eyes and faintly asks, "Where am I?" The sound of Tristan's voice brings great joy to Kurvenal, who thanks Heaven that the life of his dear master is spared, and tells him how, wounded, he was brought across the sea to his own home and native land, where he might have the benefit of cheerful surroundings, and the help of those who hold him dear. Tristan revives somewhat, and describes to Kurvenal a dream from which he has just awakened, in which he found himself overtaken by such oblivion that all his sorrows were forgot, and there was joy ineffable, a dream so dear that it were grief to waken; but now that a fitful memory has returned, his sufferings of mind are insupportable, thinking ever of how he was torn from Isolde through betrayal by a perfidious friend. Kurvenal beseeches him to have courage, for that a blessing may soon be his, and then tells him that, knowing his wound was serious, he sought a balm to heal it by sending to Cornwall for Isolde, to nurse him with devotion back to health, as she had done once before, and that her presence is soon expected.

Tristan is transported by the glorious promise of Isolde's coming, and affectionately embracing Kurvenal, he calls him trusty heart and truest friend, who is shelter and shield in weal and woe, faithful in service, even to be false when a friend doth need such cunning, unselfish and ever devoted, the world hath known no truer man. Thus praising Kurvenal as best of friends, Tristan entreats him to hurry to the tower and there watch if a sail may now be seen, and he becomes so eagerly anxious that his mind rambles, and he imagines Isolde is already near.

Again the mournful notes of the shepherd's pipe are heard, and as Tristan gazes at him abstractedly, Kurvenal sorrowfully assures him that no ship is yet in sight. This sad news to him arouses Tristan, and with growing melancholy he regards the sound of the pipe as a precursor of greater ill, for such music chilled his heart the night his father died, and the same ditty was played even in the hour when his mother was claimed by death. Overcome by faintness and grief, Tristan falls back senseless, which gives Kurvenal intense alarm, for he believes his master has expired, and sobbing with grief, he puts his ear to Tristan's breast to determine if the vital spark is wholly extinguished. Tristan

Thus exposing Melot as the treacherous friend, Tristan calls him to render an account with his sword. The two fight, but Tristan drops his guard, and receiving a wound in the breast, sinks down in the arms of Kurvenal. Melot would continue the attack upon his now helpless victim, but is restrained by Marke; and Isolde, in the wildest grief, throws herself upon Tristan's breast, as the curtain falls on the second act.

Act III.—The third act is played in Brittany, whither Tristan has been conveyed by his devoted servant Kurvenal. The first scene shows a castle-garden, with castellated buildings on one side and breastworks on the other. The situation is a lofty one, overlooking the sea, a beautiful view of which is shown. In the foreground of the garden, under the shade of a lime tree, Tristan is seen lying upon a cot, and Kurvenal is bending over him, betraying the greatest anxiety. The mournful sound of a shepherd's pipe is heard outside, and presently the shepherd himself appears, and looking over the wall inquires if the wounded man is still sleeping? Kurvenal shakes his head seriously, and expresses the fear that Tristan can hardly recover, unless Isolde, for whom he has sent, comes quickly

to nurse him. The shepherd shows his sympathy, but betrays much curiosity to know how the sufferer received his wound, which Kurvenal refuses to gratify, and tells him to go watch the sea, and when a sail appears in sight to play a sprightly melody as a signal. Obedient to this order, the

revives presently, and very faintly inquires if the ship is yet in sight, which Kurvenal encouragingly answers by assuring him the vessel is now far on the way, and must surely come this day. Tristan lingers so near the confines of death that his mind dwells upon heavenly things, and wandering he fancies that Isolde approaches on her ship, and that, full of grace and loving mildness, she is coming to greet him, and in his imaginings he exclaims:

"Isolde! Ah, Isolde!  
How fair, how sweet art thou!  
And Kurvenal, what ails thy sight?  
Away and watch for her, foolish wight!  
What I see so well and plainly,  
Let not thine eyes seek vainly.  
Away, with speed, haste to the tower!  
Wilt thou not heed? The ship! the ship!"

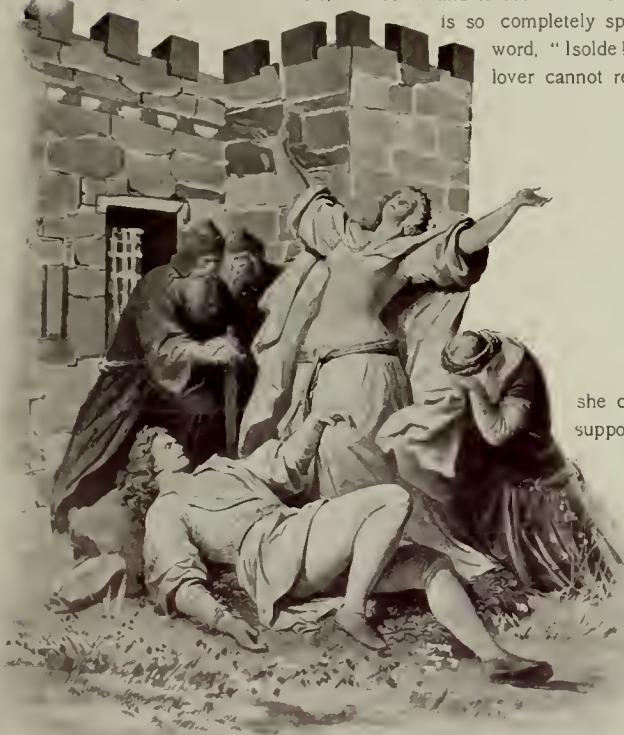
While Kurvenal is trying to console Tristan, the shepherd's pipe is heard again outside, but this time it is a joyous strain, the blessed signal, and springing up rapturously and running in all haste to the watch-tower, he shouts back, "The ship! the ship! from the northward it is nearing. See her bravely tacking! How full the canvas is filled; a flag is floating at the mast-head!" Tristan, transported beyond restraint, cries from very ecstasy, but in a moment his solicitude gives him fear that even so near to land the ship may yet be wrecked on the rocks. Kurvenal reassures him that the helmsman has now brought her safely to, and Isolde has leaped on shore, and he begs Tristan to remain tranquil until she can be safely conducted to him. As Kurvenal hastens off to bring Isolde, Tristan tosses on his couch in feverish excitement, and raising himself erect, tears the bandages from his wounds, exclaiming:

"All wounded and bleeding.  
Sir Morold I defeated.  
All bleeding and wounded.  
Isolde shall now be greeted!"

He springs up from his bed and staggers forward still enraptured, indifferent of his wound, for she is coming who he believes can heal it, and as he reels to the centre of the stage he hears Isolde's voice calling him from without, whereupon in frantic excitement he tries to meet her, exclaiming, "I come! I come!" In the next scene Isolde, breathless with haste, rushes in and is received with delirious joy by Tristan, who staggers towards her, but his strength is so completely spent that he sinks slowly to the ground, and uttering but a single word, "Isolde!" he dies in her arms. She at first is unable to realize that her lover cannot respond to her greeting, and appeals for recognition:

"Speak unto me, open thine eyes!  
Such weary days I waited and longed.  
That one single hour I might be with thee.  
His wound though—can I not heal it?  
Not of thy wound must thou expire;  
Together at least, let fade life's fire!  
Comes no relief for my load of grief?  
Silent art keeping while I am weeping?  
But once more, ah! but once again!  
Tristan—ha! He wakens—hark!  
Beloved dark!"

The awful realization that Tristan is dead comes upon her when she cannot feel the pulses of his heart, and torn by an agony no longer supportable, she falls unconscious upon his body. Kurvenal has remained by the entrance, speechless with grief, during this dreadful scene; but the moment that Isolde falls he turns in alarm that some new woe is about to happen, as he hears loud voices and a clash of weapons below. The next instant the shepherd boy clambers over the wall to announce the approach of another ship, which Kurvenal has no doubt is bringing hither King Marke and Melot in pursuit of Isolde, and to wreak vengeance upon Tristan. Resolved to defend the place to the last extremity, he tries to barricade the



gate, and while Kurvenal is so engaged, the steersman rushes in, intensely excited, to report that King Marke and his men have landed, and though stoutly resisted, they have overpowered all opposition, and are now marching on the castle. Kurvenal calls for help, and in desperation vows that while life is spared he will let no foe enter here. Brangæna's voice is now heard calling Isolde, but Kurvenal suspects she has come as friend of Marke, seeking entrance through treachery, and refuses her admission. Melot pushes his way through the partially closed gate, and at sight of him Kurvenal blesses the chance thus given to confront him, and with terrific sweep of his sword cuts the traitor down, exclaiming, "Die, damnable wretch!" Armed men appear, under the gateway, who cease for a moment their attack, when in terror they see their leader fall, and Brangæna, from without, implores Kurvenal to permit these friends to enter. King Marke now adds his appeals, but Kurvenal frantically defies him: "Here ravages death! Naught else, O King, is here to be holden! If you would earn it, come on!" Being thus savagely opposed, the King and his men attack brave Kurvenal, and by their odds wound and overwhelm him, but summoning his remaining strength he staggers back and sinks down at Tristan's feet. Brangæna climbs over the wall and hastens to Isolde, followed by the King crying the name of "Tristan!" Kurvenal, in his dying agonies, tries to grasp his dead master's hand, and piteously pleads, "Tristan! true lord! chide me not that I try to follow thee!" and with these last faithful words he expires.

The King contemplates with direst woe the dreadful scene before him. Coming with loyal intent to be a messenger of joy, to heal the wounds of hearts broken by separation, he has brought death instead, and thus pours out his grief:

"Dead together!—all are dead!  
My hero Tristan, truest of friends.  
Must thou again be to thy king a traitor?  
Even now, when he comes another proof to give thee?  
Awaken! awaken! O hear my lamentation.  
Thou faithless faithful friend!"

Overcome by his emotions, the wretched King kneels down, sobbing over the bodies of Tristan and Isolde. Brangæna, betraying a grief equally great, tenderly embraces the unconscious Isolde, and by caressing revives her to tell that she brings tidings of joy, thus explaining: "After thy flight I forthwith went to the King; the love-potion's secret he scarce had learned when with sedulous haste he put to sea, that he might find thee, nobly renounce thee, and give thee up to thy love." King Marke confirms what Brangæna has spoken, and tells Isolde the happiness he felt when learning that Tristan, his dearest friend, was free from fault, and bewails that his purpose to consummate their bliss has caused such unutterable woe. Brangæna, not yet realizing Tristan's death, begs Isolde to believe that this is true, and that her happiness is now at hand. Isolde, however, wholly unconscious of all else about her, gazes steadfastly on Tristan's body, and transfigured with grief, she chants her death song over the fallen hero in strains of celestial loveliness, which once heard is as unfading as the memory of one's greatest sorrow.





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# The Magic Flute

AFTER THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY J. STEEPLE DAVIS

MONOSTATOS (Pamina sleeping)—“*A little kiss, I should think,  
would be excusable.*”

QUEEN—“*Back!*”

ACT II.—SCENE VII



# THE MAGIC FLUTE.

MUSIC BY MOZART.—WORDS BY SCHICKANEDER.



MYSTERY, magnificence, monstrosity, are alliterative designations of "The Magic Flute," the story of which, if it be not allegory, is wholly incomprehensible, and if it be figurative it is as difficult to understand as is the Baconian-Shakespeare cryptograph. Explanations by not a few experts have been attempted, but the hidden image in the puzzle-picture still remains to be positively discovered. The story is told that in 1780 Mozart, who was given to conviviality himself, formed the acquaintance of Emanuel Schikaneder, a dissipated theatre manager of Vienna, who requested the great composer to agree to write the music for a fairy composition, which he had at the time in mind. Mozart was not easily persuaded, so Schikaneder appealed to him as a Freemason, both being members of that order, and also by plying him more freely with favorite beverages, which finally induced Mozart to sign a contract. The preliminaries having been arranged, Schikaneder began work on the libretto, but when he had completed the first act his consternation was extreme to learn that a rival theatre had just announced for speedy production "The Magic Zither," by Wenzel Müller, and that the plot was substantially the same as that which he himself had chosen. In order to avoid the charge of plagiarism, Schikaneder had to depart greatly from his original conception, and to this necessary change may be due the mystification of the opera as it now appears. Possibly, for lack of a better excuse for the libretto's confusion, it has been explained that "The Magic Flute" is an allegorical representation of the struggles of Freemasonry to gain recognition in Austria, where the order was interdicted by Maria Theresa, who used armed force to break up the lodges. It is claimed by analysts of the opera that nearly all the characters may be identified with their living personages, the Queen of Night representing Maria Theresa, Tamino, the Emperor Joseph II, Pamina, Papagno and Papagena types of the people, and Monostatos the fugleman of Monasticism. If this explanation must be accepted, it is no credit to symbolism, and is quite enough to discourage its future use on the stage. But if the libretto be astonishingly weak, the music is the more brilliant by contrast. It was the last great work of the master, and was first given in Vienna, September 30, 1791, or two months before his death. Much of the music is interspersed with spoken dialogue, but "from the magnificent fugue in the overture to the majestic choral finale, the music is an astonishing combination of divinely beautiful melody, with marvels of contrapuntal skill."

"The Magic Flute" is so famous for its music, that Manager Grau chose it as the opera of super-excellence to constitute the event superior of the brilliant season of 1899-1900, in which the chief characters were represented by some of the greatest singers of the present time, as follows: Pamina, Emma Eames; Papagena, Mlle. de Lussan; Queen of Night, Mme. Sembrich; Prince Tamino, M. Saleza; Papagno, M. Campanari; Monostatos, M. Baxs; Sarastro, M. Plancon. The scenic accessories were equally noteworthy, and specially painted, at a cost of \$30,000, so that this special representation was made one of the most truly magnificent spectacles ever seen on any stage.

The scenes of "The Magic Flute" are laid in Ancient Egypt, and the stage settings are characterized by all the color and gorgeousness of the Rameses I period. Briefly described, the story is substantially as follows: Sarastro, who is high priest of Isis, has induced Pamina to leave her mother, the Queen of Night, who is the personification of the spirit of evil. Pamina is brought to the Temple to be instructed by the priests in the virtue and wisdom of the Egyptian religion. When the opera opens, the sable Queen is trying to conceive a plan whereby to recover her daughter, and to punish Sarastro for stealing her away. In the first scene, Tamino, an Egyptian Prince, has lost his way, and wandering near the Temple he is attacked by a monster serpent, from which he is timely rescued by three attendants of the Queen. When he is brought into her presence, the Queen tells him the story of her daughter's escape to the Temple of Isis, and demands that he shall deliver her, at the sacrifice of his life should he fail. To assist him in this dangerous undertaking, she gives him a magic flute, and to his companion, Papageno, a convivial bird-catcher, she presents a magic chime of bells, with which powerful aids the two set out for Sarastro's Temple. After traveling a while, Papageno

concludes to precede the Prince, to guard him against danger, and arriving at the Temple he succeeds in rescuing Pamina from the persecutions of Monostatos, a Moorish slave master, who is frightened away by the feather costume of Papageno, which gives him an unearthly appearance. When with Pamina Papageno is about to escape, Tamino appears, and the three are apprehended by the guards, and brought before Sarastro. Instead of finding the priest a revengeful person, eager to punish profanation of the sacred grounds, as Tamino had expected, he proves to be so kindly disposed that the Prince consents to become a novitiate in the sacred rites, hoping thereby to win Pamina, for whom he has conceived a violent passion. The two thereupon enter upon their sacred duties, which they faithfully perform, and finally submit triumphantly to the ordeal of passing through a fiery lake to the altar of the Temple.

The Queen of Night, disappointed in her scheme of recovering Pamina, and of revenging herself upon Sarastro, through the assistance of Tamino, appears to the girl in a dream, and placing a dagger in the sleeper's hand commands her to assassinate the priest, and threatens to cast her off forever if she refuses. Pamina, though impressed by the sleep vision, refuses to execute the dread order of her mother, trusting rather in the promise made by Sarastro, that faithful endurance of all ordeals will give her perpetual happiness as a reward. The Queen then turns to Monostatos, whom she bribes to execute her nefarious purpose, but when he attempts to kill Sarastro, the power of the sacred presence is manifested by a flood of dazzling sunlight that puts to rout all the spirits of evil, after which happy interposition of the gods Tamino and Pamina are united amid the triumphant chorus of priests and attendants.

Act I.—The opening scene shows a beautiful wood, with an Egyptian Temple in the rear. Tamino, an Egyptian Prince, comes running in, closely pursued by a great serpent; with almost spent breath he calls to the gods to save him, and then falls fainting. At this moment the Temple door opens, and there issue forth three veiled ladies with spears, who rush to the rescue of the fainting Prince, and destroy the poisonous snake. They then contemplate the gentle and handsome youth as the fairest one of his sex, and confess their admiration in a terzetto:

" Could I my heart to love devote,  
I'd give my all to this fair youth," etc.

Though tempted to remain and behold him waking, the three maidens consider their duty to the Queen of Night, who is in a melancholy mood for the loss of her daughter, which they hope may be relieved by the sight and presence of so charming a creature; they accordingly hasten away to tell the Queen of their strange adventure.

When the three young ladies have departed, Tamino recovers consciousness, and is amazed to see the snake lying dead near by, and wonders by what timely succor he has been rescued. The notes of a flute are heard in the distance, and rising he perceives a man approaching from the valley. In the next instant Papageno, a half-witted bird-catcher, dressed in a costume which may be taken to suggest his craft, comes in singing a rollicking air:

" The fowler comes in spite of rain,  
And sings his songs in merry strain;  
This merry fowler, too, is known,  
By young and old, from zone to zone."

Tamino hails Papageno, and the two indulge in questions to ascertain the respective calling, and station of each other, and when Tamino reveals that he is a prince, the buffoon, Papageno, betrays his ignorance and his poverty, who knows nothing of the world, save how to snare birds, and to live miserably in a straw-thatched cottage. Questioned more closely as to how he earns his daily food, Papageno answers that his business it is to catch birds for the star-flaming Queen, but though she supplies him with food no mortal has ever seen her. This information greatly astonishes Tamino, whose curiosity is much excited to know if this strange Queen is not the one



of whom he has often heard his father speak mysteriously. But when Papageno boasts of his remarkable strength, Tamino concludes that it must have been he that destroyed the snake, a deed which Papageno is willing to take the credit for; but the dialogue is suddenly changed by the appearance of three ladies.

who, Papageno explains, are they that daily take his catch of birds to the Queen. When the maids approach, they receive the fowler's birds, but instead of giving him food in payment, they present him in turn with a cup of water, a stone, and a padlock for his mouth, and explain that these poor gifts are bestowed as a punishment for his falsehoods to the stranger. One of the ladies now tells Tamino that it was she who killed the snake, and that her Queen sends to him this likeness of her daughter (handing him a picture). The ladies and Papageno now go out, and thus left alone, Tamino fixes his eyes upon the portrait and sings:

"Oh, beauteous form, with semblance fair,  
No mortal may with thee compare!  
What rapture does the sight impart,  
What mingled feelings fill my heart!" etc.

When Tamino concludes his song, praising the unknown beauty, the three ladies return and inform him that he possesses the favor of their gracious Queen, who desires his help to secure the restoration of her daughter, who has been stolen away by a demon tyrant that lives in yonder mountain. Tamino courageously bids them direct him to the haunt of this monster, but at this moment a peal of thunder is heard, and the mountain is seen to open. From out the rent the Queen of Night emerges, who addresses Tamino in recitative, thus reassuring, "Fear not, beloved son; your innocence and piety are known to me! It is yours, wise youth, to put an end to the sorrows of an afflicted mother;" and thereupon, in an aria of great vocal range, which only an exceptional voice is capable of rendering, the Queen relates how her daughter was torn from her arms by barbarous hands, and bids Tamino:

"Haste! and give the captive freedom,  
And if in this shouldst thou succeed,  
Should these arms again enfold her,  
Showers of gold shall reward thy deed."

The Queen makes her exit, whereupon the three ladies reappear to carry out the instructions of their imperial mistress. The first one removes the padlock from Papageno's lips, and remits his punishment, and gives him permission to chatter on, provided he be careful to lie no more, and avoid offending against the Queen, whose orders are imperative.

This scene introduces what is known as the "Padlock Quintette," which is characterized by remarkable harmony, in simple, flowing style, and is richly humorous. After releasing the lips of Papageno, the first lady presents a golden flute to Tamino, which she informs him possesses the magic power of guiding its possessor safely, by its wondrous music, and which also by its mystic notes reveals all secret vows, and melts the coldest heart to love. She exhorts him to preserve it as a treasure that is more precious than the gold of many kingdoms.

In the succeeding scene a room in Sarastro's palace is shown, and an interesting trio is introduced. Monostatos, a Moorish master of the slaves of the Temple, tries to win the favor of Pamina by praising her beauty, but she spurns his advances so decisively that he orders her to be bound, and then dismissing the slaves, promises to satisfy his rage upon her. At this juncture Papageno appears, and first looking about to see if any danger threatens, presently summons courage to enter. He is hideously clothed, in a costume made of birds' feathers, that seems to be suggestive of



Just let me look (taking the portrait), black eyes (right), mouth small, lips red, nose a little turned up—exactly!"

diabolism. Monostatos is immediately stricken with alarm at this uncouth presence, and Papageno is equally frightened by the horribly repulsive appearance of Monostatos, and each believing the other to be a devil, in their mutual fright they run away in opposite directions, leaving Pamina alone. But it is only for an instant, for calling himself a fool to be so easily scared. Papageno returns, attracted by the rare beauty of Pamina, of which he has had little more than a glimpse. She asks him his name and purpose, to which Papageno answers, that he is an ambassador of the star-flaming Queen, and Pamina in turn tells him she is daughter of this same Queen, which a portrait Papageno carries convinces him is true. Thereupon he relates the circumstance that has brought him to this palace, saying: "Early this morning I went as usual to thy mother's palace with my singing birds. Just as I was about to deliver them I met a man who called himself a prince. This young prince so charmed thy mother that she gave him thy picture, and commanded him to forthwith deliver thee. His resolve was quickly taken, for his love for thee is great. Well, we are here to rescue thee, and quick as lightning to take thee to the palace of thy mother." Pamina is overjoyed to learn that she is the object of a prince's love, but is alarmed lest they be discovered by Sarastro, and at her urging the two retire.

The third principal scene represents the sacred grove of Isis, in which, half hidden, is the Temple of Sarastro, the high priest. Three boys are seen coming down a pathway, exhorting each other to patience and discretion in their quest of the goal to which this way is said to lead. Tamino accosts them to ask if Pamina may hereabout be found and saved? The three answer him mysteriously, bidding him to be steadfast and courageous, if he would hope to conquer, and then disappear. Tamino promises to heed the youths' admonition, and goes forward to the Temple, the

door of which is open. He is about to enter when a voice warns him,

"Back!" Shocked by the caution from an unseen person, Tamino moves away, but perceiving another door he boldly advances, and in answer to his knock an aged priest appears who demands to know what has brought him to this sanctuary.

Tamino, taking resolution from the benign manner of the priest, confesses that he has sought this Temple, learning that it is the abode of love and virtue. The priest replies, "Thy words are noble, but where dost thou hope to discover these? Love and virtue do not lead thee, but rather murder and revenge alone inflame to action." Tamino protests that he has no feeling of revenge, except against the villain, perchance it is Sarastro, who governs in this valley. The priest admits that Sarastro is here supreme, and rules even in the Temple of Wisdom, at which Tamino pronounces this a temple of hypocrisy, from which he would flee, because a villain rules. Pressed to explain his reason for such an opinion, Tamino tells the priest that Sarastro is a barbarian tyrant, because he holds a lady captive, Pamina, whom he ravished like a robber from her mother's arms, and mayhap, by this time, has sacrificed. Tamino implores the priest to reveal the fate of this poor lady, but the holy man answers, that his tongue is bound by oath and duty, and that the secrets of the Temple can be known only to such as are led by friendship's hand to the sanctuary of the immortal union, and so saying he withdraws. Tamino is now alone in the great Temple, but his heart is still brave, and he is encouraged in his quest by voices from invisibles, that tell him "Pamina still lives." Rejoicing at the consoling assurances which are given, Tamino expresses his gratitude to the celestial powers for having directed his footsteps to the place where he may hope to succor the beauteous maiden he has learned to love. Inspired by the affection which he has conceived, he goes forward with renewed



"Come, thou magic set of bells;  
let your tiny music sound!"

resolution to conquer all difficulties, to brave all perils, expecting reward in the attainment of that happiness which fulfillment of ambition affords, and the consummation of his heart's aspiration. Thus powerfully stimulated, he blows a few sweet notes on the golden flute and thus passionately sings of his heart's longings:

"Oh, this sweet flute's soft magic tone,  
Can melt a heart of hardest stone.  
And senseless things to rapture move.  
But not Pamina's breast to love;  
Pamina, hear, oh, dear one, hear me!  
In vain! where can I hope to find thee?"

As Tamino plays and sings, Papageno answers, far away, at which glad sounds the ardent Prince rushes off to find him. As Tamino passes out, Papageno and Pamina enter, all eagerness to flee while opportunity seems to offer, but they would first find Tamino. Papageno whistles, and Tamino answers with the flute, whereupon catching the direction, by the sound, Papageno and Pamina joyfully hasten away to find him. Monostatos overhears their conversation, and calling to the slaves, orders them to catch and bind the two. Papageno, realizing that he is sorely beset by danger, strikes the magic bells, the tones of which so thrill all the slaves with pleasure, that they set to dancing with ecstasy, and he and Pamina render a duet, which, for sweetness, is almost incomparable, while the sentiment is deeply pious:

"Softly comes the evening hour,  
Sweetly scents the jasmine bower,  
Love alone asserts his power.  
Those we love beside us.  
Yet, bethink thee, music tones  
Far as love, shall reach the zones,  
Teaching us that heaven is love,  
Pure as yon bright star above."

As the song concludes, voices are heard from behind the scene, hailing the name of Sarastro, which so alarms Papageno that his greatest wish now is that he had the power to make himself invisible, or at least as small as a mouse, with a little hole handy. But they are given no time to concert a plan of escape, for Sarastro and his suite immediately enter. Pamina, trembling, falls upon her knees before the high priest, and confesses herself a culprit, with a design to escape his power, but extenuates her guilt by pleading that it was the persecutions of the wicked Moor that prompted her to flee the place. Sarastro manifests no anger, but pitying her condition, he consolingly bids her: "Rise and cheer thyself, oh lady, for, without further question, I know much about thy heart. Thou already lov'st another. To love I never will compel thee, but thy freedom I will not grant." Pamina appeals to him that filial duty causes her to be deeply concerned for her dear mother, which Sarastro, with some spirit answers, that mother though she be, she is still a haughty woman, who has not the devotion to guide a daughter to happiness; that a man should be entrusted to perform this duty, one such as she may presently find.

Monostatos and Tamino enter, and the former introduces the proud youth to Sarastro, the Lord of Wisdom, but the Prince's eyes fall upon Pamina, and he is immediately enchanted by her beauty as she is entranced by his splendid



"Dost thou see this dagger? It is tempered for Sarastro. Go kill him, and deliver to me the potent solar circle!"

grace, fulfilling the ideal of her maiden fancy, and the two embrace. Monostatos expresses indignant astonishment at this demonstration of sudden attachment, and first kneeling before Sarastro, implores his master to let the impudent culprit atone his rash act. He also informs how Papageno, by his tricks, has attempted to

steal Pamina away, which might have been accomplished had not his designs been timely thwarted. Sarastro promises to reward the vigilance of his slave, at which Monostatos is puffed up with pride by the expected favor, but the high priest orders that the reward shall be given in the form of seventy-five strokes of the bastinado, and then commands that Tamino and Pamina be conducted with covered heads to the temple of probation, where they must be purified. This merciful act of Sarastro towards the lovers is applauded by the chorus, who praise the virtue and justice of their gods, that make earth a heaven, and mortal men partakers of the divine, thus closing the first act.



"Pray tell me what is the  
matter with my beloved!"

brought, with his companion, to the porch of the Temple, where he may be taught his duty to humanity, and be made to acknowledge the power of the gods." Having addressed the assembled priests in this wise, and performed his priestly devotions, Sarastro lifts his voice in invocation, in which the priests join in chorus:

"Oh, Isis and Osiris, grant  
The spirit of wisdom to the young couple!  
You, that guide the steps of the wanderer,  
Strengthen them with patience under dangers:  
Let them see the fruits of their probation:  
When they shall go at last to the grave,  
Reward their struggles to be virtuous  
By receiving them into your abodes."

In the following scene a porch of the Temple is shown, to which Tamino and Papageno are led by priests. Papageno continues facetious, even amid such solemn surroundings, but he is awed by a clap of thunder, and wishes to escape before his blood freezes in his veins, for he reckons that the day of judgment is near at hand. The trembling questionings of Papageno are stopped by a priest who puts to Tamino the interrogatories, and receives in response the

promise of the Prince to submit himself in faith to all things needful to prove the sincerity of his motives, and his willingness to sacrifice even life for love and friendship. Tamino's answers being satisfactory, the priest similarly questions Papageno, who confesses he has a mind that requires no wisdom, but a stomach that is partial to meat and drink, next to which he wishes a pretty little wife. The priest replies that such a treasure may not be obtained unless he prove himself worthy, by a test of endurance. Papageno is finally persuaded to undergo the trial, whereupon the priest informs him that Sarastro has preserved for him a girl young, handsome, who dresses in bird-catcher costume, and is called Papagena. This so excites Papageno's curiosity that he betrays the greatest anxiety to see her, a desire the priest will gratify, upon condition that he will not speak to her. Observing this injunction, the two lovers enter upon the term of their probation.

The next scene is a quintet for Tamino, Papageno and the three lady attendants of the Queen of Night. The ladies, with a show of terror, advise Tamino and Papageno that they are in a place of horror, and unless they escape quickly their lives will surely be forfeit. Papageno expostulates, but Tamino commands him to hold his tongue, for breaking his vow may hasten disaster. The ladies now reveal that the Queen has penetrated secretly into the Temple, and that her invisible presence is beside them now to learn how her orders to rescue Pamina have been obeyed. They further seek to excite Tamino's fears by telling him that whoso sweareth union to these priests of false nature are sure to be lost forever. Papageno is truly alarmed by this mystery, but Tamino treats such revelations as the nonsense invented by hare-brained women for harmful ends. While the ladies are trying to make Papageno and Tamino violate their vows, an alarm is sounded from without, and a choral cry is heard: "A woman has desecrated the sacred hall! To arms, for vengeance!" Whereupon the three ladies, with a despairing cry, sink underground.

The priests now reappear, one of whom hails Tamino as a steadfast youth, whose faithfulness has conquered. He then throws a veil around the Prince, and bidding him to fearlessly continue his journey towards the higher light, leads him away. Another priest accosts Papageno, who, however, is apprehensive of his conductor's purpose, and demands to know why he is subjected to so many sufferings and terrors; but he presently allows himself to be led away in the manner that Tamino was taken. The following scene is a sensuously charming one, showing a beautiful tropical garden, and under the shade of a graceful palm Pamina is seen sleeping. Monostatos comes in and discovering the slumbering girl, and after convincing himself that no one else is near, he thinks to steal a kiss, but before proceeding to such an act of boldness he sings a pretty air:

"Love in every heart is reigning,  
Joy may every creature crown,  
But the wanlon frowns disdaining,  
Spurns because my face is brown," etc.

After thus deplored the misfortune of his birth, he asserts his power as a man of flesh and blood like other mortals, and steals towards Pamina, but at this instant the Queen of Night appears who, divining his motives, commands him to stand back! The disturbance awakens Pamina, who, upon opening her eyes, is astonished to behold her mother! Monostatos, rebuked, cowardly steals away, leaving the two alone. The Queen, with some austerity, demands to know where hides the youth she has sent upon a mission of deliverance, to which question Pamina answers, that he has been initiated into the holy mysteries of Isis! This information throws the Queen into a towering passion, which Pamina tries to assuage by declaring her devotion, and begging that she may be taken under his protection, promising to defy every danger if she may possess her mother's love. The Queen ruefully replies that protection she cannot now give, for when her father died her power was at an end, for that he voluntarily consigned the seven-fold solar circle to the Isis Initiates, and this potent amulet Sarastro now wears upon his breast. To possess the charm again, the Queen gives Pamina a dagger with which she commands her to kill Sarastro, and her anger rising to the highest pitch of intensity, she exclaims: "If through thee Sarastro dies not now, hear, gods of vengeance! Hear my vow!"



"O Isis and Osiris! What ecstasy!  
The glory of the sun the night dispeleth!"

So enjoining her daughter to commit a murderous deed, the Queen disappears, and Monostatos returns to find Pamina overwhelmed with grief and indecision. Monostatos has overheard the Queen's command, and now coming in he takes the dagger from Pamina's hand and counsels her to trust herself to him, for there is but one way by which she may save herself and mother, which is by bestowing her heart and hand upon him. Loathing his presence, Pamina rejects Monostatos' proffer, whereupon, in direst

rage, he uplifts his hand to stab her, but at this instant Sarastro rushes in and arrests the Moor's arm. Monostatos, taken in the very act of assassination, tries to excuse his conduct by declaring that his design was to revenge Sarastro upon those who had sworn his death. But the high priest is able to read the conscience of all mortals, and drives him out, as a devil with soul of darkness. Pamina appeals to the priest not to punish her mother, whose grief is already great beyond her ability to bear, because of belief that her daughter has been stolen away. To this Sarastro makes reply: "I know all—know that she wanders about in the subterranean apartments of this Temple, and plots for vengeance against me and all mankind. But thou shalt see how I will avenge myself upon her. Heaven only grant to the noble youth courage and steadfastness, then wilt thou be happy with him, but thy mother must return in shame to her castle." In a majestic air he encourages Pamina to hope for a blissful future: "Within these sacred bowers, nor guilt, nor crime we know," etc.

In the next scene, Tamino and Papagno are seen in a hall of the great Temple, where they are visited for a moment by two priests who exhort them to be steadfast in their vows of silence, reminding that violation is punished by thunder and lightning. Papagno, always lamenting his sad lot, complains of this hard life of probation, and especially of having to keep a silence, to which his tongue has never been accustomed. An old woman enters with a cup of water which she hands to Papagno with genuflexion, and receiving it with poor grace, because it is not something stronger, he asks her to take a seat and to tell him her age. With much smirking and a show of extreme modesty, she tells him she is eighteen years and two minutes old, and confesses also to a sweetheart ten years her senior, whose name is Papagno. He requests to know her name, but her speech is interrupted by a peal of thunder, which so alarms her that she rushes off the stage. As the old woman disappears, three boys come in bringing a table,

laid with a cloth, upon which is placed a flute and a set of bells, and welcome the initiates to Sarastro's kingdom. The boys go out, and Tamino takes up the flute to test its sound, while Papagno sets to with great earnestness to satisfy his hunger, eating and drinking, and extolling the merits of Sarastro's kitchen and cellar. The notes of the flute are heard by Pamina, who now enters, thanking the gods for having guided her hither. But her smiles are quickly dissipated by the melancholy appearance of Tamino and his refusal to speak to her. In profoundest grief she woefully asks him if he loves her no longer, but he sighs and makes a sign for her to go. Unable to understand Tamino's seeming coldness, Pamina turns to Papagno for an explanation, but he too waves her away, at which repulse she expresses her despair in a florid aria: "Wretch that I am, too well I know," etc.

When Pamina retires, Papagno renews his chatter to Tamino, which is interrupted by the sound of trumpets. Tamino makes a sign to Papagno that he shall go and learn the cause of the alarm, but it is not until after much insisting, by gestures, that the craven buffoon is induced to go out, followed directly by Tamino himself.

The next scene is a very effective one, representing a subterranean hall, in the Great Temple of Wisdom, and a procession of priests, headed by Sarastro, carrying an illuminated pyramid which contains the heart of the sacred ram. As they march solemnly through the hall, carrying flambeaux, the priests render in chorus a Te Deum: "O Isis and Osiris. The glory of the sun the gloomy night dispeleth; soon will the noble youth be devoted to our service!"



"Oh, dagger! Thou art my bridegroom!  
By thee alone I'll end my grief!"

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When the procession halts, Sarastro commands that Tamino be brought in, and when the Prince appears, the high priest addresses him kindly: "Thy conduct hitherto has been noble as becomes thy birth, but thou hast still two dangerous paths to tread. Thy hand! Bring in Pamina." The poor girl, a picture of lornness and despair, calls for her lover and beseeches that she may be led to him, to which pitiful appeal Sarastro, with some effort, tells her Tamino is waiting here to bid her a last adieu! As she draws near him, Tamino commands her to stand back! resolved to redeem his vow, which dramatic act is followed by a trio between Tamino, Pamina and Sarastro, each expressing their respective sentiments, of hope, despair and encouragement. Sarastro at length relieves Pamina's fears and sorrows by revealing to her the cause of Tamino's seeming coldness, and assures her that the noble Prince is moved by purest emotions, and will ever prove faithful to her, but that now, to fulfill his pious obligations, he must for a while be separated from her. The parting scene is one of the most effective incidents of the opera, powerfully reinforced by the melody and tone-painting of the music. When the hall is emptied, Papageno returns and calls Tamino, but receiving no reply, he approaches the door on the opposite side, declaring he will not be parted from the Prince, but he is startled by a peal of thunder, and a voice commanding him to stand back! He tries in vain to escape, and while the poor buffoon is in perplexity as to what he shall do, a priest rises before him who in solemn tones pronounces: "Man! Thou hast deserved to wander forever in the darkest chasms of the earth for thy disobedience, but the clement gods remit thy punishment, though thou wilt never feel the divine satisfaction of the Initiated." Papageno, in an irreverent mood, replies that a glass of wine just now would give him greater satisfaction than aught else, whereupon his wish is immediately granted by a cup of wine rising out of the earth. He grasps the cup with avidity, and drains it quickly, pronouncing the wine such as celestials might enjoy, but the effects are to immediately inspire him with passionate desire to possess a wife, and he expresses his longing in a simple air, yet one that Mozart invested with remarkable interest, which, possibly more than anything else in the opera, shows his amazing creative genius in melodious composition.

Scarcely is Papageno's song ended, when an old woman comes in and addresses him as her "angel!" Papageno is not entirely pleased by her admiration, yet for so much fortune he is not wholly thankless. She makes advances of great tenderness, and promises, if he will be ever faithful, she will be to him a most tender little wife. She desires to take his hand, but he protests that such an affair should be conducted with less haste. She thereupon tries to persuade him to seize this opportunity forthwith, for if he refuses her hand he will be imprisoned here forever. This warning decides Papageno to accept the old woman's proffered hand, and he gives his pledge to remain ever faithful,—so long as he doesn't see a prettier face. She puts him upon oath, and the moment that he swears fidelity to his marriage vow, the old woman transforms herself into a blooming lass, and he discovers her to be—Papagena! He is about to embrace her when the priest warns him away, as one who is yet unworthy such a prize, and then leads the two out of the room. The next scene shows the garden again, in which the three boys appear and sing a tuneful finale. The three manifest concern about Pamina, whose deep grief has won their sympathy, and they express a desire to aid and comfort her. As the three go to one side, Pamina enters, with a dagger in her hand, which she calls her bridegroom, and threatens to end her cares forthwith. To attract her attention, one of the boys asks if she will not go hence with them, but disregarding the friendly voice, she soliloquizes: "Faithless mortal, fare thee well!" etc. Her hand is at once uplifted to strike a fatal blow, when the boys cry out in horror and entreat her to desist, assuring that if Tamino should see her in such a hopeless plight he would die of grief, so great is his love. She suspends her direful intent, to justify her threatened purpose by telling how Tamino has rejected her, to which the boys answering declare that though they may not reveal the cause of his conduct, Tamino would freely give his life to save her, and that they will now lead her to him and prove how faithfully he is devoted. In ecstasy she follows the boys, the four voicing exultation in chorus.



The next scene represents a wild region, whither Pamina has been conducted to meet her lover. Two men in armor appear, who inform the lovers that only those purified by fire and water can devote themselves to the Isis mysteries. Tamino, fortified by the resolution that hope of consummating his love gives, professes no fear of death, and boldly announces his desire to pass through the portals of terror to seek the joy that lies beyond. As he is about to enter, Pamina appears and cries to him to hold! for she would see him ere he passes to the realm of mystery. Tamino is enraptured by the sound of her voice, and joyfully he hails her as sweet companion, from whom fortune cannot again separate him. The men in armor inform him the period of probation is now so far advanced that the gods have granted to him permission to speak to her, and enjoin the lovers to proceed hand in hand to the Temple, where Isis will consecrate their devotion. Pamina, in rapture, promises to remain ever by Tamino's side, even through the gates of terror, and reveals that the magic flute will bring them to the goal of happiness, for it is a powerful charm, obtained by her father by cutting it from an oak of a thousand summers, 'midst lightning, thunder, and awful storm. Hand in hand the lovers, fearless of ills, pass through the ordeal of fire, and as they emerge, they call upon the gods to protect them; likewise when passing through the floods, in their second trial, of water, which they also bear successfully. As they come forth purified by the ordeals, a chorus greets them with joyful acclaim:

"Ye have overcome all danger,  
Isis' consecration now is yours,  
Come, and the inner Temple enter!"

When Tamino, Pamina, and the men go out, another change of scene is made, to show again the garden near the Temple. Papageno appears, singing a woeful air, of how Papagena is lost to him, and to end his misery he will hang himself upon a friendly bough. He promises, however, not to act imprudently even in this last extremity, and therefore sits down to count, very slowly, one—two—three, when still no aid arriving he resolves to do the deed. At this juncture the three boys come in and remind Papagena that by sounding the magic bells his dear little wife will quickly appear. With great joy the buffoon strikes the bells, and forthwith Papagena is brought in and the two sing a nonsensical and hilarious duet, then retire. The concluding scene is one of deep solemnity, to counteract the spirit of the former. Monostatos, the Queen, and the three attending ladies, show themselves near the entrance to the Temple. The Moor reminds the Queen of her agreement to give him Pamina for wife as a reward for his assistance, which she reaffirms. They are about to enter the Temple to kill Sarastro, when a frightful noise, like a thunder clap, followed by a rush of water, causes them to pause. Regaining their courage, they advance again, hoping to surprise the high priest in the Temple hall, but a marvelous transformation arrests their murderous designs! The darkened Temple is suddenly glorified by a burst of dazzling light that converts it into a Temple of the Sun, at which splendid sight, and manifestation of godly power, the Queen, ladies, Monostatos, spirits of evil and of darkness, sink into the earth, overcome by the might of light and virtue. The opera closes with a grand chorus of priests:

Hail, to you consecrated You pierced the clouds of night  
Praise to Osiris and Isis be given.  
Virtue has conquered, vice flees away.  
So love—be happy, then, and blessed and gay."







# The Bohemian Girl

(AFTER THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY WILLIAM DE LEFFWICH DODGE)

ARLINE—“*From the infamy with which I am unjustly threatened,  
Thus I free myself!*”

ACT II.—SCENE V



## THE BOHEMIAN GIRL.

MUSIC BY BALFE—WORDS BY BUNN.

**B**OHEMIANISM, in many forms, has been a favorite theme with music composers, as it is with novelists, and perhaps no other subject has been treated successfully as often. The original of Balfe's greatest effort is from the pen of the immortal Cervantes, and is an adaptation from a ballet by St. George, entitled "The Gypsy," which was first performed at the Paris Grand Opera in 1839. "The Bohemian Girl" had its initial representation at the Drury Lane, London, November 27, 1843, and achieved an immediate triumph. So great indeed was its success that the libretto was translated into nearly all the European languages, and wherever the opera was produced it secured the most favorable reception. It was originally given in Italian, under the name of "La Zingara" (The Gypsy), and was sung in London in that tongue in 1858, when selected for the state performance in honor of the marriage of the Princess Royal. In the French it was called "La Bohemienne," and when produced at the Theatre Lyrique, Paris, in December, 1869, it excited so much admiration that Balfe was decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor. The popularity of the opera has continued, and it is one of the most frequently sung in the modern repertory.

The action of the opera takes place in Austria, within or near the ancient city of Presburg, in the Eighteenth Century. The opening scene represents the château and pleasure grounds of

Count Arnheim, Governor of Presburg, who, with his retainers, is preparing to go upon a hunt. The action is introduced by a chorus, which concludes as the Count appears with his little daughter, Arline, and his nephew Florestein. The Count renders a solo, and then retires, followed by his retainers, and immediately after Thaddeus, a proscribed Pole, comes running in, trying to escape a body of Austrian soldiers. He pauses to sing a song, which attracts the attention of a band of gypsies who have a mind to rob him. The chief, who is known as Devilshoof, is so charmed by his manner, however, that he gives ear to Thaddeus' story of misfortune, and finding him without a country, invites the young man to join the gypsy band. This Thaddeus consents to do, to insure his escape from the pursuing soldiers, and to accomplish this purpose he accepts Devilshoof's aid, and quickly changes his clothes for the costume of a gypsy, in which disguise the soldiers, when they come upon the scene, are unable to recognize him. After the soldiers disappear, Florestein dashes across the stage to the help of Arline, who has been attacked by a stag. Thaddeus, learning of the little girl's danger, seizes a rifle, and outstripping Florestein and his party, kills the stag and rescues the child, which so overjoys the Count that, to show his gratitude, he invites Thaddeus to the castle to participate in the hunters' festivities and feast. During the banquet the health of the Austrian Emperor is proposed, which Thaddeus refuses to drink, and when urged, he dashes his cup upon the floor. This action is regarded as an insult to the Emperor, and the enraged nobles are about to kill Thaddeus. Devilshoof rushes in to the rescue, whereupon the nobles, more deeply incensed by the gypsy chief's interference, make him a prisoner. Thaddeus is permitted to leave, with a warning, and the festivities are thereupon resumed, but a few moments later great excitement is caused by report that Devilshoof has made his escape, and out of revenge for his arrest he has kidnapped the child Arline and fled with her to the mountain fastnesses.

Twelve years are supposed to elapse between the first and second acts, and when the curtain goes up again, it is to show a camp of gypsies, in the suburbs of Presburg, on the eve of a fair. In the tent of the Gypsy Queen, Arline, now grown to womanhood, is asleep, and Thaddeus is faithfully watching over her. The gypsies sing a pretty chorus, after which, headed by Devilshoof, they go upon a marauding expedition, and very soon meet and rob Florestein, who is returning from a drunken revel. Among the several pieces of jewelry taken from Florestein is a medallion portrait, which Devilshoof carefully preserves, believing that some time it may lead to an important discovery.

During the absence of the gypsies upon their predatory quest, Arline awakens, and to Thaddeus she relates a dream which she has just had, and describes her vision in a song that may well be called one of the world's favorites. When she has concluded, Thaddeus calls attention to a scar upon her arm, and to questions which she asks about her parentage and the circumstances of their first meeting, he reveals that when a child, lost in the wood, she was attacked by a stag, which struck its antler into her arm, and would have killed her but for the timely succor that he gave; that this was their first meeting, since which time he has cherished and watched over her, hoping to win her heart, to hear

confession from her lips of the love which he had sought to kindle, and which he now declares. At this instant the Queen of the gypsies enters, who is herself in love with Thaddeus. According to the customs of her tribe the Queen must unite those who make mutual avowal of their devotion, and this duty she now performs, but vows vengeance against the pair.

In the next scene a fair is in progress in the suburbs of Presburg, which is attended by the troop of gypsies and many nobles. Florestein is also present, and annoys Arline with his impudent attentions, until, provoked beyond further forbearance, she gives him a smart box on the ears, which act of resentment causes a general disturbance. During the commotion, the Queen recognizes Florestein as the owner of the medallion taken by Devilshoof, and with a malicious purpose in view she secures and presents it to Arline. Florestein very soon discovers the medallion on Arline's neck, and causes her to be arrested for theft, as the Queen had designed. The succeeding scene represents the hall of justice, in which Arline has been summoned to appear for trial. Count Arnheim is first to enter, being shown the stolen medallion, he recognizes it as the picture of his long-lost child, and gives expression to his sorrow in a famous aria, "The heart bowed down." When Arline is brought before him, he observes the scar upon her arm, and thereby discovers that she is his daughter. Arline, when restored to her position in the Count's palace, meets Thaddeus clandestinely, through Devilshoof's arrangement, and a powerful love scene takes place, in which Thaddeus expresses the fear that in her high estate she has forgotten him, which she answers with an exquisite air, "When other lips and other hearts," etc. At the sound of approaching steps, Thaddeus and Devilshoof conceal themselves in a cabinet in the salon, and a large company of noble guests entering, Arline is presented to them. A veiled lady now comes in who discovers herself to be the Gypsy Queen, and reveals the hiding place of Thaddeus and Devilshoof. They are quickly dragged forth and ordered to leave the house, but Arline intercedes with her father, and when he refuses her request to permit them to remain, she declares her love for Thaddeus and threatens to follow him wherever his path may lead. Thaddeus now declares his own noble descent, and boasts of his ancestry in a martial song, which causes the Count to relent and bestow the hand of his daughter upon her deserving lover. This so angers the Gypsy Queen that she hires one of her tribe to shoot Thaddeus, but Devilshoof diverts the aim of the would-be assassin so that the bullet intended for Thaddeus strikes the Queen, and wounds her mortally, thus fittingly concluding the opera.

Act I.—When the curtain rises the château and grounds of Count Arnheim, on the Danube, near Presburg, are shown. Opposite the castle entrance is a statue of the Emperor of Austria, above which a flag is being raised as a chorus sing a warlike air. When the song is concluded, Count Arnheim and Florestein, his nephew, enter from the château, followed by nobles, pages, huntsmen, and the Count's daughter, Arline, who is attended by Buda. The soldiers hail the Count as a noble lord, and sing a loyal chorus, which he acknowledges by bowing, and then taking Arline in his arms he expresses, in a solo, the love of a fond parent for a motherless child. The party that has been preparing to go upon a hunt, pass out, and Arline follows, by a footpath, in the company of Buda and Florestein.

As soon as the hunting party disappear, Thaddeus rushes in, almost exhausted, and in a state of great alarm pauses to consider how he may elude his pursuers. Beset by enemies, he sings a mournful air of his banishment, and the stern fate that compels him to leave all that is dear to him. At the end of the song a troop of gypsies, headed by Devilshoof, their leader, suddenly appear, and are about to seize and rob Thaddeus, but perceiving that he is a soldier in distress, they suspend their evil purpose in order to question him, and also to commend their own mode of living, which



"I should like to join your band.  
I am young, strong, and have plenty of courage."

they do in a stirring chorus. Thaddeus is pleased with the free life of the gypsies, and conceives the design of escaping his enemies by joining their band. He accordingly represents himself to be young, strong, courageous, and without money or home, a hopeless wanderer, and expresses the wish to unite his fortunes with the free rovers. His proposal is promptly accepted, and as one of the gypsies, on the lookout from a high rock, reports the approach of soldiers, Thaddeus quickly changes his dress for a gypsy costume. In doing so a roll of parchment falls from one of his pockets, which Devilshoof promptly seizes and secretes. A moment later the pursuing soldiers arrive, and scrutinizing the gypsies, they ask if a stranger has been seen passing this way within the hour. Devilshoof replies that a Polish soldier ran by just now, and passed beyond the rocks. This information satisfies them, and the soldiers exeunt up the mountain. Devilshoof now grasps the hand of Thaddeus and, accepting him as a noble recruit, pledges to him a faithful comradeship, which calls forth an inspiring duet, and is followed by a spirited chorus:

"Oh, what is the worth of the richest man's wealth—  
Which the chances are likely he came to by stealth,—  
Unless he can rove abroad in the free air.  
As free as are we, from all sorrow and care!"

The gypsies all go out, but scarcely are they beyond sight, when shouts of alarm are heard, and a body of horsemen dash across the stage and pass over the rocks by the path Arline had taken. Florestein follows, attended by peasants, who stop when they hear the report of a rifle in the woods, and wait in dread suspense an explanation of the shooting. This is forthcoming, for Thaddeus, perceiving a rifle that Florestein has left on the stage, seizes it, and hurrying off, has killed a stag that had attacked Arline. He now returns with the unconscious child, as her father enters, and delivers her safely to the Count, who notices that she is wounded in the arm, and rejoices that the hurt is not serious. Arline is carried into the castle by Buda, and the Count advancing towards Thaddeus, thus addresses him: "Stranger, accept the hand of one who, however different to you in station, can never sufficiently thank you for the service you have rendered him. I trust you will remain, and join the festivities we are about to indulge in, and 'twill gratify me to hear how I can be useful to you." Thaddeus hesitates, but the nobles join the Count in such earnest entreaties that he is persuaded, and a table is spread before the castle at which the Count, nobles, Florestein, and Thaddeus seat themselves. The festivities are begun by the entrance of young girls who execute a variety of dances, during which performance Buda is seen at a window of the castle holding Arline in her arms. Presently the Count orders the glasses to be filled, and rising proposes the health of the Emperor. Thaddeus alone remains seated, which Florestein observes, and calls attention to this act of disloyalty. The Count, taking umbrage at the refusal of Thaddeus to show homage, fills a glass and challenges him to empty it in honor of the Emperor. Thaddeus takes the glass, but instead of drinking therefrom, he dashes it in pieces against the statue. The guests draw their swords and rush upon Thaddeus to revenge their indignation, but they are restrained by the Count, who begs them to spare a life that has within the hour saved his child, but throwing



"During the prayer Devilshoof is seen climbing the mountain with Arline in his arms."

"Although 'tis vain to  
mask  
The rage such act de  
mands.  
Forgive me if I ask  
His pardon at your  
hands."

"Stranger, I answer not one moment for  
your life;  
Quit while you may a spot where you  
have raised a strife  
Your longer presence here will more  
excite—  
This purse your service to me will re  
quite."

a purse to Thaddeus he bids him begone at once, or else his insulting deed will be severely punished. As Thaddeus is about to quit the place, the nobles make another effort to attack him, at which juncture Devilshoof runs in, and taking the hand of Thaddeus, defies the Count and all his party to harm a hair of the young man's head. Thaddeus picks up the purse and casts it again at the Count's feet, as a thing detested from such an ignoble. Devilshoof defends Thaddeus, but is so pressed by the nobles that his strength is at last overcome, and he is dragged into the castle, but he still defies them and threatens to wreak a vengeance. Thaddeus is now permitted to depart, and the nobles resume their festivities. While the party is making merry, Devilshoof, who has managed to escape, is seen descending from the roof of the castle until he reaches the window of Arline's chamber, through which he enters, and seizing the child he makes off with her. Buda soon discovers Arline's disappearance, and in great excitement gives the alarm. The Count is so incensed at her negligence that he ruthlessly drags her to the centre of the stage and pours out his wrath in fierce malediction. His intense grief over the loss of his child presently assuages his anger, and in great agony of soul he utters an earnest prayer. "Thou who in might supreme," etc. During the prayer, Devilshoof is seen climbing up the rocks with Arline in his arms. The nobles, gentry, peasants, and servants voice their horror in a mighty chorus, and then set out in a chase of the kidnapper. They are fast gaining on Devilshoof, who to save himself crosses over a deep abyss upon a prostrate tree, which he then cuts away, thus preventing further pursuit. The Count in his distraction is about to throw himself into the gulf, but is restrained by his attendants, into whose arms he falls senseless, as Devilshoof folds Arline in his cloak and disappears in the dense forest, and the curtain descends on Act I.

Act II.—A period of twelve years is supposed to elapse between the first and second acts, during which time the Count has had no tidings of Arline, who he believes is lost to him forever. The opening scene shows a suburb of Presburg, by moonlight, and the encampment of a band of gypsies. On one side is the tent of the Gypsy Queen, lighted by a lamp, and on the opposite is a hotel illuminated. In the Queen's tent Arline is seen asleep on a tiger's skin, and Thaddeus is keeping a faithful watch over her. A patrol of the city guard marches by, and as they pass off the stage, Devilshoof and several gypsies, wrapped in cloaks, appear, who sing a pretty chorus.

"I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,  
With vassals and serfs at my side."

"Silence! Silence! the lady moon  
Is the only witness now awake,  
And weary of watching, perchance she soon  
To sleep will herself betake."

Devilshoof renders a gasconade solo, during which the gypsies draw their daggers and pointing to the illuminated hotel they contemplate the booty which they may gain when the revellers within come forth. In a moment Florestein issues from the hotel, and between drunken hiccoughs he sings of wine, and the impudence of the moon in looking upon people when she should be hiding her face. Florestein has proceeded as far as the centre of the stage, at which point Devilshoof accosts him to ask the time of night. Florestein, reeling about, takes out his watch and answers, that it is a late hour! With mock politeness, Devilshoof relieves him of all his jewelry, and when Florestein draws his sword, other gypsies swarm in and completely despoil him. At this juncture the Gypsy Queen appears, who taking compassion upon his maudlin condition, commands her people to make restitution of the stolen property. Florestein examines carefully all the things thus returned, and finds that the diamond-encircled medallion is still missing. This object he regards as being worth more than all the rest, and with much solicitude he entreats the Queen to recover it for him. She gives him encouragement to believe that his wish will be granted, and as the gypsies render a chorus, she takes him by the hand and leads him away, the others following. As the gypsies pass off the stage, their singing awakens Arline, who comes



out of the tent with Thaddeus, but discovering no cause for alarm, she returns again and relates to him a pleasant dream, in song, which is one of the masterpieces of ballad composition and familiar in almost all countries :

"I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,  
With vassals and serfs at my side.  
And of all who assembled within those walls,  
That I was the hope and the pride." etc.

The joy which confession of her love for Thaddeus furnishes give him inspiration to make a declaration of his own passion, which Arline receives with rapture, but reminds him that a mystery remains as to the beginning of their affections, and entreats him to explain it. An exquisite musical dialogue follows, in which Thaddeus, taking Arline's hand, first points to the scar on her arm and tells her it is from a wound she received from an enraged stag that gored her in its death agonies, and from which danger he had timely rescued her. Deeply interested in this revelation, Arline begs him to disclose the secret of her birth, which she has a suspicion must be known to him, from his manner towards her. Before Thaddeus is able to relate the complete story of her parentage and abduction, the back curtain of the tent is parted, and the Queen appears, trembling with rage at discovering Thaddeus and Arline exchanging vows of devotion. In tones expressing hauteur and indignation, she reproaches Arline for daring to aspire to the love of him who possesses the heart of the Queen, but the young girl only answers that she will submit to the choice which Thaddeus himself may make between them, and when he embraces her to attest his preference, Arline requests him to call the gypsies together that they may bear witness to his vows. This appeal is conformable with the customs of the tribe, and the Queen can offer no objection. It is also her office to unite those who thus make public profession of attachment. Devilshoof and the chorus now call upon her to perform the request of Thaddeus and Arline, which she reluctantly and haughtily obeys. During the ceremony the stage grows lighter with the beams of rising day, and a gypsy enters to inform the band that already crowds are flocking towards the fair, which will open with sports shortly after daybreak. The Queen orders that the rest of the tribe be forthwith summoned to meet her in the public square, but that Devilshoof is to remain to receive her further instructions. Thaddeus and Arline pass out, followed by other gypsies repeating a chorus, "Happy and light of heart be those, who in each bosom one faith repose!"

When they are alone, the Queen upbraids Devilshoof as the author of her humiliation, in encouraging the attachment between Arline and Thaddeus, and reminds him that revenge is sweet to a gypsy. She fiercely demands to know where he obtained the medallion which adorns his neck, and when he makes an evasive answer she tells him it was booty wrested from a drunken galliard, and commands him to immediately restore it. Devilshoof, yielding full obedience, kneels before the Queen, and removing the medallion from his neck, he obsequiously presents it, but in an aside he makes a vow to take revenge. She now orders him to join the rest, and the two depart, singing, "The wrongs we forgive not and cannot forget, will the edge of our vengeance more sharply whet," etc.

The succeeding scene shows a street in Presburg. The time is daybreak, and Arline enters, dressed in a fancy costume, and carrying a tambourine in her hand, followed by a troop of gypsies. As they gain the centre of the stage, Arline sings, with accompaniment of tambourine, "Come with the gypsy bride and repair to the fair," etc., which is responded to in chorus by her companions, at the conclusion of which song all quit the stage, and the next change of setting represents a grand fair in the public square of Presburg. On one side is a large building called the Hall of Justice, and before it is the fair, with all the accessories of bazaars, street performers, hawkers, etc. The stage is thronged with gentry, soldiers, citizens, peasantry, and a bustling scene is indicated by the ringing of bells, and flags streaming from staffs and windows. A lively chorus ushers in the festivities, at the end of which two parties of gypsies appear, one of which is headed by Devilshoof and Thaddeus, and the other by the Queen and Arline. The four sing an unaccompanied quartet, which is one of the favorites of the opera: "From the valleys and hills," etc.



"Come with the gypsy bride, to the fair repair,  
Where the maay dance will the hours entrance."

While this charming song is being rendered, the gypsies execute characteristic dances, and Arline, carrying a basket of flowers, passes among the company scattering favors, and when the quartet concludes she sings a dainty solo of warning to pretty maids, which is accompanied by a chorus of the dancers. Count Arnheim, whose hair has become gray, and his form bent with age and sorrow, now enters, and after gazing a moment at Arline he sighs heavily, and then retires with his retinue into the Hall of Justice.

Florestein has been an interested spectator of the fair and the dances, but takes no part therein until opportunity is offered him to address Arline. She proves so indifferent to his advances that, with an intention to insult, he puts out his lips in a comical way, and asks the favor of a kiss, but receives a violent slap on the face for his impertinence. As he turns, shamed and indignant, he is confronted by Thaddeus and the Queen. The latter, eyeing him closely, declares that he is the person from whom the trinkets were stolen by her predaceous band, and as Florestein rejoins his party, she takes the medallion from her bosom and crossing over to Arline, places it about her neck. Arline, unsuspecting of the Queen's design, kneels and kisses her hand as an expression of gratitude. The Queen now orders her tribe to depart, and as they pass off, Florestein perceives the medallion on Arline's neck, and stops her, saying: "Though you treated me so lightly a moment past, you will not do so now. That medallion is mine; my friends here recognize it, and I accuse you or your accomplice of having robbed me. Guards!" A chorus of the populace quickly surround Arline, crying, "Shame!" at which demonstration Thaddeus rushes to her aid, but demand is made that they be separated until the guilty charge be investigated, nor is sympathy aroused by her protestations of innocence. The captain of the guard presently appears, and as Arline is pointed out by Florestein as the culprit, he places her under arrest, and despite all efforts at rescue he leads her, beside a file of soldiers, to the Hall of Justice, Thaddeus sorrowfully following.

The succeeding action takes place in the Hall of Justice, and the next scene shows Count Arnheim's apartment connected therewith. A full length portrait of Arline, as a child, hangs on the wall, before which the Count is standing in rueful contemplation, and he voices his grief in a melancholy reverie, the air of which is familiar throughout the world:



"The heart, bowed down by weight of woe  
To weakest hopes will cling.  
To thought and impulse while they flow,  
That can no comfort bring."

A confused noise attracts the Count's attention, and he enters the Hall of Justice as the captain of the guards, Arline, and a mob of citizens, come in. Florestein walks quickly up to the Count to inform him that the thief has been taken who stole the medallion, and points to Arline as the criminal. The Count regards her with much pity, believing that so young and beautiful a girl can hardly be guilty of the charge imputed. Arline stands in the centre of the stage, pale, mortified, and with disheveled hair, seemingly in despair, until she notes the sympathetic expression of the Count, when with dignity she calls heaven to bear witness to her innocence. Florestein points to his friends, who will swear they saw the medallion on Arline's neck, and he demands that she be adjudged guilty and duly punished. The Count, still unwilling to believe her so sinful as represented, in a kindly voice begs her to make answer to the charge without fear. The situation, however, appears so hopeless, surrounded as she is by opposing witnesses, resolved upon her conviction, that in the desperation of shame she answers: "From the infamy with which I am unjustly threatened, thus I free myself!" Thus threatening, she draws a dagger from beneath her scarf, and is about to stab herself, when the Count rushes forward and seizing her uplifted arm he wrests the weapon from her. While wrestling for possession of the knife, the Count suddenly discovers the scar on her arm. His suspicions are thereby aroused, and dragging her forward he implores her to explain how she received the wound. Recalling to mind the revelation made to her by Thaddeus, Arline relates how, when a child, she was gored by a wild deer at bay, that

might have killed her but for the timely aid of a courageous youth who is near by, and may tell the rest. A tumult is now heard, and Thaddeus, escaping from the guards, rushes into Arline's arms, and she joyously acknowledges him, to the Count, as the one who saved her life. This demonstration furnishes the proof to confirm the Count's suspicion that Arline is his long-lost child, and in a transport he renders a delightful solo, "My own, my long-lost child," etc.

The Count, while shedding tears of joy, kisses her head, hands, and hair, a manifestation which Arline cannot understand, and she appeals to Thaddeus for an explanation. Though believing that a revelation of her parentage may tear her from him forever, Thaddeus braves the sacrifice, and discloses that it is her father who stands before her! The Count, continuing in a rapturous state of mind, gives praise to Heaven for the bounty of a child. At this instant Devilshoof suddenly emerges from the crowd and warns Thaddeus to flee ere he be driven hence, and the act closes with a beautiful ensemble and quintet of voices praising the will of Heaven.

Act III.—The concluding act opens in the splendid salon of the castle of Count Arnheim. On the ground floor is a large window at the back, which opens upon the park, and on the side are doors leading to spacious galleries. Arline, who has been restored to her father, but whose love for Thaddeus remains, enters, elegantly dressed for a ball. Being alone, she falls into a reverie, inspired by her new situation, regretting that the gain of so much stateliness, of palace pomp, and princely gifts, has been at the sacrifice of a heart that is more precious than all that wealth or station can supply, and sings, "Give me back the lowly cot, brightest home of earlier years," etc.

She walks around the room, to see if any one is watching, and satisfied that no one is near, she indulges some remembrances of the past. Cautiously, she goes to a cabinet and takes therefrom her gypsy dress, which prompts her to sing a line of the old chorus, so frequently heard in the camp, "In the gypsy's life you read," etc. Scarcely are the words uttered when Devilshoof springs into the room, which causes Arline a momentary alarm, but he quickly reassures her that no harm is intended, and entreats her to join the tribe again and to become the gypsy queen. Arline declares this to be impossible, and implores him to leave her, but he answers that there is one near by whose powers of persuasion are too great to be resisted, and he calls, "Friend!" Quick to respond, Thaddeus, who has been waiting on the outside, appears at the window, and with much agitation addresses Arline: "I thought you had forgotten me!" Arline assures him that forgotten he can never be, and pointing to the gypsy dress, she tells him this must ever give her reminder of the happiest days of her existence, though spent as a gypsy, for love was found to bless her life. "Forgotten you?" she asks again, and replying herself to the question, while Devilshoof keeps watch, she sings the most tender and impassioned song of the opera, one too as undying as is "The Last Rose of Summer."

.. When other lips and other hearts  
Their tales of love shall tell.  
In language whose excess imparts  
The power they feel so well.  
There may, perhaps, in such a scene,  
Some recollection be  
Of days that have as happy been.  
And you'll remember me."

A noise of approaching steps creates much alarm among the three. Thaddeus takes refuge in the cabinet, and Devilshoof escapes by the window at the moment the great doors are thrown open, and a brilliant company, led by Count Arnheim and Florestein, enter. The Count takes Arline's hand and presents her to the guests as his long-lost daughter. While the presentation is being made, Florestein discovers the gypsy dress in a chair, and thinking it an



"Praised be the will of Heaven,  
Whose bounty hath given the father his child!"

unsuitable object to be thus exposed, he makes a movement to hide it in the cabinet. Arline anticipates his purpose by warning him that the room and its contents are her own, and shall not be intruded upon. The chorus continue a welcome song until a confused murmur is heard at the back of the stage, followed by the entrance of a woman closely veiled, who approaches Count Arnhem and bids him give over his rejoicing, for that he harbors a foe. She drops her veil, and thus revealing herself Queen of the Gypsies, she tells him his child, Arline, loves a youth of the gypsy tribe, who braving all perils to be with her, has concealed himself beneath this roof. The Count brands her a lying witch, whereupon she points to the cabinet and asks him to search there and prove her words. The Count rushes to the closet, and when Arline opposes him with entreaties, he pushes her aside, and opening the door Thaddeus appears, to the great consternation of the Count and all present. A quintet and chorus follow this exposure, in which the Count, Thaddeus, Arline, the Queen and Florestine express their respective sentiments of indignation, despair, vengeance and jealousy. The Count advances to Thaddeus, and angrily commands him to leave the house, under pain of death. Thaddeus scorns these threats, but yields to the earnest pleadings of Arline, for whose sake he promises to take his departure, but as he is about to withdraw, he casts a look of deepest grief upon Arline, in which she sees that the agony he suffers proceeds from the parting, and the fear that they may meet no more. Summoning resolution to declare the feelings that agitate her, Arline calls her lover back, and taking his hand she leads him first to the Count, then faces the company and exclaims:

"Break not the only tie  
That bids my heart rejoice,  
For him I fain would die,  
The husband of my choice."

The Count is thrown into a very frenzy of anger by the action of Arline, and drawing his sword he violently separates the lovers, and again fiercely orders Thaddeus from the hall, or take the consequences of his fatal rashness. Then turning again upon Arline the Count condemns her as a false thing, who has already too long been spared the punishment her shameful conduct merits from an outraged father. The Queen seizes Thaddeus by the arm and entreats him to fly from the perils that surround him, and darting a ferocious look at Arline, she drags him towards the window, and points the way to safety. At the request of Arline, every one quits the hall, passing to a side apartment for a moment, which opportunity she embraces to fall upon her knees before the Count, and beseech him to have compassion upon her sufferings. She discloses that it was this same faithful lover who saved her life, and who for years watched over her with fondest care, when she had no other loving thing to cling to, and pleads with him not to sunder the ties of affection that now bind them. The Count hears her with impatience, and answers her petition with sternness, by warning that she contemplates a deed which must bring a stain upon her life, and dishonor his own name and good reputation. Finding her father unyielding, Arline arises and calling to Thaddeus she seeks refuge in his arms, declaring:

"Whate'er the danger, the ruin, the strife—  
United are we, to the end of life."

The Count expostulates with his daughter against her preference, the sharing of her lot with a gypsy outcast, which unnatural alliance must defame the very blood of Arnhem, and put a blot upon the house that time can never efface. At these words Thaddeus can restrain himself no longer, and breaking from Arline he advances to the Count with dignity and tells him, that though disclosure of his name and country may bring upon him the

deadliest hatred, and that he may perish as have fallen the bravest of foes, it were infinitely better to die like them, honorably and valiantly, than to bear, unresented, reproaches like these, which wound the heart and sully true honor. Having



thus courageously defended his reputation against the aspersions of a supercilious lord, who is more regardful of social station than manly worth, Thaddeus gives expression to his outraged feelings in a stirring martial song that describes his patriotism and noble descent:

“When Poland, my country, was ploughed by the hoof  
Of ruthless invaders, when might,  
With steel to the bosom and flame to the roof,  
Completed her triumph o'er right.  
In that moment of danger, when freedom invoked,  
All fetterless sons of her pride,  
In phalanx as dauntless as freedom e'er yoked.  
I fought and I fell by her side;  
Noble my birth, unstained my crest,  
As is thine own, let this attest—”

Upon this, Thaddeus produces his commission, which Devilshoof has carefully preserved, and hands it to the Count to examine. This evidence of the aspirant's noble lineage overcomes the anger of the Count, who offers him his hand in comradeship and consents to a consummation of the love long cherished. Thaddeus is moved to tears, and is about to cast himself at the Count's feet, but is restrained and admonished:

“Not at mine be that homage paid at hers,  
Who the fond one in feeling on thee confers.”

The opera concludes with a charming trio, during the rendering of which the Queen is seen at the window, accompanied by an evil-appearing companion. As Thaddeus embraces Arline, the Queen, in a transport of rage, commands the mercenary to fire, but at this instant Devilshoof, who has tracked her steps, appears and strikes down the musket so that the bullet intended for Thaddeus lodges in the breast of the jealous Queen. Report of the Gypsy Queen's death spreads rapidly, and following swiftly after is the announcement that the Count has given his consent to the marriage of Arline and Thaddeus. The sound of music of the celebration is now heard in the distance, which draws rapidly nearer as a crowd of nobles, ladies, and guests pour into the hall to offer their congratulations. Arline receives the embraces of Thaddeus and sings, with the chorus, an air of exultation, as the curtain is rung down on the opera.



“My birth is noble, unstained my crest  
As is thine own, let this attest!”

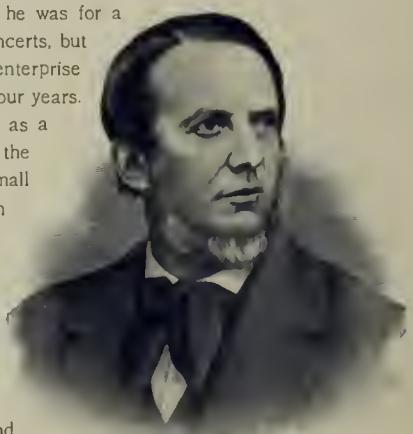


## A SKETCH OF BALFE.



T is a matter for profound surprise, often commented upon but never satisfactorily accounted for, that though represented among the masters in all the other arts, the Anglo-Saxon has seldom achieved distinction as a musician. Outside of comic opera, the Englishman and his cousins-people is almost unknown as a composer, and but for Balfe and Wallace he would be quite so. The one particular and only great star in the firmament of English composers is Michael William Balfe, who was born in Limerick, Ireland, May 15, 1808, and died at Rowney Abbey, on his estate at Hertfordshire, England, October 20, 1870. This really remarkable man possessed so much versatile talent that he won fame not only as a dramatic composer, but also as a violinist and baritone singer. There appears to be comparatively little known of his parentage, but it is probable that his opportunities were considerable, for one of his biographers declares that at seven years of age he was so far advanced in the study of music as to write the score for a polacca, and one year later he made his public appearance as a professional violinist, after completing his studies in London with O'Rourke. When ten years of age this wonderful musical prodigy composed a brilliant ballad, "The Lover's Mistake," which was so greatly admired that Mme. Vestris sang it in "Paul Pry." In 1824 Balfe secured an engagement with the Drury Lane Theatre orchestra, and often led it in the temporary absence of the regular conductor. His studies in composition began about this time, under Horn, organist of St. George Chapel, Windsor, and so marked was his progress that he attracted the attention of Count Mazzara, who became his generous patron, and sent him to Rome, where for three years he studied singing and counterpoint, under Frederici and Galli. When he was in his twentieth year, Balfe met Rossini, who was so charmed by his superb voice that he engaged him as first baritone at the Paris Italian Opera, taking a few preparatory lessons, however, from Bordogni. Balfe made a successful début in 1828 in "Figaro," and after singing in Paris one year he was engaged as principal baritone in the theatre at Palermo. During his engagement in Palermo Balfe produced his first opera, followed quickly by two others, and afterwards sang with the famous Malibran at the La Scala.

Balfe's stay in Italy was marked by success, both as a singer and composer, but in 1835 he was induced by flattering offers to return to England, where he began composing English operas, and in 1837 appeared at the Drury Lane in the character of Theodore, which was the principal rôle in his own opera, "Joan of Arc," which had a successful run of three months. Other operas which he composed during the next two years were: "Maid of Artois," "Catharine Grey," and "Falstaff," but none of these three achieved any considerable popularity. In 1840 he was made manager of the Lyceum, but this post he held for a short while, as his abilities were unsuited to running a theatre. Failing as a manager, Balfe resumed his more congenial and distinguished labors of composing, and produced in succession "The Bohemian Girl" 1843, "The Enchantress" 1844, "The Star of Seville" 1845, "The Rose of Castile," "The Gypsy," and "Satanella" in 1858, and "The Puritan's Daughter" 1861. During this time he was for a while the leader of Her Majesty's Theatre, and conducted a series of national concerts, but these were given upon such a scale of magnitude and magnificence that the enterprise proved a financial failure, which caused him to leave London, and he did not return for four years. Balfe was greatly appreciated in England as a singer and conductor, but his genius as a composer was not so highly regarded at home, and it is to Frenchmen that he owes the firm establishment of his reputation. "The Bohemian Girl," his best work, had small success in London, but when it was produced at the Theatre Lyrique, Paris, in December, 1869, the opera filled the theatre nightly with the flower of France, and his stay in Paris was made a continual ovation. The French Emperor (Napoleon III.), made him Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and the Regent of Spain bestowed upon him the honorable decoration of Commander of the Order of Carlos. Balfe's last opera, entitled "The Talisman," was produced at the Drury Lane, June 11, 1874, four years after his death, when an attempt was made to revive his memory, but the production was not sufficiently patronized to justify its frequent repetition, and his imperishable fame must rest chiefly on "The Bohemian Girl" and "The Rose of Castile."







John H. B. Atte.

# La Bohème

(AFTER THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY JOHN H. BETTS)

MIMI (dying)—“*Weep not, for I am better, you must know / Why weep for me, love, I am with you now?*”

LAST ACT





## LA BOHÈME.

(THE BOHEMIANS.)

MUSIC BY PUCCINI.—WORDS BY GIACOSA AND ILLICA.

A BOHÈME, which had its first representation in Turin, February 2, 1896, is one of the latest of what may be called the popular Italian operas, and ranks with the best productions of the past decade, being a close second to "Cavalleria Rusticana," and probably the superior of Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci." The subject is an old one, treated as it has been by nearly a dozen composers, but the interest remains, and has been reinvested by the musical portrayal of Puccini, which is as descriptive as it is melodious. The opera written by Puccini is taken from Murger's extensively read novel, entitled "Bohemian Life" which pathetically and realistically deals with student life (about 1830) in the Latin Quarter of Paris, which is at once the heart centre of artists' ambition and blasted hopes. Indeed, there is not another place in all the world where hope deferred makes the heart so sick; where there is so much trial and travail; where struggling talent and unrequited effort are to be found in such variant moods and tragic denouements as in Paris Bohemia. It is here that gather, from all civilized lands, young men and young women, spurred by ambition to win the world's applause as musicians, painters, singers, sculptors. Supreme in their own self-confidence, they start upon their student careers with little means, and usually end by floundering in the slough of failure. Of the lives of these poor victims of changing fortune, Murger thus writes in his preface: "When want presses them, they are as abstemious as anchorites; but if a little fortune falls into their hands, see them ride forth on the most ruinous fancies, loving the fairest and youngest, drinking the oldest and best wines, and not finding enough windows whence to throw their money; then, when the last sou is spent they begin again to dine at hotel chance. Smugglers of all the industries which spring from art, they chase from morning till night that elusive wild animal which is called fame. It is a gay life, yet a terrible one!" But if so many young men, inspired by the love of art, rise like Icarus to fall like Lucifer, never to hope again, what may be said of the thousands of young girls who, actuated by similar ambitions, go to Paris to become queens of song and end by posing as models, or die of starvation! It is of these, whose star of hope has beguiled them to the dark reaches of despair, that Murger has written, and whom Puccini dramatizes in song. It is a life tale of struggles with poverty, of fitful successes, momentary delights, painful realizations, sacrifices, love, and the tragedy of failure. It is a difficult story to summarize; it is better to follow the libretto.

Act I.—The opening scene represents a student's attic-studio, chill and cheerless, with its meagre furnishings of an insecure table, a cupboard, packs of cards, an easel, broken chairs, and small stove. But there is a window, large enough to admit much light and frosty air, through which is viewable an expanse of snow-covered roofs, a dreariness that composes a perfect picture of winter desolation. There are two occupants of the room, one of whom, Rudolph, a poet, is gazing pensively out of the window, while the other, Marcel, a painter, is at work on what he intends shall be his masterpiece, "The Passage of the Red Sea." There is no fire in the room, and Marcel must blow the frost from his hands from time to time to make his fingers pliable, and save them from being nipped. The painted water of the canvas sea seems to chill him the more, and going a little way from the easel, to better see the effects of the picture, he resolves, out of revenge, to drown Pharaoh. Rudolph, suffering also from the cold, points to the fireless stove and upbraids the janitor as an idle rascal, mindless of the fact that his weekly pittance of wages have been a long time unpaid. The two unite their complaints in a philosophical duet, until unable longer to endure the cold, Marcel seizes one of the crazy chairs to make fire-wood of it, but he is resisted by Rudolph, who takes the bulky manuscript of a drama which he has written from the table, and proposes to sacrifice it, which though it be a great loss to the world, when Rome is in peril losses are not to be considered. With much sighing they divide the precious manuscript, and Rudolph strikes a steel to light a candle, after which preparation they set fire to a part of the papers, and then throwing the blazing mass into the stove they draw up their chairs to warm their fingers. While Rudolph and Marcel are enjoying the heat from the manuscript, Colline, a philosopher, rudely enters, stamping his feet to warm them up, and with a show of anger he throws on the table a bundle of books which for some time he has been trying in vain to pawn. Colline is cheered by the sign of a fire and takes the chair from Rudolph, but scarcely does he feel the grateful warmth when the flaring fuel is exhausted; thereupon, with characteristic generosity, Rudolph revives the fire by sacrificing the second act of his play, and the three

execute a semi-philosophical terzetto, during which two boys enter by the middle door, bringing a goodly store of provisions and fuel. The three are overjoyed by this piece of astonishing fortune, and prepare at once to make a great feast, and to build a big fire. As the two boys pass out, Schaunard, a musician, comes in, who exhibits a triumphant feeling by throwing some coins on the floor, which he carelessly tells the three friends they may keep as souvenirs of his fortune and liberality. The three are at first incredulous, thinking the coins are tin medals, but after an inspection they realize that

it is real money, and now overburdened with good gifts they set about spreading the table. Schaunard is all eagerness to tell the circumstances of how so much riches befell him, but the other three are more anxious to begin the feast, and a comical scene is the result. He tries to describe how he gave a music lesson to an English lord, who required that he should play until the parrot over his door dropped dead, but is constantly interrupted by expressions concerning the table, the pastry, the candles, etc., until in desperation he seizes Colline, as he passes with a plate, and pettishly bids him and his comrades go to the devil; he then inveighs against a diet of dainties, in the Quarter Latin, or spending the time in this wise while the old street is fragrant with Christmas odors, and merry maidens are singing joyously, each with a student lover:

"A little of religion, comrades, I pray.  
Within doors drink we, but we dine away."

Disregarding Schaunard's incoherent railleries, Rudolph locks the door, and the table being ready, they all sit down to feast. Scarcely are the four seated when knocking is heard at the door, which they instinctively, and for excellent reason, think must be Benoit, the importunate landlord. Nor are their fears unfounded, for it proves to be he, and so persistent is his request that after consultation they permit him to enter, and receive him with the most unctuous cordiality. He presents his bill for the rent, reminding that it is long overdue, but taking no notice of the demand for payment, Marcel offers him a glass of wine, and all present drink his health. Benoit is flattered, but he again presents the rent bill and is again plied with a full glass. The third time he makes demand the landlord is shown a pile of money on the table as proof of Marcel's ability to pay, and is pressed to join in another bumper, and as rapidly as his glass is emptied it is filled again, until presently he thinks less of his rent bill than the good cheer with which he is regaled. The four jolly comrades now ply him with many ques-

tions, respecting his age and escapades, and charge him with being a frequenter at the Mabille, that very wicked place where artists and models were wont to gather to indulge in sensuous dancing and high kicking. At first protesting innocence, as the wine rises to his head Benoit admits participating in the can-can and boasts of his vigor despite his advanced years. To their probings he also describes the kind of girls that he prefers, and thus proves himself to be a veritable old roué, notwithstanding he is a married man. The confessions of Benoit are so flagrant that the four make a pretence of being contaminated by his presence, and accusing him as a polluted old reprobate, unfit for gentlemen's society, they push him out of the room, nor give him any opportunity to speak a word in his own defence.

Their subterfuge has availed them perfectly, and locking the door the four divide the money on the table, and then resume their conversation. Marcel produces a cracked mirror, which he holds up to Colline, that he may see how badly his face needs the care of a barber. Marcel and Colline propose that the meeting be now adjourned, which Schaunard concurs in, but Rudolph pleads occupation with an article for his new journal as his excuse for remaining, and lighting a candle he shows them out of the room, to a dark stairway, down which they clamber. Rudolph shuts the door, and, clearing a space on the table, begins to write, but he is soon interrupted by a timid knock for admission,



"This Red Sea passage gives me such a chill  
As if a cold stream down my back were flowing."

which he promptly answers, and opening the door he finds Mimi, a frail beauty, standing upon the threshold with an extinguished candle in her hand. Urged to enter, she diffidently approaches a chair that is set out for her, but is seized with a fit of coughing, and when Rudolph, observing how pale and exhausted she appears, offers to assist her she swoons and lets the candlestick and a key fall from her nerveless grasp. Thoroughly frightened at her condition, Rudolph fetches some water, with which he sprinkles her face. This serves to revive her, and he then conducts her to a chair near the fire, and offers her a glass of wine. After a short rest she feels sufficiently refreshed to proceed on her way, but her candle, which Rudolph has relighted, is extinguished as she reaches the door, and his own light goes out while he is showing her the way, thus leaving the room in darkness. Mimi now discovers that she has lost the key to her room, and groping about in search of it she deposits her candle again upon the table. Rudolph helps her in the quest, and presently finds the key, but in no mind to lose so fair a prey, he puts it into his pocket and continues his groping in the dark until his hands meet hers, which he clasps with emotion, to tell her of his passion, his ambition, and his loneliness. He makes bold to confess that her roguish eyes have given him fresh inspiration, and that in her face he sees the rosy morn of a new day, the light of a glorious awakening, the golden love-beam that dispels the darkness of his heart. Having made this free admission of his enchantment, he begs her to tell him who she is, a request which she artfully grants by revealing that she is called Mimi, but that her real name is Lucia. Intensely poetic in her nature, living on odors like the butterfly, dwelling in a castle of fancy, with flowers for comrades, and sweet visions for inspiration, she is the poet's ideal. Pressed for more specific information, Mimi is persuaded to disclose that she lives all alone, in a chamber on the top floor, where the sun kisses her at its earliest rising, and the flowers which she loves so well are perfumeless, because they are of her own making; that she is in fact only a tiresome neighbor who in an awkward moment intruded upon him merely to obtain a light.

The three friends of Rudolph, who have grown impatient over his delay in joining them, now call from below, and so pester him with requests to come down that at length, much annoyed, he opens the window to tell them he has only three lines of his article to finish. The moonlight streams through the opened window, flooding the room with a brilliant illumination, which so charms Mimi that, ever dreaming of and desiring the beautiful, she goes to the casement and stands in the moon's effulgence while the two render an exquisite duet, he declaring his love, and she, accepting his profession, his kisses and embraces, responds with charming acquiescence:

"Sweet to my soul, the magic voice  
Of love its music chanleth;  
Happy the heart that finds its choice—  
The ideal for which it panteth."

Mimi, as if afraid that she has been too easily won, disengages herself from Rudolph's arms, and reminds him that his friends are awaiting him below. Sorrowfully he asks if she would thus dismiss him? to which she replies, coquettishly, "Could I not come with you?" He tries to persuade her that it is too chilly on the outside, and 'twere better to remain within until his return, but she is not to be thus easily put off, and seeing she would prefer to accompany him, he gives her his arm, and the two renew pledges of love and go out together.

Act II.—The opening scene of Act II is a view of a public square in the Latin Quarter, flanked by shops, and on one side is the Café Momus, of which Murger makes the following mention in his novel: "Colline, the great philosopher; Marcel, the great painter; Rudolph, the great poet, and Schaunard, the great musician—as they were



"Drive him out, his presence  
Pollutes our honest abode!"

wont to call themselves—regularly visited the *Café Momus*, where, being inseparable, they were nicknamed the *Four Musketeers*. Indeed, they always went about together, played together, dined together, often without paying the bill yet always with a beautiful harmony worthy of the *Conservatoire* orchestra."

In the present scene, which shows one of the principal squares on Christmas Eve, Rudolph and Mimi are standing apart to themselves, Colline is by a rag-shop, Schaunard is buying a horn of a tinker, and Marcel is in quest of something which he has not yet clearly decided upon. The numerous shops are gaily lighted, and the square is animated with a vast throng of soldiers, maids, children, students, and gendarmes. A large lamp hangs above the entrance to the *café*, that sheds an uncertain light upon the people as they pass in, and glares more inconstant on the crowd outside, for the *café* is so congested with patrons that several, regardless of the snow and cold, take seats before the door, after the custom so general in Paris. A pandemonium of noise reigns in the square, where hawkers are crying a score of articles, mothers are calling their children, and men are demanding to be served. Schaunard blows his horn and haggles with the tinker, Colline is disputing with a tailor over the mending of a jacket, and Marcel is running about with a parcel under his arm, making eyes at the girls. Through this noisy assemblage, Rudolph and Mimi make their way to a bonnet shop, leaving the other three musketeers to regale themselves, in their own boisterous way, at the *café*, where they order a splendid supper.

Rudolph buys Mimi a bonnet, and when she has adjusted it to fit her features, the two come out and pass over to the *café*, where Rudolph introduces her to his comrades as a merry flower girl, and pays a poetic tribute to her graces. The three answer his grandiloquent outburst with ironical remarks in Latin, and all being seated, Colline, with an air of great importance, orders—sausage! The feast is interrupted by Parpignol, crying his toys, who enters from the Rue Dauphin pushing a festooned barrow before him, and followed by a host of children crying for the toys, and mothers trying to drive them to their homes. When at length Parpignol goes off, with the

noisy children at his heels, the four friends take up the menu and order venison, turkey, custard, some Rhenish, etc., and are preparing to enjoy themselves, when Marcel is startled by the appearance of Musetta, a pretty girl of twenty, very coquettish, rather ambitious, who has been the bane of more than one student's life, and whom every one knows as the most dangerous of flirts. Marcel is one of the victims of her fascinations who had tried to escape her cruel snares, and thought himself free, but her inopportune presence destroys that pleasing hope. His friends regard him with compassion, and the shopwomen passing by stop to gaze on her and whisper among themselves of her fatal beauty, an impudence that students and work-girls imitate. Musetta enters from the Rue Magarin, followed by a pompous, fussy, and overdressed old dotard, yet a Councillor of State, named Alcindoro. He is fatigued by running after her like a valet, but when she takes a seat on the outside of the *café* he shivers and protests that he cannot stand the exposure. She disregards his objections, and petulantly commands him, "Sit down, Lulu!" He remonstrates against being called like a booby, but when she cautions him not to be a Blue Beard, he turns up his coat collar and resignedly takes a seat beside her. A waiter serves the two, during which Schaunard and Colline watch her furtively, and Marcel feigns the greatest indifference, which so discomfits Musetta that she observes: "Marcel can see me, but he won't look, the villain! If I could I would scratch, but I only have to back me this old pelican!" Determined to attract attention, she

*This wine will impart warmth,  
And revive your wasted strength!!!*



*Franklin*  
1911

calls the waiter, and complaining that her plate has a horrid smell of onions, she dashes it in pieces on the ground. Alcindoro entreats her to be less demonstrative, but she answers him sharply and quiets his jealousy by declaring that her irritation is caused by the mannerless waiter. Alcindoro thereupon takes the menu and orders the supper, quite willing to pay for an elaborate feast if thereby he may gain her favor, but she still more petulantly pronounces him a bore, and declares she will not be ruled by such a man as he. Mimi looks curiously at Rudolph, and asks him if he knows this surly, ill-tempered woman? Marcel takes the answer from his mouth, by informing that she is surnamed Temptation, who has no other vocation than the snaring of lovers, and like a bird rapacious she has special fondness for hearts, wherefore he now has none left. To conceal his agitation, he calls the waiter to pass the ragout! His friends perceive his disquiet, notwithstanding the great effort he makes to assume indifference, and they foresee that Musetta's conduct must presently lead to an unpleasant outburst. Rudolph, deeply enamored, observes to Mimi that he could not forgive such rudeness, to which she assures that, loving him so fervently she could not treat him with unconcern. Musetta's impatience and jealousy soon overleap the bounds of discretion, and in a loud voice she calls to Marcel "Why, don't you know me?" Alcindoro, after the manner of dull-witted old men, thinks she speaks to him, and cautions her against using such loud speech, but she is totally regardless of his blandishments and importunings, and with abandon breaks out in a song of self-esteem:

"As through the streets I wander,  
See how the folk look round,  
Upon my charms they ponder,  
The fairest that are found.  
I mark those that admire me,  
Watch the passion in their eyes;  
Poor dupes cannot resist me,  
For every man is my prize."

Schaunard and Colline rise and stand aside, and Marcel quits his seat, but he is so spellbound by her voice that he acts as one incapable of reasserting himself. Mimi cannot fail to see the effort made by Musetta to win a smile from Marcel, and expresses her pity for the unhappy maiden, which feeling Rudolph dismisses as undeserved, explaining that Musetta was once beloved by Marcel, but that she wantonly discarded him for what she thought was rarer game, and sagely observes, that love, once dead, can rarely be revived. Marcel all the while grows more restless, and feels the power of her fascination exerted so strongly that, in sheer despair, he begs his friends to hold him back, but Colline and Schaunard make sport of his weakness, for they have neither excuse nor compassion for a person who refuses to profit by harsh experience.

The ways of the coquette are ways of mystery, and their powers of enchantment may not be defined. He who once falls into the snare of a temptress learns little wisdom from the misfortune, and may readily be caught again by a change of bait. This much philosophy Musetta had learned some years before, and it was all the education she required for her predatory purposes, since she found a good living, and a perpetual alternative by making the most of it. Knowing full well the emotions that were surging through the heart of the susceptible, she exclaims, "Ah! Marcel, you are vanquished! and though your heart is breaking, you'd never let us know." Musetta is extremely anxious to join Marcel, and seeks the opportunity to do so by first getting rid of Alcindoro. To accomplish this design she feigns to be suffering greatly from a tight-fitting shoe, whereupon the old idolater servilely bends down to unlace it. This service does not suit her purpose, however, and she bids him hasten to a near-by shop and buy her another pair. Alcindoro thinks the request impudent, but she refuses to have the shoe replaced, and by



"Do you think this rose-trimmed bonnet becomes me?"

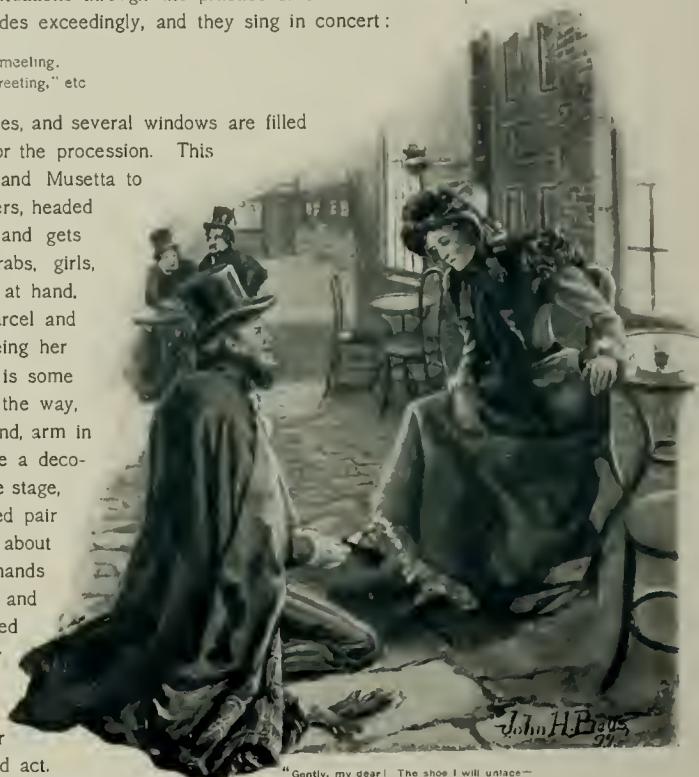
persisting in her request the poor dotard at length hides her shoe under his coat and hurries off the stage to buy a size larger. The coast is cleared by Alcindoro's departure, and ignoring all the wrongs that Musetta has practiced upon his too trusting confidence, Marcel can no longer restrain the intense yearning of his heart, so miserable since she went out of it, and his love, fed by this fresh fuel, bursts into fiercer flame, compelling him to rapturously exclaim:

" Ah, dearest love, thou art not dead.  
My wounded heart forgets its pain;  
All fear of danger now is fled,  
Thou art my own, my joy again!"

Reconciliation is made complete, and the two embrace with much fervor, apparently unconscious of the presence of others. Schaunard unfeeling pronounces the scene a final tableau, as the waiter who has served them brings in the bill for supper. Rudolph, Colline, and Schaunard complain of the charges and begin to question one another as to who gave the order; but the sound of drums in the distance serves to remind that the gendarmes are not far away, and may be called in to settle the dispute, and they each hurriedly request the other to pay the account. Marcel is compelled to admit that he has not a rap, while Rudolph is equally ashamed, in the presence of Mimi, to confess that he has no more than thirty sous on his person. At this critical juncture street-arabs enter from the right, work-girls pour out of the *café*, and students and citizens appear, all shouting, "'Tis the tattoo!" They scurry from one side to the other, to watch for the band, which is coming down the street at the head of the patrol. Schaunard suddenly raises a cry, "Who has got my purse?" which causes his impoverished companions to look at each other in surprise; but their dilemma is helped by the excitement of the crowd, which is agitated by the sound of the approaching band. The waiter is for the moment diverted, and the Four Musketeers think they may escape, but their hopes are quickly disappointed by the return of the waiter, who renews his importunities. It is the resourceful Musetta who must extricate them, and this duty she promptly undertakes by asking for her bill. When it is brought she requests that one bill be made of the two, and then informs the waiter that the whole will be paid by the old gentleman who supped with her. This contrivance of the coquette, who has often escaped similar situations through the practice of like means of imposition and knavery, rejoices the four impecunious comrades exceedingly, and they sing in concert:

" After this pleasant meeting.  
This shall be my greeting," etc

The crowd covers the stage as the patrol advances, and several windows are filled by the heads of women and children eagerly watching for the procession. This confusion makes it possible for the Musketeers, Mimi, and Musetta to escape, which proposal is made to do as the patrol enters, headed by a big drum-major, who pompously twirls his baton and gets great applause for his dexterity from men, street-arabs, girls, students and shop-keepers. The time to escape is now at hand, but Musetta, being without her shoe, cannot walk, so Marcel and Colline chivalrously offer to carry her. The crowd seeing her borne along in triumphal fashion, at once conclude she is some important personage, and give her an ovation, clearing the way, and cheering with gusto. Rudolph and Mimi follow behind, arm in arm, and Schaunard marches next, blowing his horn like a decorated trumpeter. When the patrol and crowd pass off the stage, Alcindoro returns to the *café* carrying a carefully wrapped pair of shoes, and searching for Musetta. He finds no one about but the waiter, who hands him the double bill, and demands payment. The old man carefully examines the items, and when finally he understands the trick that has been played upon him by a designing coquette, the fullness of his folly is revealed, and he falls back in his chair humiliated, shamed and dumfounded; but this feeling of mortification does not acquit him of the account, for the waiter compels him to pay, which denouement ends the second act.



"Gently, my dear! The shoe I will unlace—  
Ah, how heaves my heart at sight of thy sweet face!"

For a full understanding of the two concluding acts of the opera, it is important to read the following analysis which Murger makes of his chief characters: Of Mimi—"Mimi's voice seemed to strike Rudolph's heart like a death knell. His love for her was so intense that it became a weird, hysterical jealousy; a love so fervid that it had no limit, and so fantastic that it provoked doubt, so that many times the two were upon the point of separating. This very intensity made their existence a hell-upon-earth, so that the few happy days they had in each other's society were alternated by wretched ones that suggested the advisability of saying farewell forever." Of Musetta—"Whether it was an inherited defect, or perverted education we cannot know, but true it is Musetta had a positive, or super-cultivated, sense of elegance, and to this exaggerated trait was combined the strongest caprice, which tolerated no interference with her will. Really, the only man she ever truly loved was Marcel, and this affection was probably due to his power to make her suffer, for love is often the willing slave of a firm master."



Act III.—When the curtain rises upon the third act, the stage setting shows a suburban boulevard, on one side a tavern, and on the other a toll-gate which is the entrance to the Rue d'Enfer, that leads to the Quarter Latin. Over the tavern door, like a pictorial signboard, hangs Marcel's painting, "The Passage of the Red Sea," and under and on either side of it are frescoes of rather crude character. Trees flank the toll-gate, and as it is early morning of winter-time, snow covers the ground, giving the scene an extremely gloomy aspect. In front of a brazier is a group of sleepy customs officers trying to warm their feet, and behind the gate is a crowd of shivering street-sweepers stamping their feet and begging the officers to open the gate. An official, after much yawning, is induced to admit them, and as the sweepers come trooping through, a convivial chorus and clinking of glasses is heard in the tavern. Milk-women next appear, with their tinkling cart-bells, followed by carters, and peasant women carrying baskets with marketing are admitted through the gate by the officer. Presently Mimi enters from the Rue d'Enfer, and after looking anxiously about her, she is seized with a violent fit of coughing, and is compelled to rest herself on a bench by a plane-tree. In a moment she recovers somewhat, and seeing a sergeant she asks him to please direct her to a tavern hereabout where a painter is working. He points out the house to her, and at this instant a serving-woman issues from the tavern whom Mimi accosts with request that she find Marcel, the painter, and to tell him that Mimi wishes to see him at once. A procession of marketers pass through the gate, whose

baskets the customs officer examines, and as morning advances the bell of the Hospice Ste. Thérèse rings for matins. Marcel appears, and greeting Mimi cordially, he tells her he has been at the tavern with Musetta a month, painting warriors while she is helping him pay expenses by teaching singing. Mimi is most impatient to learn something of Rudolph, which is the object of her present visit,

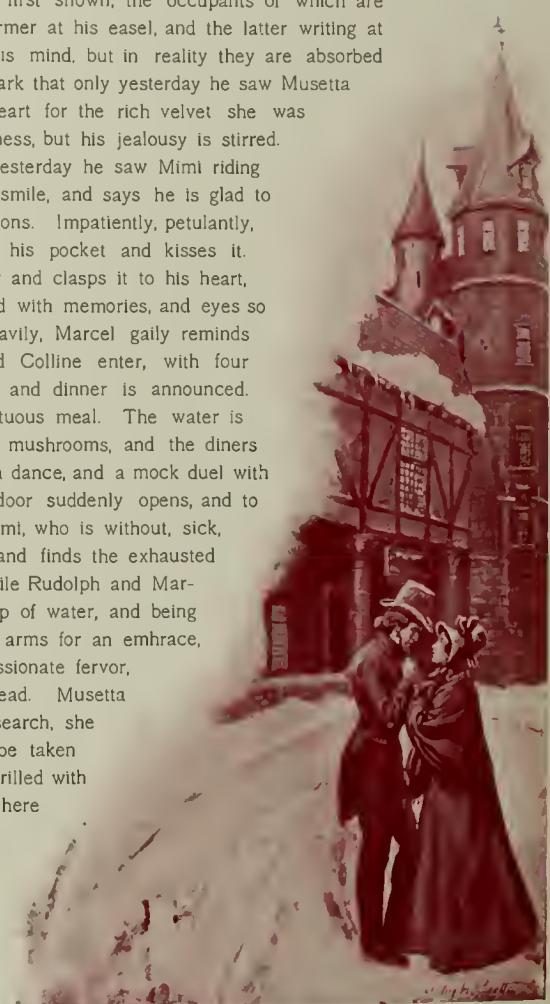
and implores Marcel to disclose his whereabouts. He assures her that Rudolph is in the tavern, and invites her in out of the cold. She bursts into tears, and answering that she cannot enter, explains how jealousy is rankling in her lover's bosom, and though he would be devoted, still avoids her, too proud to curb his senseless fury, and ever thinking she loves another gallant. Marcel pities Mimi's torn condition, and sagely advises that, rather than live thus in distrust, it were better to be parted. Mimi thanks him for his counsel, and approving, she implores his aid to complete their separation, for often they have striven in vain to bid adieu, always lacking courage in the last instant.

Marcel, somewhat self-conceited, in the absence of real troubles of his own, boasts of the contentment in which he lives with Musetta, in laughter, mirth and song, but promises to give the aid required. He is about to go and wake Rudolph but pauses to request Mimi to look through the tavern window, which she obeys, and sees Rudolph lying asleep upon a bench. The excitement causes Mimi to cough incessantly, for consumption has laid its fatal grasp upon her. Rudolph soon wakens and calls for Marcel, who goes quickly to him, first, however, bidding Mimi hide behind a tree. Rudolph now comes out of the tavern with Marcel, whose assistance he asks in supporting his wavering resolution to separate from Mimi, confessing that the tie of love is so strong, despite the suffering it entails, that unsupported he cannot break it. Mimi warily approaches, behind a nearer tree, to listen, and overhears all that is said by the two friends.

"Shall I be frank? I think it is hardly true!"

She perceives how great is Rudolph's effort to resist the cravings of his heart, even while condemning her as a coquette, who he declares prefers the caresses of scented lordlings, and practices the arts of a flirt to her shame. Marcel ventures to stop his tirade by seriously asking: "Shall I be frank? I think it is hardly true!" Realizing that jealousy has led him to scandalize the woman he really loves, he makes amends by denying all his utterances and confessing that Mimi is his only treasure, and remorsefully he condemns himself as the guilty one, undeserving of the love that Mimi bestows. Mimi is so deeply affected, that her crying and coughing presently reveal her presence. Rudolph feels the greatest astonishment, knowing that she has overheard his confession, but he embraces her tenderly, and vainly tries to induce her to enter the tavern. While Rudolph and Mimi are conversing, the brazen laughter of Musetta is heard, which so incenses Marcel, that believing she is flirting with some man, he impetuously enters the tavern to reproach her. As Marcel disappears, Mimi disengages herself from Rudolph's arms, and with a mighty, tearful effort she bids him farewell. Surprised by her action, Rudolph beseeches her to explain, to which, in the most tender accents, she tells him that love and lover are now departed, leaving naught to live for, nothing to be spoken, save farewell, and wishes for his welfare. Before going away, out of his life forever, she gives him instructions concerning some of her things, telling him that within her trunk, safely stored, he will find the gold bracelet and prayer-book that he gave her, and beneath her pillow the little rose-trimmed bonnet will be found, the same he bought for her the first day of their meeting, which he may keep as mementos of the dear days. While the two lovers, so little understanding each other, so unselfishly selfish, are debating the issues of their hearts, the sounds of breaking plates and glasses are heard within the tavern. Musetta comes running out, as Marcel is heard reproaching her for flirting with a stranger. Musetta defiantly answers him, and a dialogue of domestic indignation follows, Marcel threatening and Musetta vowing she will not be tyrannized over by any man. She retreats a little way, but suddenly stops to hurl back a cruel epithet, and gets one as offensive in return. The separation between Marcel and Musetta is in a storm of anger; the farewell between Rudolph and Mimi is like a rose repining on its broken stem. Eyes taking their last look, the two linger and voice their emotions in a pathetic duet.

Act IV.—The concluding action of the opera takes place in the studio first shown, the occupants of which are Marcel and Rudolph, as before, who, when the curtain goes up, are seen, the former at his easel, and the latter writing at the table. Each tries to make the other believe that work is engaging his mind, but in reality they are absorbed with reflections. The silence is so oppressive that Rudolph breaks it with a remark that only yesterday he saw Musetta riding in a coupé, and, frivolous as ever, declared she could not feel her heart for the rich velvet she was wearing. Marcel forces a laugh, and belies his feelings with expression of gladness, but his jealousy is stirred. Having a mind to deliver a stroke quite as painful, he tells Rudolph that on yesterday he saw Mimi riding in a carriage, decked out in grand apparel like a duchess. Rudolph tries to smile, and says he is glad to hear it, but both are so pining with love that neither can disguise his true emotions. Impatiently, petulantly, Marcel throws away his brush, and secretly takes a bunch of ribbons from his pocket and kisses it. Rudolph, similarly prompted by the old love, takes Mimi's bonnet from the drawer and clasps it to his heart, as a dear memento of the love now dead. Neither can work with heart so filled with memories, and eyes so blinded by tears, and at length, to relieve the melancholy that weighs so heavily, Marcel gaily reminds Rudolph it is time for yesterday's dinner. At this moment Schaunard and Colline enter, with four rolls, and a paper bag containing a herring, which are placed on the table, and dinner is announced. The four seat themselves around the board, and pretend to partake of a sumptuous meal. The water is regarded as champagne, the herring is in turn turbot, salmon, val-au-vent with mushrooms, and the diners are dukes and lords. The dinner becomes an hilarious event, and winds up with a dance, and a mock duel with poker and tongs. While Rudolph and Marcel are parrying and thrusting, the door suddenly opens, and to the amazement of Marcel, Musetta enters to announce that she has brought Mimi, who is without, sick, and lacking strength to climb the stairs. Rudolph rushes out immediately and finds the exhausted girl resting on the upper step. Schaunard and Colline drag the bed forward, while Rudolph and Marcel support Mimi, half carrying her, and gently lay her down. Mimi takes a sip of water, and being a little stronger now, she looks tenderly into Rudolph's face, and extending her arms for an embrace, begs that she may be permitted to remain with him, which he answers with passionate fervor, "Darling Mimi! Stay here forever!" adjusting the pillow carefully under her head. Musetta takes Marcel, Colline, and Schaunard aside to tell them how, after a long search, she at length found Mimi almost dying, who, with faltering breath, had begged to be taken to Rudolph, that she might expire in his arms. Mimi, caressed by her lover, is thrilled with a fresh spirit, and smiles sweetly upon him, saying, "I feel so much better; all here

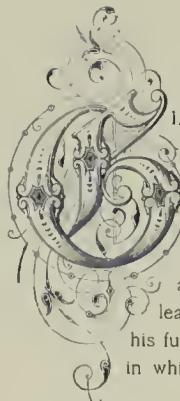


"Within our hearts like a death bell rings  
The bitter anguish that parting brings!"

seems just the same as ever. Saved from sadness, all is gladness, once again new life is mine." Musetta asks that some food or refreshment be brought to the starving girl, but Marcel is compelled to admit that the larder is empty, and that not one of his companions has a sou for either food or medicine. The suffering girl, with fast failing strength, feebly complains of being cold, and begs that her muff be brought to warm her freezing hands, which Schaunard observes is the token of approaching death. While Rudolph is chafing her hands, Mimi takes notice of his companions whom she thanks for kindly ministrations. Unable longer to conceal their emotions, Schaunard and Colline withdraw, whereupon Mimi beckoning to Marcel to draw nearer, she tells him how dearly Musetta loves him, and desires a reconciliation. This manifestation of devoted friendship so quickens Musetta's sympathy that she removes her earrings and gives them to Marcel to be sold, and with the money to buy a tonic and bring a doctor. But seeing that Mimi is growing drowsy, Musetta asks Marcel to stay a moment, as the dying girl may have a request to make, and offers to go for the muff with him. This excusing her withdrawal, Musetta and Marcel go out. Colline, who has been standing apart, by the window, removes his well-worn overcoat, and bidding it a last farewell, as an old and well-tried friend, he puts it under his arm to pawn it for a trifle that may buy some small comfort for the dying girl. Schaunard, to escape the sad scene, makes an excuse to follow, and when the door closes gently, Mimi opens her eyes and holds out her hand to Rudolph, which he affectionately kisses. This caress she responds to by saying, "To sleep I only feigned, for I wanted to be alone with you, love. So many things there are that I would tell you. There is one, too, as spacious as the ocean—you are my love, my all, my life!"

Mimi places her arms about Rudolph's neck, and as he looks into her sunken eyes, and calls her beautiful, fair as the dawn of spring, she smiles faintly and tells him it were a fitter simile to compare her to the flame of sunset. Rudolph, to show how constant has been his affection, even during the separation, takes out the bonnet and shows it to Mimi, which gives her so much joy, to know that her lover has treasured it as a keep-sake, that she motions him to put it on her head, and playfully asks if he remembers how they went shopping together when first they fell in love? While thus speaking of the past, Mimi is seized with a sudden spasm of suffocation, and falls back fainting, which so alarms Rudolph that he cries aloud for help, as Schaunard returns, followed quickly by Musetta and Marcel, one carrying a muff, and the other a phial of tonic. Mimi is so quiet now that Musetta thinks she is sleeping, and Marcel reports that the doctor will soon be here. Mimi opens her eyes to ask who has spoken, and seeing her thus revived, Musetta hands her the muff, which she seizes. She strokes it affectionately as a treasure that will keep her fingers warm, and thanks Rudolph for his kindness. His emotion can no longer be disguised, and he bursts into tears, at which she implores him not to weep, for she is better now. She thrusts her hands into the muff and nodding her head she grows more drowsy until she falls back upon the bed like one asleep. Musetta helps Marcel heat the tonic, murmuring a prayer meantime for Mimi. The light from a lamp falls upon Mimi, and a book is placed upright to serve as a shade, while Musetta continues to petition the holy mother to save Mimi from death. Rudolph betrays extreme anxiety, which Musetta tries to allay by telling him the case is not serious, but Schaunard, fully realizing the gravity of the situation, takes a final look at the poor girl's white face and sees that she is—dead! Marcel in turn goes to the bed, and confirming his suspicions, retreats in alarm, at the moment that a ray of sunshine pierces the gloom of the room and falls upon the dead girl's face. Colline enters, and placing some coins on the table, asks if Mimi is better, which Rudolph makes reply to by telling him she is now resting quietly. But, suddenly noticing the strange demeanor of Marcel and Schaunard, he glances from one to another, and asks the meaning of their actions. Marcel, unable to bear up longer embraces Rudolph, and between his sobs utters, "Poor fellow!" Sometimes the heart speaks more cogently than the lips, and eyes become their own interpreters. Gently, but no less certainly, the news was broken to Rudolph by this exclamation. With a cry of terror that tells his anguish, he flings himself on Mimi's bed, and taking her cold hand he calls to her in despairing tones; but receiving no answer from the now forever mute lips, he gives way to sobs from a broken heart. Musetta, with a piercing cry falls at the foot of the bed, Schaunard sinks into a chair, stricken with grief, while Colline stands dazed by the catastrophe, and Marcel turns his face to hide his tears, thus composing an ensemble of sorrowing friends as the curtain slowly falls.





## A SKETCH OF PUCCINI.

GIACOMO PUCCINI, who was born in Lucca, 1858, is descended from a long line of musicians, no one of his ancestors being what might be called very famous, yet all were musically gifted, and some came near to attaining a durable fame. His great-great-grandfather, born in 1712, was a renowned music teacher, and wrote a requiem for eight voices that is still frequently played in Italy. Dominico Puccini, the next descendant, was also an artist of considerable reputation whose "Quinte Fabio," and "Mottetto," endure to this day. Michele, the father of Giacomo, was not only a musician of much note, and a composer of many sacred pieces of very fine quality, but he was also a man of letters, especially learned in philosophy and mathematics. Upon his death the whole city of Lucca went into mourning, and his funeral obsequies were conducted in the most impressive manner, as a testimonial of the high appreciation in which his talents and character were held by his admiring countrymen.

Giacomo lost his father in 1862, but the family, which comprised six children, was left in easy circumstances, and two years later his uncle, Dr. Nicola Cerci, assumed charge of his education. The boy gave early indication of his inclination towards music, in which he was encouraged by placing him under the instruction of the best teachers. He studied diligently at home, and until higher education in his profession made it necessary for him to enter a conservatory. His good uncle accordingly sent Giacomo, who was now eighteen years of age, to Milan, where he showed such remarkable gifts that he obtained a pension from the Queen of Italy. His studies now progressed rapidly, and when he was twenty he did orchestration for "Sinfonia-Capriccio," that gained for him the honors of the conservatory. After graduation, Giacomo returned to Lucca, where he was induced by Ponchielli, his old teacher, to write the music for Fontana's libretto of "Le Villi," a work which he accomplished so successfully that though it was rejected at the Sonzogno, Rome, the opera had a long and remarkably successful run in Italy (outside of Rome), and other countries. The composition received the highest praise also from such great authorities as Boito, Marco Sala, Litta, Treves and others.

Puccini gained great reputation from "Le Villi," but his star was more distinctly in the ascendant when his opera "Edgar" was produced at the La Scala, Milan, April 21, 1889. To the success now achieved, he added a greater by "Manon Lescaut," which had its initial representation in Turin, February 1, 1893. Its four acts form four great frames of human life. Powerful imagination is given plenty of room in it; the flash of enthusiasm, as it were, and potentiality of workmanship are united here to form that marvelous unit which is the truly artistic opera. Such is "Manon," which to its great triumph in Turin, soon added similar ones in the principal towns of Italy and abroad. But if with "Manon," Puccini had already fulfilled the promise which he made in the "Villi" and "Edgar," it was in the "Bohème" that he was to assert himself in the way the most undeniable, the most complete, the most personal among the young living artists. Apart from a certain heaviness in the development, and in the instrumentation, he has created in the "Bohème" a type of musical drama which possesses to a high degree all the value of a vital opera. It betrays a wealth of melody, it leaves a great force to the words, without interfering with the instrumental interweaving of the several parts, and the profound personification of the various characters. "La Bohème" is a wonderful musical portraiture of human sentiment.

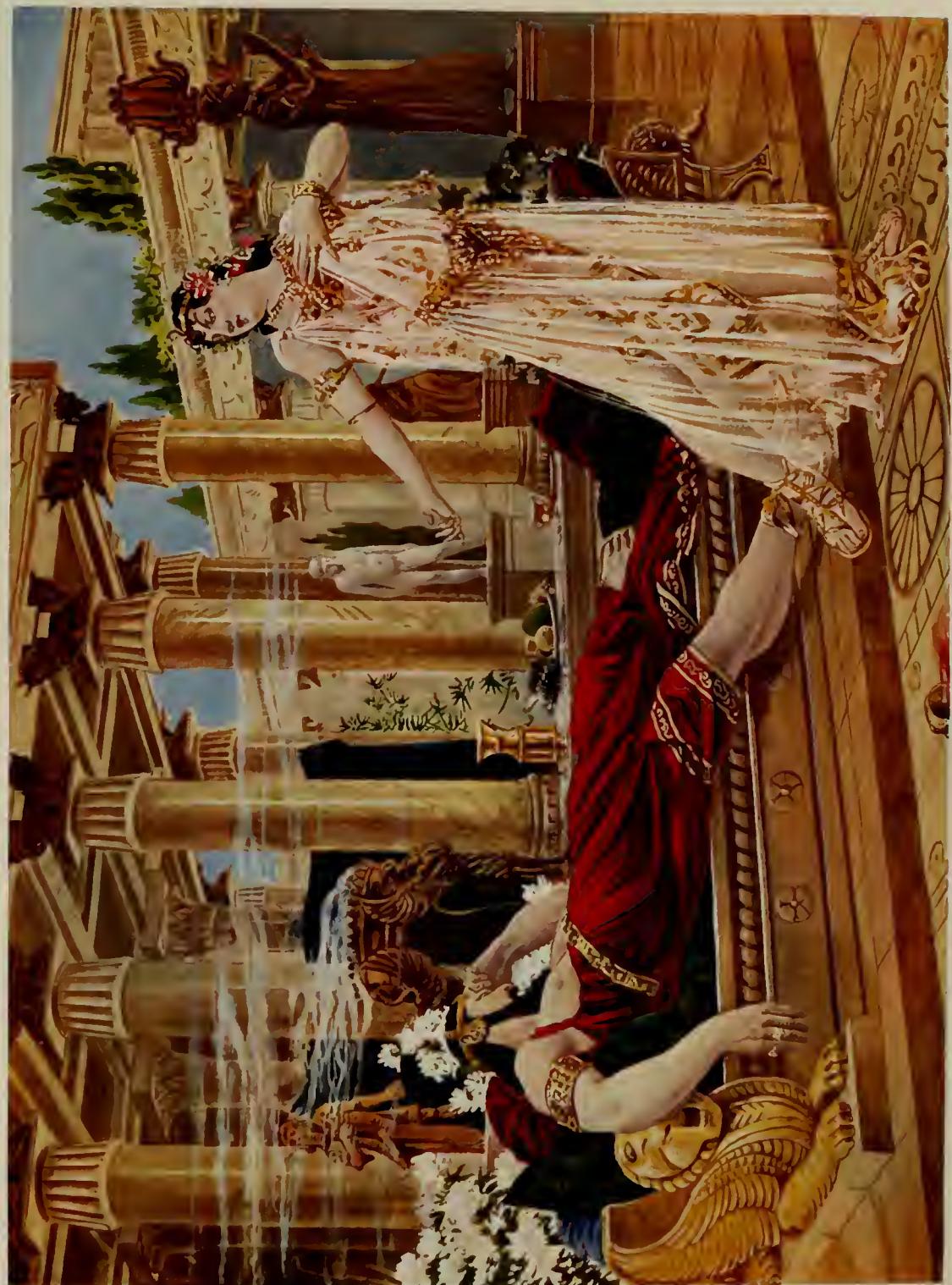
During the course of a year, after its first production (at Turin, February 2, 1896), "Bohème," was performed at no less than eighty of the Continental theatres, a triumph great enough to satisfy the ambitions of the most aspiring young musician. The successes that have come so generously, and at the same time, to Puccini, Mascagni and Leoncavallo, who are almost of a like age, and all from the same country, is a coincidence that is without a parallel in music history.

Puccini's latest work, completed about the first of the year 1900, was "La Tosca," an adaptation by L. Illica and G. Giacosa, from Sardou's great tragedy. His treatment of the subject shows a mastery of descriptive and technical phrase-writing that gives him a high position among the great lyric composers of the last half of the century, and fulfills the predictions made by music critics who have watched his career.

GIACOMO PUCCINI.







## Queen of Sheba

(AFTER THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY WILLIAM DE LEETWICH DODGE)

SOLOMON (nearly asleep)—“*Oh! hopelessness of rage!*”  
BALKIS, QUEEN OF SHEBA—“*Farewell, King of Israel;  
I love, and it is not you.*”

ACT IV—SCENE X



# THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

MUSIC BY GOLDFMARK.—WORDS BY MOSENTHAL.



THE Queen of Sheba, Ethiopia's remarkable sovereign, has been made the subject of more than one opera, and of many stories, in which respect, as well also for her historical prominence and reputed beauty, she is a strong rival of Cleopatra. Gounod chose the Queen of Sheba (properly Sabea), as the title for one of his grandiose productions, but while some of the concerted pieces are frequently heard, the opera has never been sung in English, and even in France it is not often represented. Goldmark has had better success with his lyrical creation, founded upon Ethiopia's opulent sovereign, but out of deference to religious sentiment he has diverged so greatly from the Bible character that the opera might with equal appropriateness be called by any other name. Mosenthal's libretto has a merit, distinct from the music, of being skillfully composed with special regard for spectacular and dramatic effects, in which the opera abounds, and it is charmingly enhanced by brilliantly descriptive music, which is especially strong in the orchestration and exquisite in the airs.

The argument of the story, as used by the librettist, may be given as in the following summary:

The wisdom and glory of Solomon has been so widely told that the Queen of Sheba (Sabea), in her far away kingdom of Ethiopia, has heard of his temple, his riches, and his understanding, and to gratify her desire to behold so much grandeur, and to test his knowledge, she has set out upon a journey to visit him. Couriers have been dispatched in advance to inform Solomon of her coming, and with royal courtesy he has sent Assad, his favorite general, recently returned from a successful campaign, to meet and escort her to Jerusalem. During Assad's absence upon this mission, Sulamith, his affianced, daughter of the High Priest, is brought to remain at the palace, where she is entertained with bridal songs and prepared for her nuptials by chosen companions.

Assad meets the Queen's train at the foot of Mount Lebanon, and gives her a greeting such as Solomon has commanded, but she wears a heavy veil, so completely concealing her features that he is unable to recognize her face. While the cavalcade is resting, Assad retires to the cool shade of a river bank and casts himself upon the soft moss, but his attention is soon attracted to a splashing in the water, and there appears to his ravished gaze a woman of extreme beauty bathing, who, discovering his retreat, comes out of the water and winds her snowy arms about his neck. Abashed by her boldness and bewildered by her beauty, he falls at her feet in worshipful attitude, but the ravishing vision suddenly vanishes, leaving in his heart, however, the longings of a new love.

Assad, having performed his mission, returns to the palace to meet, with guilty blushes, his affianced. His conscience so troubles him that in sorrow he confesses to Solomon his love for the beauteous enchantress, and is advised to overcome his temptation by speedily consummating his marriage with Sulamith. In the most gorgeous pomp the Queen of Sheba soon appears, with slaves bearing trays of jewels and other precious gifts, which she lays at Solomon's feet as her royal offerings, at the same time lifting her veil to greet him. Assad immediately recognizes her as the fascinating nymph of his adventure, and inconsiderately addresses her, but she haughtily repulses him as a madman, though secretly she is deeply enamored of his comeliness, and when she



learns that he is about to wed the High Priest's daughter, there is a struggle between jealousy and pride of station within her. She leaves the King's presence to seek consolation in the moonlighted garden, where Assad is lured into her arms again, but his honor compels him to repair with Sulamith to the altar of the temple, where the marriage ceremony is about to begin, when the Queen approaches with gifts for the bride. At sight of her, Assad is so ravished that, like Tannhauser in his mad love for Venus, he proclaims her charms, but again the Queen disavows him, as a crazed youth. The High Priest and people are so indignant at his action that they set up a cry of profanation of the temple, and cast Assad out with anathemas and condemn him to death. The Queen is mute amid these exciting scenes, and shows such preoccupation of mind that Solomon entreats her to tell the cause. Humbly, but earnestly, she craves a single boon, for the granting of which she offers half her kingdom. Requested to declare her wishes, she begs the King to spare the life of Assad, but he refuses to interfere with the law's decree, nor will he be moved by all her threats and cajoleries. Solomon, distinguished for his wisdom, divines the cause of the Queen's solicitude, and declares that Assad can deliver himself through no other means than by overcoming temptation, at which the Queen leaves the royal presence determined that she will save Assad herself at any sacrifice.

Abandoned by Assad, Sulamith resolves to henceforth devote herself to the life of a recluse, but before being alienated from the world she appears before Solomon to plead for the life of her recreant lover. So piteous and merciful are her petitions, that the King is touched with compassion, and he consents to spare Assad's life, but as a punishment he condemns him to exile in the desert. It is on the burning sands of Syria that the Queen finds him, having followed all his wanderings, lured by her unquenchable love, and falling at his feet she reminds him of their first meeting, by the river side, their rapture in the garden, and Queen though she is she now has no higher ambition than to be his slave. Considering the sorrows she has brought him to, the manhood he has sacrificed, and the broken heart he left at the altar, he spurns her as a moral leper, whereat finding him impervious to her entreaties, she curses him and takes her farewell. Sulamith has, by chance, repaired to the same desert, there to spend her disappointed life, and while wandering along the borders of the scorching sands she finds Assad overwhelmed by a storm, and parched with thirst, murmuring her name. Forgetting the grief which his infatuation for the Queen has caused her, and moved by love and pity, Sulamith runs to his succor, and supports him until, absolved of sin, he dies in her arms. The opera concludes with an epithalamium sung by maidens.

Act I.—When the curtain rises, a hall in the palace of Solomon is revealed, from which rise broad staircases covered with rich carpets, with golden lions at the foot and doors of ebony and gold on the right and left. In the foreground is King Solomon's throne, upheld by lions, and the furnishings of the hall are of extreme magnificence. Down the stairs, on the left, come the wives of Solomon, sumptuously arrayed but deeply veiled, followed by slaves with tambourines, harps and triangles. From the right descend the daughters of Jerusalem, accompanied by maidens bearing baskets of flowers, and in the foreground are Baal-Hanan, overseer of the palace, and his guards. The opera opens with a joyous chorus in praise of the King's glory and puissance, at the conclusion of which the High Priest, in white vestments, enters with Sulamith, whom he introduces as the blissful bride soon to be, when Assad shall return, and giving his blessings to his daughter he retires escorted by the guards. Sulamith, unable to restrain her joy,



renders a bridal song expressive of her happy anticipations, in which a chorus of women join, and the maidens scatter their flowers, as Sulamith compares her lover to all the sweets of nature. As the sounds of a triumphal march reach her ears, Sulamith hastens forward to greet Assad, who approaches from the background, with Baal-Hanan, the High Priest, and warriors. She stands leaning on the arm of her father, when Assad, gorgeously clad, but pale and much embarrassed, comes forward, and hailing the King, he gives expression to his inward thoughts, the love that possesses him, his passion for the enchanting woman whom he met by the river side. Having performed what he was bidden by the King, he asks dismissal. Assad's neglect to notice his affianced grieves the High Priest, who calls him to glance upon her who awaits him, at which he shrinks back in manifest confusion, and when she kneels and beseeches him to explain what has happened, he trembles violently, and confesses that for sight of another he has lost his love for her. A scene of agitation ensues, reflecting the misery of all present at this unwonted action of Assad, amid which King Solomon enters and receives the obeisances of the gathering. He quickly observes the perturbation of Assad, and the grief of Sulamith by her weeping, and divining the cause, requests all to retire save Assad, whom he detains to question. When the two are alone Solomon admonishes Assad of his promise to wed Sulamith, and now marks the change of his affections since he was sent to greet Sheba's queen. Assad frankly answers the King's suspicion by confessing, that since the secrets of human hearts are exposed by his wisdom, he will not attempt to disguise the abhorrent truth of the spell that has been placed upon him by an enchantress, and implores the King, no more as sovereign than as a sage counselor, to exert his powers to release him from this beauteous demon, whose fascinations have completely beguiled his soul.

Asked to relate his story, Assad tells the King, of how, after greeting Ethiopia's veiled queen, while reposing upon the mossy banks of a river in the cooling shade, his enraptured gaze fell upon a charming bather, a vision fair as ever greeted mortal eyes, who, coming forth as a nymph from the stream, did embrace him with her lily arms until he lost his senses and fell at her feet a mad adorer; but even while he worshiped, at a rustling of the leaves the beauteous one took fright and swiftly fled from his presence, leaving the shaft of love fast in his heart. Solomon does not condemn, but encourages him to put away remembrance of this temptation, which may have been only a vision created by his approaching bliss, and advises him to fulfill his vow quickly, by leading Sulamith to the marriage altar, which alone can give him peace. This counsel Assad thankfully accepts and appears eager to complete his nuptial pledge.

In the succeeding scene the Queen of Sheba appears, attended by women, who strew roses and play harps, and by slaves with vessels of gold, pearls, precious stones and fragrant spices. The Queen, with Astaroth, her favorite slave, is brought in a palanquin, from which she is helped to descend by slaves, as the chorus sing her praises; she is now seen to be heavily veiled but gorgeously bedecked in gossamer, interwoven with gold threads, which is profusely set with glittering jewels.

Her appearance is quickly followed by entrance of Solomon, robed in a royal mantle, and a crown upon his head. Behind him come the High Priest, Baal-Hanan, Assad and Sulamith, the latter reconciled to their new bliss. Solomon extends his hand, gives the Queen a cordial welcome to the walls of Zion, to which she responds by hailing him as most wise and puissant sovereign of earth, and then lays before him the many slave-burdens of precious gifts as testimonial offerings of her reverent regard. Having presented her donation, the Queen lifts her veil and bids him look upon a face never before exposed to mortal's eye. At sight of the Queen's face, Assad rushes forward and rapturously exclaims:

"Yonder eyes, and yonder features—  
Gracious God! This is no dream!  
This is no phantom, no delusion,  
For living eyes upon me beam.  
Wild desire now takes possession  
Of my soul; no intercession  
Twixt me and my heart's fond desire.  
She is mine, though death she brings!"

Sulamith, thrown into fresh anguish by this revelation, but reckoning it a madness that has suddenly seized him, throws her arms about Assad and passionately pleads for recognition.



"Gracious God! what vision greets my eye?"

and to be again clasped in his loving embrace. But Assad turns not his eyes from the loving enchantress, until the Queen marvels at his action and expresses her sympathy for him as an idle dreamer. Solomon, however, is prompt to discern the infatuation, and seeks to know its origin, doubting not that the Queen is the charming bather of whom Assad has confidingly spoken. Astaroth is also moved by fear at her mistress' features, which she is unable to understand, but tries to quiet the mental distress of the Queen by pledging devotion whatever betides.

The High Priest and Baal-Hanan express their indignation at the infatuation Assad shows, calling for God's help if he be mad, but promising a dire punishment if it be proved that infernal lust is his prompter. The Queen, seeing his condemnation is near, repels Assad as a presumptuous stranger, but the passionate lover, eager to persuade her to give him recognition, steps closer and whispers, "Hast thou forgot, O love Queen, that moonlit night on Lebanon?" To this, with show of intense anger, she repulses him as a madman whom she does not know, at which the chorus, and all, pronounce him a maniac, and command him to leave their presence. Solomon, more merciful, knowing as he does the cause of Assad's demonstration, counsels him kindly, as a beloved son, to prepare for his wedding on the morrow with Sulamith. The Queen, by this remark, is consumed by a jealousy which she can scarce conceal, but takes the proffered hand of Solomon, who invites her to a banquet that is awaiting his guests. As she passes Assad, to whom Sulamith is clinging, she lifts her veil to cast an ardent look, then passes on, up the stairway, and the chorus renew their adulation, upon which scene the curtain falls.

Act II.—When the play is renewed a beautiful garden is shown, of cedars, palms, rose-bushes and a fountain, an ideal retreat for lovers. The time is night, and to this garden the Queen resorts, to ease her melancholy and to compose her jealous thoughts. She is enveloped in a robe of filmy texture traced with threads of gold, and splendidly bejeweled. In this sanctuary of nature, in an exquisite but impassioned aria, she gives expression to her love for Assad and her jealous hate of Sulamith, who is appointed to be his bride, and whom she threatens with her fatal wrath.

Astaroth, having missed the Queen, comes seeking for her in the garden, and timidly calls her name, to which the Queen answering, she makes bold to inquire concerning the fair youth who so rashly presumed to press himself upon her attention. At mention of Assad, the Queen exultantly beseeches Astaroth to speak on, eager to hear any word that may be brought of him. Astaroth has discovered wherein the secret lies of her mistress' discontent, and tells her that even now this comely youth is walking in melancholy mood among the cypress trees. At this pleasing information the Queen gazes timidly about to determine if any other may be near, and finding themselves alone, in a low voice she requests Astaroth to entice Assad to this silent retreat, to which the slave replies:

"Like the heron in the rushes.  
Like the dove when love it warms.  
Through the night aisles and the bushes,  
Him I'll lure within thy arms!"

Having thus assured the Queen, who tarries at the fountain, Astaroth proceeds in quest of Assad. In the succeeding scene Assad enters from the right, without his armor, and in a reverie calls the zephyrs to cool his hot forehead, and the bewildering air to banish the seductive vision which haunts him. While he is thus communing, he comes suddenly upon the Queen, who confronts him in the moonlight. Starting back in terror, he regards her as a treacherous light, a sorceress divining his further misery, a phantasm born of his wretchedness. The Queen stands motionless for a time, but seeing he is about to turn away, she addresses him in honeyed phrases, inviting him to caress her again as he did by



"Hail, mighty King! before thee now I lay  
The richest treasures of my realm."

the crystal waves, where first their lips met in sweetest kisses, when the moon looked down upon them in kindliest approbation, but kept their secret in her brilliant rays. Thus beguiling, and enticing, with eloquent words and siren tones, she extends her arms with passionate invitation and moves towards him, tenderly entreating:

"Art thou to me turning,  
Thou, my Assad, thou my yearning?  
Feel the love within me burning,  
Feel my bosom's warmest glow!"

Assad trembles with emotion, spellbound by the ravishing charms of the lovely enchantress, but so steeped are his senses with conflicting doubts that he is not yet convinced of the corporeality of the vision before him, until she draws close and proffers her lips as a proof of the warmth and palpableness of her being. He now submits himself to her blandishments, and in a powerful duet he acknowledges his helplessness before her charms, as she betrays her ecstasy at having won him to herself again. Assad throws himself at her feet and the Queen envelops him with her veil, embracing him until the Temple watchman calls the sons of Israel to prayer. The Queen begs him to keep her in remembrance till they meet again, and then disappears in the bushes. Assad, absorbed by his thoughts, gazes after her for a while, then resumes his aimless wanderings until finally he sinks down on the steps of the fountain, as the morning dawn is breaking

The scene now changes to the interior of the sanctuary, where the early religious ceremonies are being performed, behind the curtain, in which Hebrew melodies, with the accompaniments of sacred music, are heard. Baal-Hanan, from the steps, perceives some one resting by the fountain, and draws near to determine who it may be; finding that it is Assad, he now has no doubt of his madness, and with show of compassion orders that the distracted youth be conducted safely to his friends, cautioning that he be kindly cared for but carefully watched, that no harm may befall him.

A transformation scene is next introduced, showing an expansive interior of the temple, with galleries on both sides, and the Holy of Holies, with the tabernacle, shut off from view by a gorgeous curtain embroidered with palms and the heads of cherubs. On the right is to be seen the seven-branched golden candlestick, altar of incense, and other sacred furniture, all the decorations throughout being of gold. The scene is a most impressive one as the Levites light the candles, the harpers and singers fill the splendid hall with the music of praise, and the High Priest casts incense on the altar fire. In glorious oratorio, the voices of the people burst forth in the words of Israel's sweet singer, "O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth forever." The priests, singers, and people form a semi-circle, all facing the Holy of Holies, where, as they give voice to praise of God for His enduring mercy, the priests present to the High Priest a golden dish filled with flour for shew-bread. He receives it, and then turning towards the tabernacle, makes a genuflexion and retires behind the curtain. This disappearance of the chief functionary is the signal for the priests to fill the sanctuary with incense by swinging their smoking censers, after which they receive generous oblations from the people.

In the next scene Sulamith, arrayed in bridal robes, enters with a procession of maidens bearing wheat in dishes and oil in jugs, while she carries a pair of doves, a type of purity, offerings which she brings to the Lord, entreating that she may find her loved one. She is soon followed by Solomon, with Assad, and his train. The distracted youth is clad in a white robe with a golden girdle about his loins, a fair bridegroom to look upon, but he walks unsteadily, for his mind is so preoccupied that he does not lift his eyes from the floor. Solomon, with kingly dignity but reverent mien, turns his face for a moment towards the Holy of Holies, and then majestically, in solemn voice, exhorts Assad to lift his eyes to the throne of God for strength to resist temptation, and with his bride to approach the altar, where he may hope to receive heaven's richest blessings through acceptance of her spotless hand. Having thus counseled, Solomon joins the hands of Assad and



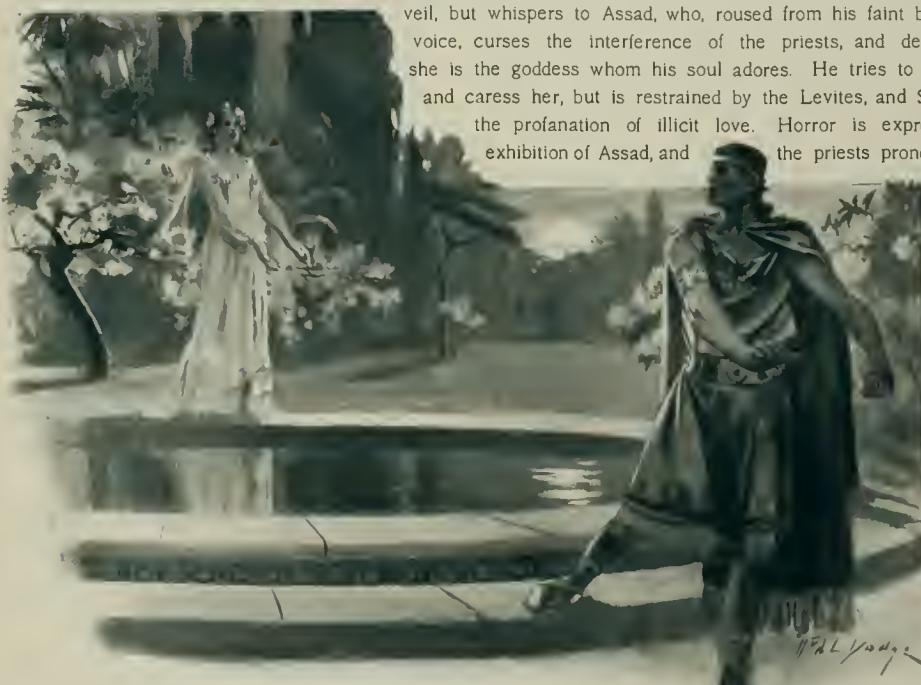
"Madmo... away! I know thee not!"

Sulamith, and bids the priest consecrate the holy bond of marriage between them. Youths with green branches, and maidens with flowers approach the couple, and the High Priest delivers his blessings, the chorus pronouncing the refrain, Amen! Stepping between the pair the High Priest offers to Assad the wedding ring, for him to place on Sulamith's finger, but at this moment Assad's eyes fall upon the Queen, and immediately he is seized with such violent agitation that distractedly he throws away the ring, and clasping his forehead, he cries out, "Alas! what is it approaches me? I do not dream! No, no, I see her." At this exhibition of mental disorder the people demand that Assad be bound as a madman, but at the same instant Solomon observes the Queen, and with much amazement asks her purpose? She excuses her presence by explaining that she has come to bring a bridal-gift to the maiden. Assad, unable to control his infatuation, a love-mad youth indeed, rushes to the Queen and grasps her veil to satisfy his doubts if she be a mortal. The people regard this act as one of violence, desecrating the holy temple, and the priests condemn him to death. Sulamith is in despair, but Assad gives no heed to her grief, his eyes still riveted upon the Queen, to whom he now makes a piteous appeal to justify the flames of passion that consume him, and defend him against the charge of madness. Solomon likewise urges her to speak, and solve this mystery, but disdaining to explain, the Queen austereley declares that she knows him not and has never seen the young man's face before! At this the chorus proclaim that a demon holds Assad's soul in bondage and call the priests to cast him out. The Queen and Astaroth exult that the marriage has been prevented, while Assad and Sulamith express their anguish, but Solomon is seized with suspicion and conceives a purpose to obtain an explanation. The High Priest petitions Jehovah to lift the shadow from the young man's mind, and extending his hands above Assad's head he conjures the evil spirit to depart. Then turning towards the Holy of Holies, at a gesture the curtains roll up, exposing to view the Ark of the Covenant and the golden cherubim. At this solemn sight the people shout "Hallelujah!" and Assad, impressed by the invocation, is overcome. Solomon fixes his eyes so steadfastly upon the Queen, that she hides her face behind her veil, but whispers to Assad, who, roused from his faint by her voice, curses the interference of the priests, and declares she is the goddess whom his soul adores. He tries to reach and caress her, but is restrained by the Levites, and Solomon steps between them to prevent the profanation of illicit love. Horror is expressed by all the people at this mad exhibition of Assad, and the priests pronounce their anathema against him.



"These doves, the type of purity,  
I bring as offerings."

Despite the recreancy of her affianced, Sulamith entreats that mercy be shown him, but Assad is no longer responsive to her devotion and longs for death. The Queen is touched by his wild anguish, and manifests contrition for her perfidy, as the High Priest, in solemn tones, orders him dragged to the judgment seat, to be cursed for his transgression. The people crowd about him in a tumult of execration, but Solomon, marking the pale features of the Queen, that betray her guilty soul, commands the infuriate



"Long have I waited here in vain;  
Shall I now clasp thee, sweetest love of Lebanon?"

mob to release him, and declares, "His judge shall be the King alone!" The Queen tries to approach Assad, but Solomon waves her back, and the tragically dramatic act closes with Sulamith at the King's feet clasping his knees.

Act III.—The third act begins in the banquet hall, which is filled with women of the harem, by a performance of the Bee dance of the Almehs, a scene of graceful festivity, in which a coryphee, closely wrapped in a veil, simulates the pursuit of a nimble bee which she anon pursues and then in terror retreats from, a form of dance designed for the entertainment of the King's guests. The chorus sing in honor of the Queen, who appears in gorgeous raiment, followed by Solomon, as the dancers retire before them. The King observes a cloud upon the Queen's face, which he vainly seeks to expel by ordering renewal of the festivities, but she has no interest in the glorious feast, and closes her ears to the music and her eyes to the amusements provided. Her melancholy being unrelieved by his arts, Solomon begs to know the cause of her sorrow, offering to grant her wish even to the half of his kingdom. Thus importuned to speak, the Queen hesitates a moment as if undecided what to do, but love quickly masters discretion, and she makes bold to request:

"Save yon youthful stripling,  
Whose life the rage of priests now threatens."

Solomon falls back, stricken with astonishment by this petition, and protests that since solemn judgment has been pronounced against Assad, as a devil-possessed blasphemer, he cannot interfere with the just decree. She reproaches him for his weakness, and scorns a royal hand that refuses a trifling boon. Solomon, divining her feelings, tries to draw confession of her love by asking, "What is Assad to you, that so short a while before, when thou couldst have saved him, ye denied him as a stranger?" This question wrings from her reluctant acknowledgment of her infatuation, and in a soulful aria, feelingly expressive of her passion, from humble petition to intensely dramatic command she rehearses her ambitions, and appeals as woman, lover, queen, for the life of Assad. Finding him impervious to her entreaties, she fiercely threatens:

"Beware, beware, thou haughty monarch,  
Lest the despised one make thee mourn.  
\* \* \* \* \* Some day untimely  
Thou'll see her hitherward return!  
Vainglorious King, then shalt thou tremble  
When that dread hour of vengeance tolls.  
And 'neath the shock of Sheba's lances,  
The throne of Zion crumbling falls!"

These threatenings fail of their purpose to influence Solomon, who meets them with a challenge, at which the Queen indignantly leaves him, promising to set Assad free at any cost. As the Queen departs, Baal-Hanan enters to inform the King that sentence of death has been pronounced against Assad, whose life must speedily be extinguished unless he receives the royal pardon. Thereupon the King orders that Assad be summoned to his presence, but at the same time he hears the strains of mourning, and asking the cause, is told that it is poor Sulamith's elegy that the chorus is singing. At a signal the curtains draw aside and the sorrowful girl appears, wearing a long black veil, surrounded by youthful companions, attending her on the way to the vestal home. Advancing from the others, Sulamith, oppressed with sorrow, sings a mournful air, "The hour that robbed me of my fair," etc., in which she consecrates herself henceforth to God in distant solitudes. Overwhelmed with grief she turns weeping from the King and buries her face in her hands for a while, then gaining courage she implores the King to spare Assad's life, a supplication in which the chorus join, and which they render more powerful



"Wilt thou, too, call me madman, now?"

by kneeling before the King. Solomon (prophetically), responds to this urgent prayer for mercy, saying, "The darkness flees, and to my vision a day of gladness begins to dawn." At these encouraging words all rise from their prostrations. Sulamith gazes expectantly at the King while he continues:

"Behold, in distant desert-sands  
Hard by the Holy One's retreat.  
A lovely palm-tree waving stands,  
'Tis there bend thou thy weary feet.  
The east wind through its leaves is sighing,  
The evening sky with purple glows.  
And peace, while wind and storm are flying,  
Will come to both and end your woes!"

Sulamith rejoices in the hope thus created that her agony will soon be extinguished in the grave, where peace is found. The King, with a gesture, directs Sulamith to look to heaven for comfort, but moved to pity by her distress, he clasps her hands in his, and after gazing compassionately on her for a moment, he bestows a benediction and retires, bowed with grief, which extremely pathetic scene furnishes a denouement for the third act.

Act IV.—When the curtain rises on the last act a desert view is presented. Assad has been banished to this place of sandy desolation, by commutation of his death sentence, and here we now see him in an oppressive atmosphere, wondering whether he shall turn his weary footsteps, conscious of his guilt, but praying God to relieve his mental distress and physical sufferings. To the right, in the background, is a retreat of the holy virgins, to which Sulamith has retired to spend the remaining days of her disappointed life, mourning for the lover whom she lost at the altar.

The Queen of Sheba, oppressed by shame and regret for her perfidious acts, but loving Assad the more because of the anguish she has brought upon him, has resolved to devote her efforts to his relief, and in her quest finds him lying at the foot of a withered palm tree. He is startled by her appearance, and discrediting his senses, strained as they are by intense suffering, he bids the fatal vision begone. She soothingly assures him that she is neither sorceress nor demon, but one devoted to his service, and begs him to join her caravan that is now waiting and follow her to Ethiopia, where her kingdom will be divided with him. He refuses her proffer of a crown, with its obligations of consortship, and entreats her that, having ruined his life and blighted that of Sulamith, she will leave him alone, to die in the desolation of his exile. Still hoping to possess his heart, for which she yearns with an unappeasable passion, the beautiful Queen caressingly answers:

"O come, beneath the shady palm trees,  
I know a nook to others hid,  
And there, to leach their loving accents,  
My eager lips shall soon be bid.  
The flowers breathe out silent kisses,  
Within this Eden, true Love's home,  
Life's sweetest joys, divinest blisses  
We'll share together as we roam!"

This tender beseeching causes his resolution to waver, but appealing to the Lord for strength to resist this great temptation, fresh power is given to realize the danger that threatens his soul, and thus fortified against her seductions. Assad expels her as an accursed enchantress, a genius of evil, clothed in the livery of an angel, to capture human souls, a Circean emissary of Satan, whose coquetry is a lure to destruction. Unable to win him back, and finding herself thus



"Save, I pray, the youthful stripling,  
Whose life the priests now threaten."

angrily rejected by one for whom her love has been a resistless passion, the Queen acknowledges defeat of her heart's strongest ambitions, and overwhelmed by a consuming jealousy, she departs, giving expression to her heart-breaking grief:

"Then fare thee well, joy and contentment;  
Shadows of night, engulf your prey!"

Assad, now alone, rejoices that his soul has stood the test of sorest temptation, and calls death to come quickly to end his torments of thirst and accusing conscience. The great shadow of his guilt is upon him, and this he prays the Lord to uplift, and that Sulamith, the good angel, object of his purest love, may join and guide him through the vale of death:

"To thee my life's last fondest greeting.  
To thee, who sufferest more than death.  
O God, Thy pardon, with hers, meeting,  
Send blessings down on Sulamith!"

While Assad is praying, the atmosphere gradually becomes lighted with a lurid glow; clouds of sand arise and drive furiously across the stage. The departing Queen and her caravan are seen as in a mirage, fading away as the storm increases. Assad, now distraught of mind, seems to hear the voice of Heaven, as the simoon whips the desert sea, burying him beneath the blast, but still he implores the Lord to bless Sulamith. When the storm subsides, and the sky emerges from the gloom, flooding the landscape with a fervid glow, Sulamith appears, accompanied by twelve virgins, who, like herself, have renounced the world for love, while from behind the scene is heard a doleful chant by the chorus:

"Our grievous tears bedew her every step,  
And Zion weeps with us, O Sulamith!"

Assad lifts himself a little and murmurs, as in a dream, "Sulamith!" and at the same time the chorus calls her attention to one who is dying beneath the palm tree. Sulamith rushes to his succor and is met by extended arms. An intensely pathetic scene now ensues between the reunited lovers. She kneels beside him, and holding his head in her arms, beseeches that, dying, he will take her soul to bear him company. His mind becomes clear through this loving ministration, and he expresses his bliss at perishing in her embraces, blessed by her forgiveness, redeemed by her devotion. With a half-smothered cry, Sulamith throws herself on Assad as he falls back dead! The twelve virgins kneel and sing, "Thy beloved is thine," etc., during which a heavenly aureole shines upon the death-united lovers who have now found perpetual peace in love's eternal realm.



## A SKETCH OF GOLDMARK.



KARL GOLDMARK, born at Keszthely, Hungary, May 8, 1832, is essentially self taught, and the distinction which he has achieved has been won with less assistance from instructors than probably any other composer—certainly any one of modern times. His early life was spent in such extreme poverty that no opportunity was given him to cultivate the musical taste which he manifested almost from infancy. It is said of him that he was able to carry a tune perfectly when only four years of age, and his first instrument, a crude violin, was of his own manufacture. There was in his village an old man who could play a little on the violin, and Karl obtained permission to use his instrument, an advantage of which he made such excellent use that when eight years of age he was able to play, by ear, the most difficult compositions after hearing them rendered two or three times. Every one in his village took an interest in little Karl, the musical prodigy, and the means were contributed by friends that enabled him to enter the Conservatory at Oedenburg, in 1843, where he was instructed on the violin for two years. The knowledge of music which he obtained at Oedenburg, he put to more use than playing the violin, upon which he was now remarkably skillful, for he was only twelve years of age when he began to produce simple compositions, for which work he very soon developed a decided passion.

Leaving Oedenburg in 1845, Karl was for a while a pupil of Jansa, in Vienna, and spent six months (1847), at the Conservatory of Bohn. About this time he began writing concert pieces, which he performed in public with sufficient success to encourage him to greater effort, and though few of his early compositions are now heard, a great many received the highest approbation of competent critics of the time, among whom Hellembsberger is to be specially mentioned as giving the largest praise, which had no small effect on Goldmark's life. He continued to appear in public at irregular intervals until he was able, in 1858, to devote himself, at Pesth, to a careful study of Beethoven's, Bach's, and Schumann's works, by which he gained a technical knowledge of music and composition, which he put to little service, until he was quite forty years of age. Indeed, it would appear that the study of these masters served rather to appall him in his efforts to win distinction as a composer, for he became despondent with the feeling that it were a vain thing for him to attempt to please a public that had the opportunity of hearing the works of those who had entranced the world with their imperishable melodies. From this depression he finally roused himself and set upon the task of writing a grand opera, selecting for his subject "The Queen of Sheba," which was produced in Vienna, 1875, with pronounced success. The tunefulness, as well as the descriptive and effective character of this opera, brought Goldmark into marked favor with the best musicians of Europe, and he was offered numerous engagements both as a violin virtuoso and a composer, but he preferred to write only when the mood prompted. His next creation in opera was "Merlin," first given in Vienna, 1886, and it proved a success almost as great as "The Queen of Sheba," both operas having several times been performed in the United States. His *Sakuntala* overture is one of the most beautiful of his compositions, and "The Country Wedding" symphony is an example of musical mastership that entitles him to lasting fame. His other principal works include several scherzos for orchestra, concertos for violin with orchestra, sonatas, and ballads of remarkable sweetness. Goldmark is still a vigorous man, with none of his faculties apparently impaired by approaching old age, but he seems to be content to rest his reputation upon what he has accomplished as musician and composer, for the public has had nothing new from his melodious pen for several years.



KARL GOLDMARK





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